





THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

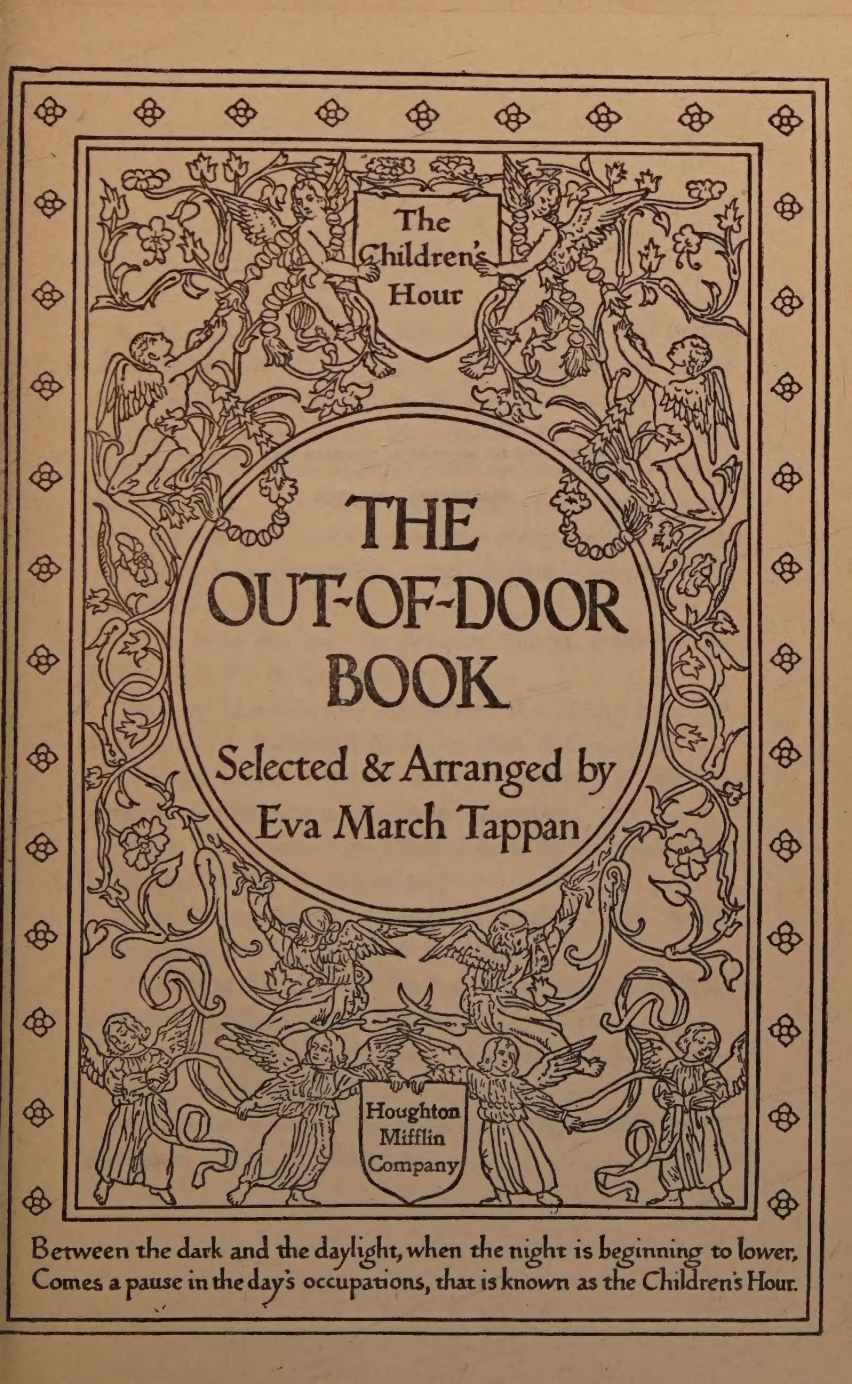
VOLUME VII

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

EDITED BY

ELIZABETH

W. G. L. 1897



The
Children's
Hour

THE
OUT-OF-DOOR
BOOK

Selected & Arranged by
Eva March Tappan

Houghton
Mifflin
Company

Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as the Children's Hour.

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TO THE CHILDREN

IT used to be the fashion for an author to put in the beginning of his book what was called an "argument." This was a few lines of verse or prose to tell the reader what he might expect to find in the book. It was not an index or a table of contents by any means, nothing so commonplace as those useful articles; though sometimes it was exceedingly plain and direct. Milton's argument to the first book of *Paradise Lost*, for instance, begins, "This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep." This is as curt and business-like as a railroad time-table; but sometimes an argument not only gave information but was a little poem in itself.

A delightful poet of three hundred years ago, Robert Herrick, or Robin, as his friends like to call him, wrote for his argument:—

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.

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I write of Youth, of Love; — and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall
Of Heaven, — and hope to have it after all."

Now leave Milton and Herrick and fancy that you see a procession moving before you. There are men, women, and children. There are bears, cows, foxes, lions, dogs, bees, whales, horses, crows, froghoppers, guillemots, eagles, robins, and tigers, and they are doing all sorts of interesting things. In this book there are stories of all these, also tales of midshipmen's pranks, of a runaway cannon, of life on the moon, of punishments in camp, of glaciers, of forests, of midnight on a lonely mountain, of a fireman's and a steeple-climber's risks and dangers, and of what happened to a locomotive that had lost its steam. Imagine all these animals and scenes moving slowly before you! When you want a story about one of them, put out your hand and take it.

This is the argument of the Out-of-door Book.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR BOOK

TWIN BABIES

By Joaquin Miller

THESE twin babies were black. They were black as coal. Indeed, they were blacker than coal, for they glistened in their oily blackness. They were young baby bears; and so exactly alike that no one could, in any way, tell the one from the other. And they were orphans. They had been found at the foot of a small cedar tree on the banks of the Sacramento River, near the now famous Soda Springs, — found by a tow-headed boy who was very fond of bears and hunting.

But at the time the twin babies were found Soda Springs was only a wild camp, or way station, on the one and only trail that wound through the woods and up and down mountains for hundreds of miles, connecting the gold-fields of California with the pastoral settlements away to the north in Oregon. But a railroad has now taken the place of that tortuous old pack-trail, and you can whisk through these wild and woody mountains, and away on down through Oregon and up through Washington, Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and on to Chicago without even once getting out of your car, if you like. Yet such a persistent ride is not probable, for fish, pheasants, deer, elk, and bear still abound here in their ancient haunts, and the temptation to get out and fish or hunt is too great to be resisted.

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This place where the baby bears were found was first owned by three men, or, rather, by two men and a boy. One of the men was known as Mountain Joe. He had once been a guide in the service of General Frémont, but he was now a drunken fellow and spent most of his time at the trading-post, twenty miles down the river. He is now an old man, almost blind, and lives in Oregon City, on a pension received as a soldier of the Mexican war. The other man's name was Sil Reese. He, also, is living and famously rich, — as rich as he is stingy, and that is saying that he is very rich indeed.

The boy preferred the trees to the house, partly because it was more pleasant and partly because Sil Reese, who had a large nose and used it to talk with constantly, kept grumbling because the boy, who had been wounded in defending the ranch, was not able to work, — wash the dishes, make fires and so on, and help in a general and particular way about the so-called "Soda Spring Hotel." This Sil Reese was certainly a mean man, as has, perhaps, been set down in this sketch before.

The baby bears were found asleep, and alone. How they came to be there, and, above all, how they came to be left long enough alone by their mother for a feeble boy to rush forward at sight of them, catch them up in his arms, and escape with them, will always be a wonder. But this one thing is certain, you had about as well take up two rattlesnakes in your arms as two baby bears, and hope to get off unharmed, if the mother of the young bears is within a mile of you. This boy, however, had not yet learned caution, and he probably was not born with much fear in his make-up. And then he was so

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lonesome, and this man Reese was so cruel and so cross, with his big nose like a sounding fog-horn, that the boy was glad to get even a bear to love and play with.

They, so far from being frightened or cross, began to root around under his arms and against his breast, like little pigs, for something to eat. Possibly their mother had been killed by hunters, for they were nearly famished. When he got them home, how they did eat! This also made Sil Reese mad. For, although the boy, wounded as he was, managed to shoot down a deer not too far from the house almost every day, and so kept the "hotel" in meat, still it made Reese miserable and envious to see the boy so happy with his sable and woolly little friends. Reese was simply mean!

Before a month the little black boys began to walk erect, carry stick muskets, wear paper caps, and march up and down before the door of the big log "hotel" like soldiers.

But the cutest trick they learned was that of waiting on the table. With little round caps and short white aprons, the little black boys would stand behind the long bench on which the guests sat at the pine board table and pretend to take orders with all the precision and solemnity of Southern negroes.

Of course, it is to be confessed that they often dropped things, especially if the least bit hot; but remember we had only tin plates and tin or iron dishes of all sorts, so that little damage was done if a dish did happen to fall and rattle down on the earthen floor.

Men came from far and near and often lingered all day to see these cunning and intelligent creatures perform.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR BOOK

About this time Mountain Joe fought a duel with another mountaineer down at the trading-post, and this duel, a bloodless and foolish affair, was all the talk. Why not have the little black fellows fight a duel also? They were surely civilized enough to fight now!

And so, with a very few days' training, they fought a duel exactly like the one in which poor drunken old Mountain Joe was engaged; even to the detail of one of them suddenly dropping his stick gun and running away and falling headlong into a prospect hole.

When Joe came home and saw this duel and saw what a fool he had made of himself, he was at first furiously angry. But it made him sober, and he kept sober for half a year. Meantime Reese was mad as ever, — more mad, in fact, than ever before. For he could not endure to see the boy have any friends of any kind. Above all, he did not want Mountain Joe to stay at home or keep sober. He wanted to handle all the money and answer no questions. A drunken man and a boy that he could bully suited him best. Ah, but this man Reese was a mean fellow, as has been said a time or two before.

As winter came on the two blacks were fat as pigs and fully half grown. Their appetites increased daily, and so did the anger and envy of Mr. Sil Reese.

"They 'll eat us out o' house and hum," said the big, towering nose one day, as the snow began to descend and close up the pack-trails. And then the stingy man proposed that the blacks should be made to hibernate, as others of their kind. There was a big, hollow log that had been sawed off in joints to make bee gums; and the stingy man insisted that they should be put in there with

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a tight head, and a pack of hay for a bed, and nailed up till spring to save provisions.

Soon there was an Indian outbreak. Some one from the ranch, or "hotel," must go with the company of volunteers that was forming down at the post for a winter campaign. Of course Reese would not go. He wanted Mountain Joe to go and get killed. But Joe was sober now, and he wanted to stay and watch Reese.

And that is how it came about that the two black babies were tumbled headlong into a big, black bee gum, or short, hollow log, on a heap of hay, and nailed up for the winter. The boy had to go to the war.

It was late in the spring when the boy, having neglected to get himself killed, to the great disgust of Mr. Sil Reese, rode down and went straight up to the big black bee gum in the back yard. He put his ear to a knothole. Not a sound. He tethered his mule, came back and tried to shake the short, hollow log. Not a sound or sign or movement of any kind. Then he kicked the big black gum with all his might. Nothing. Rushing to the woodpile, he caught up an axe and in a moment had the whole end of the big gum caved in, and, to his infinite delight, out rolled the twins!

But they were merely the ghosts of themselves. They had been kept in a month or more too long, and were now so weak and so lean that they could hardly stand on their feet.

"Kill 'em and put 'em out o' misery," said Reese, for run from him they really could not, and he came forward and kicked one of them flat down on its face as it was trying hard to stand on its four feet.

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The boy had grown some; besides, he was just from the war and was now strong and well. He rushed up in front of Reese, and he must have looked unfriendly, for Sil Reese tried to smile, and at the same time he turned hastily to go into the house. And when he got fairly turned around, the boy kicked him precisely where he had kicked the bear. And he kicked him hard, so hard that he pitched forward on his face just as the bear had done. He got up quickly, but he did not look back. He seemed to have something to do in the house.

In a month the babies, big babies now, were sleek and fat. It is amazing how these creatures will eat after a short nap of a few months, like that. And their cunning tricks now! And their kindness to their master! Ah! their glossy black coats and their brilliant black eyes!

And now three men came. Two of these men were Italians from San Francisco. The third man was also from that city, but he had an amazing big nose and refused to eat bear meat. He thought it was pork.

They took tremendous interest in the big black twins, and stayed all night and till late next day, seeing them perform.

"Seventy-five dollars," said one big nose to the other big nose, back in a corner where they thought the boy did not hear.

"One hundred and fifty. You see, I'll have to give my friends fifty each. Yes, it's true I've took care of 'em all winter, but I ain't mean, and I'll only keep fifty of it."

The boy, bursting with indignation, ran to Mountain

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Joe with what he had heard. But poor Joe had been sober for a long time, and his eyes fairly danced in delight at having fifty dollars in his own hand and right to spend it down at the post.

And so the two Italians muzzled the big, pretty pets and led them kindly down the trail toward the city, where they were to perform in the streets, the man with the big nose following after the twins on a big white mule.

And what became of the big black twin babies? They are still performing, seem content and happy, sometimes in a circus, sometimes in a garden, sometimes in the street. They are great favorites and have never done harm to any one.

And what became of Sil Reese? Well, as said before, he still lives, is very rich and very miserable. He met the boy — the boy that was — on the street the other day and wanted to talk of old times. He told the boy he ought to write something about the old times and put him, Sil Reese, in it. He said, with that same old sounding nose and sickening smile, that he wanted the boy to be sure and put his, Sil Reese's, name in it, so that he could show it to his friends. And the boy has done so.

The boy? You want to know what the boy is doing? Well, in about a second he will be signing his autograph to the bottom of this story about his twin babies.

WHEN THE BEES SWARMED

By Maurice Noel

ONE morning early, Buz was on the point of starting for the top of Cothelestone Hill. She had been there several times already; indeed it was a favorite place of hers. She so thoroughly enjoyed the long flight to it through the air: it was so glorious to mount high up above the fields, and to see the dewdrops sparkling like diamonds in the morning sun, to listen to the lark as he took his first upward flight, and poured out his song for joy that another day had come, to inhale the fragrance of dawn, knowing that all the flowers which made it so sweet were waiting for her, and would be glad when they saw her coming. This was delightful indeed.

Then again, Buz always looked forward to interesting conversations with the flowers she visited, and the insects and creatures she met; and she had a sort of idea that the farther she strayed from the hive, the more curious would be her adventures, and the more charming the stories she was told. But this did not follow at all; and many of the prettiest tales she heard were repeated to her by flowers which grew in the old garden near the hive, though it was some time before she would admit this, even to herself.

On her way to the entrance on this particular morning, she perceived that a most unusual bustle was going

WHEN THE BEES SWARMED

on all through the hive; and, as soon as the first bee touched her, she felt quite excited and disinclined to work, though she did n't exactly understand why. At this moment she saw a drone. "What's up now?" she cried, running to him in a great hurry.

"Don't fuss," said the drone snappishly.

"Well, I only want to know what all this stir and confusion means?"

"I'll tell you fast enough if you won't fuss. I hate a bustle; and there's enough of that, I'm sure, without your helping to make it worse."

"I'll be quiet as a grub," said Buz, speaking in a low voice and standing quite still, though she felt that she was becoming more restless every moment.

The drone looked at her for some time without saying a word; and at last, in a provokingly indifferent manner, asked if she had been fanning lately.

"Yes," said Buz, "it was my turn yesterday, and it was a very hot day, and so I fanned a great deal; and stupid work it was."

"Did you observe that there were often great clusters of bees hanging together, just by the board outside the hive?"

"Of course I did," replied Buz; "they were there till the evening."

"Did you wonder why?"

"No; I heard lots of them say that it was dreadfully hot inside, so I suppose they hung out to cool."

"Exactly; do you know why it was so hot in the hive? I can tell you: partly because the day was so warm, and partly because there are such a lot of bees — too many

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bees, that's the fact. Well, the weather can't be made cooler, but some of the bees can go, and they will go, too."

"Dear me!" said Buz, "will they? What! leave the hive? — really leave this hive?"

"How can they go without leaving the hive, stupid?" answered the drone.

"Of course they can't; but what will they do without a queen?"

"Our present queen will go with them; she knows it's too hot in the hive, so she will leave with a party of volunteers."

"Volunteers!" cried Buz; "what fun! I'll be one! I'll go! I may, may n't I? Oh, I hope I may go!"

"Now, for honey's sake, don't fuss," said the drone.

"Certainly not," replied Buz.

But she was trembling with excitement. Anything for a change, anything for novelty. She never wished to be idle, and she liked all sorts of work; but put her to a different job every day — then she was happy! She cared little for danger, and explored all kinds of places that many bees — Hum, for instance — would n't think of going near; and now the thought of volunteering, and flying off with the dear old queen, and beginning life again, as it were, was charming. It suited Buz exactly; but, as she had still plenty of questions to ask the drone, she kept as quiet as possible; and he was much too lazy and indifferent to notice what an effort this was to her.

"By the row that's going on," remarked the drone, "I should say this would be a big swarm."

"A swarm!" exclaimed Buz; "then that's what swarming is!"

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A horrid noise, a hopeless confusion, a dreadful fuss, and an intolerable bustle — that 's what swarming is," repeated the drone disdainfully. "I shall certainly be glad to have the hive more empty," he went on to himself, "but why can't they go away quietly, and swarm one by one, I should like to know?"

"Do none of the drones intend to join the swarm?"

"Hundreds will, no doubt; I shan't."

"Will you tell me, please," asked Buz, "how you will get on here without a queen?"

"You ask such stupid questions," said the drone. "You don't think; you 're in such a hurry — that 's it."

"How is mine a stupid question?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you have never passed the royal nurseries? Do you mean to say that you have never heard of royal food? Do you wish me to understand that you have never been told about the royal grubs?" demanded the drone.

"Of course I 've heard of them." Buz said this a little impatiently — the drone spoke so very contemptuously.

"Oh, you have, have you? Then you will not be astonished when I tell you that royal grubs become queens, and that one of those in this hive is just ready to leave her cell; but she won't come out before the old queen has left. Oh, no! she 'll take care of that — or rather the royal nurses will."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because the old queen would try to get at her, and sting her to death. You females are so jealous and spiteful!" answered the drone.

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"I'm not a female!" cried Buz.

"Yes, you are, though; all you working bees are undeveloped females. Suppose, now, we had been in want of a queen, and we had picked you out as a grub, and enlarged your cell and fed you on royal bread; why, you would have become a queen! Actually you!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really; but it's too late *now*; no chance for you *now*, my dear; so you need n't be proud."

"I'm not a bit proud," cried Buz.

"No, I see you're not; on the contrary, you are condescending enough to come and speak to poor me! I feel the honor deeply, I assure you."

He said these last words in such a nasty, sarcastic manner that Buz determined to leave him. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "this noise and excitement must have made him cross." And indeed the confusion and hurrying about increased every minute.

"Good-by, Mr. Drone, said Buz. "I really am much obliged to you for what you have told me."

"I'm quite overwhelmed," said the drone, getting more disagreeable than ever. "Your politeness is something imperial. Are you *sure* you did n't get hold of any royal bread? Are you *sure* you're not a queen? Just make certain of it — do! Fly out of the hive and see if the other bees won't swarm round you. They *may*. And what shall I do," he went on, "to show my respect? Shall I stick here waxed to the floor all the rest of my life in case you want to come back and ask any more questions? Only say the word. What! going off in a

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huff, are you? That's right, follow your temper — and make haste, or you'll never recover it!"

These last words were thrown after Buz, as she hurried away without trusting herself to speak. To tell the truth, she was getting a little afraid of the drone, who seemed to have lost all command over himself; and she was so excited about the swarming that his words affected her less than they would otherwise have done; at the same time, it was exceedingly disagreeable to be so misjudged. "Though I brought it on myself," she thought; "and it shows what a mistake it is to keep on asking questions when you see a person's out of temper. "I'll never do it again, I'll be stung if I do!"

Saying this, she ran round the corner of a comb in a great hurry, to see where the queen was, and what might be going on, and knocked up against a bee coming just as hastily in the other direction. It was Hum! — positively Hum! Only imagine *her* being excited about anything but work! Buz was quite amused.

"Then you mean to swarm too, I suppose," she said.

"Well, no," answered Hum; "I think not. I could n't very well, you know."

"I am sure I *don't* know," said Buz.

"I've got into such a groove here, don't you see, that I'm almost afraid I could n't bear to leave it. I know where everything is now, and exactly where to go; and besides, I've got a " — Here Hum stopped short, as if she had said rather more than she meant to.

"Got a what?" asked Buz.

"Well, dear, I'm afraid you'll think it foolish of me — I know you would n't consider it a reason yourself,

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and I dare say you're right; but the fact is," and here Hum fidgeted about nervously, as if she was a little ashamed, "the fact is, I've got a cell that I am filling with honey all by myself; it's up in a corner, out of the way, and I could n't bear to go before it was full. You understand, don't you?" concluded she, almost pleadingly.

"I think I understand what *you* feel, though I don't fancy I should mind leaving it myself. Well, I shall be very sorry to part from you, for you're the best bee in the world. I really have half a mind to stay," continued Buz suddenly; "I feel as if you would keep me out of scrapes."

"Oh, please don't let me prevent you from going!" cried Hum; "it would never do. I'm sure you are just the sort of person to join the swarm; you are so bold and active. I shall often think of you, dear Buz, and long to know how you are getting on; but we should seldom meet here, you know, even if you were to remain."

"That's true," said Buz, thoughtfully; "and after all, something tells me I ought to join the swarm. But, I say," added she briskly, "what is the state of the case exactly, for I hardly know?"

"I do," answered Hum. "I came straight from the queen when we met."

"Tell me all about it, then."

"It seems that even yesterday the queen became restless, and said something about changing her house. I have it on good authority, for one of the royal attendants told me as much."

"Told you she said that?"

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"Well, hardly; in fact, it's difficult to say exactly what she did tell me. She kept on hinting: she said there might be changes before long, and what should I think of that? — and the queen might use her wings before long, and what should I think of that? — and because a certain royal person chose to live a certain time in a certain house, did it follow that that royal person was never to change her residence? — and so on, you know."

"I hate that!" cried Buz. "Why could n't she tell you outright, or leave it alone altogether?"

"It does appear foolish, when one comes to think of it," said Hum; "especially when one recollects all the nods and whispers; but *at the time*, I suppose, it makes a person seem important; and I caught myself nodding mysteriously, and whispering too: very silly of me, to be sure!"

"Why, yes," said Buz. "I wish you had laughed at her, or, at any rate, pretended not to understand; but it can't be helped. What's the news this morning?"

"Nothing has actually happened yet, but the queen gets more restless every moment, and an old bee — one who has been in a swarm already — told me that she quite expected she would leave the hive to-day. I know I can't settle down to anything. It's wretched work!"

"Come along," said Buz; "I want to be near the queen, and watch her."

The two friends were separated before they reached the royal presence, for great numbers of bees were crowding round. Buz soon pushed her way into a good place, and, just as she got there she heard the queen say

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to herself, "I've a very good mind to do it. Is it fine?" she asked, turning to her attendants.

"It is, your majesty," answered several.

"A very good mind," continued the queen to herself; "my family is becoming inconveniently large, and this house does n't do: it gets hot, much too hot. That's one reason, and there are two or three others."

"She means by that," said a bee very softly to Buz, "that there are two or three royal grubs just ready to come out; but she does n't like alluding to them, even to herself."

"Too proud?" asked Buz, in a whisper.

"Too proud," answered the bee, with a confidential nod.

The queen was now close to them.

"I declare, I think I'll do it to-day," she repeated. "Did you say it was fine?" she added aloud, turning to her attendants.

"Very fine, your majesty," said they.

"Fine *enough*, eh?" asked the queen.

"Fine enough for *anything*, your majesty," said the attendants, who were prevented by court etiquette from seeming to know what orders the queen was about to give, though every one knew perfectly well that every bee in the hive knew all about it. Curious, perhaps; but the laws of etiquette *are* curious — very.

"I hear a great noise," said the queen. "What is it?"

It was no wonder she did. Thousands of bees were darting backward and forward just at the mouth of the hive, and the air was filled with a roaring sound. But the attendants appeared to be quite astonished.

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"We'll go and inquire, your majesty," they replied.

They did so, and, returning immediately, said, "A few of your majesty's subjects are loitering about near the entrance, your majesty; would your majesty wish them to disperse?"

"No matter," said the queen. "A few, did you say?"

"Well, more than a *few*, perhaps, your majesty," replied the attendants, looking one at another; "more than a *few*."

"Are there enough, do you think?" asked the queen carelessly. "Are there as many as there ought to be?"

"There are enough for *anything*, your majesty."

"And the day, you say, is fine enough?"

"For *anything*, your majesty."

The excitement was becoming quite intense.

The queen, after showing great restlessness and indecision for several moments, suddenly grew calm, and, standing in the centre of the circle drawn respectfully round her, gave a few shrill squeaks, and said, "I have made up my mind to go. Let all who wish to join me wait outside, and be ready to SWARM!!!"

Directly she spoke the last word, there was an end to all restraint. It was the word so anxiously expected all the morning, and was now the signal for a general rush. It was passed round the hive in no time, and Buz took it up, and found herself repeating, like every one else, "A swarm! a swarm!! a swarm!!!" Meantime she pressed forward to the entrance. It seemed to her as if she would never reach it; but then, she was in such a desperate hurry. At last her struggles were rewarded, and, with dozens of other bees, she tumbled out of the hive —

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head over heels! anyhow! — and joined the excited mob in front.

There she dashed backward and forward as madly as any one, but always watching the entrance, always ready to follow the queen the moment she should appear.

She had not long to wait, for her majesty soon presented herself, and, after looking about her, spread her wings and flew slowly and steadily away.

By this time the noise was tremendous; such an angry noise too! But Buz hardly heard it, she was so excited, so bent on keeping the queen in sight.

Her majesty, after taking a short flight round the garden, just to pick out a good place, alighted on the under side of one of the branches of a small standard pear-tree, and was immediately hidden by a cloud of about twenty thousand bees, which settled on and round her.

Buz was one of the first to take up her position, but, hardly liking to pitch on the queen, attached herself to the branch close to her, and was at once used by several other bees as a convenient thing to cling to; these in their turn were treated in the same way, till a lump of bees was formed as big as a good-sized cabbage, and Buz found it rather hard work to hold on.

“It must be uncommonly hot in the middle, though,” she thought: “better be here than there.”

At this moment the gardener approached. His coat was off, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up. He knew the bees would not sting him for shaking them into the new hive he carried, but he had to roll up his sleeves for fear of one crawling up and being hurt.

He now held the hive upside down under the swarm.

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took hold of the end of the bough on which it hung, and gave a sharp, strong jerk, which dislodged it and sent it right into the hive. There was no hesitation, no indecision about him; it was all the work of a moment. Instantly, a cloud of bees ascended all round him, and many alighted on his arms, and some even on his face. Of these he took no notice whatever; but, seeing that a great cluster remained in the hive, he was satisfied that the queen was among them; he then turned it over in its right position and stood it on four bricks placed on the ground, so that the bees outside could easily join their friends within. Having protected the hive from the sun with a few freshly cut boughs, he left the swarm alone till the evening. Buz was right in the middle this time, holding on like anything to the bee just above her.

When it grew dusk, the gardener came back; and finding that every bee had entered the hive, he placed it on a flat board, and carried it off to a stand which had been prepared for it, close to the old hive from which the swarm had come.

THE WAR EAGLE AND OTHER SOLDIERS' PETS

By Harry M. Kieffer

IT was not until we were safely established in winter quarters that we finally succeeded in our purpose of having something to pet. I was over at brigade headquarters one day, visiting a friend who had charge of several supply wagons. Being present while he was engaged in overhauling his stores, I found in the bottom of a large box, in which blankets had been packed away, a whole family of mice. The father of the family promptly made his escape; the mother was killed in the capture, and one little fellow was so injured that he soon died; but the rest, three in number, I took out unhurt. As I laid them in the palm of my hand, they at once struck me as perfect little beauties. They were very young and quite small, being no larger than the end of my finger, with scarcely any fur on them, and their eyes quite shut. Putting them into my pocket, and covering them with some cotton which my friend gave me, I started home with my prize. Stopping at the surgeon's quarters on reaching camp, I begged a large empty bottle (which I afterward found had been lately filled with pulverized gum arabic), and somewhere secured an old tin can of the same diameter as the bottle. Then I got a strong twine, went down to my tent, and asked

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Andy to help me make a cage for my pets, which with pride I took out of my pocket and set to crawling and nosing about on the warm blankets on the bunk.

"What are you going to do with that bottle?" inquired Andy.

"Going to cut it in two with this string," said I, holding up my piece of twine.

"Can't be done!" asserted he.

"Wait and see," answered I.

Procuring a mess pan full of cold water, and placing it on the floor of the tent, near the bunk on which we were sitting, I wound the twine once around the bottle, a few inches from the bottom, in such a way that Andy could hold one end of the bottle and pull one end of the twine one way, while I held the other end of the bottle and pulled the other end of the twine the other way, thus causing the twine, by means of its rapid friction, to heat the bottle in a narrow, straight line all around. After sawing away in this style for several minutes, I suddenly plunged the bottle into the pan of cold water, when it at once snapped in two along the line where the twine had passed around it, and as clean and clear as if it had been cut by a diamond. Then, melting off the top of the old tin can by holding it in the fire, I fastened the body of the can on the lower end of the bottle. When finished, the whole arrangement looked like a large, long bottle, the upper part of which was glass and the lower tin. In this way I accomplished the double purpose of providing my pets with a dark chamber and a well-lighted apartment, at the same time preventing them from running away. Placing some cotton on the inside of both can

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and bottle, for a bed, and thrusting a small sponge, moistened with sweetened water, into the neck of the bottle, I then put my pets into their new home. Of course they could not see, for their eyes were not yet open; neither did they, at first, seem to know how to eat; but as necessity is the mother of invention, with mice as well as with men, they soon learned to toddle forward to the neck of the bottle and suck their sweet sponge. In a short time they learned also to nibble at a bit of apple, and by and by could crunch their hard-tack like veritable veterans.

The bottle, as has already been said, had been filled with pulverized gum arabic. Some of this still adhering to the inside of the bottle, was gradually brushed off by their growing fur; and it was amusing to see the little things sit on their haunches and clean themselves of the sticky substance. Sometimes they would all three be busy at the same time, each at himself; and again, two of them would take to licking the third, rubbing their little red noses all over him, from head to tail, in the most amusing way imaginable.

Gradually, they grew very lively, and became quite tame, so that we could take them out of their house into our hands, and let them hunt about in our pockets for apple seeds or pieces of hard-tack. We called them Jack, Jill, and Jenny, and they seemed to know their names. When let out of their cage occasionally, for a romp on the blankets, they would climb over everything, running along the inner edge of the eave boards and the ridge-pole, but never succeeded in getting away from us. It was a comical sight to see little Jim come in to look at

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them. A mouse was almost the highest possible excitement to Jim, for a mouse was second cousin to a rat, no doubt, as Jim looked at matters; and just say "Rats!" to Jim, if you wanted to see him jump! He would come in and look at our pets, turn his head from one side to the other, and wrinkle his brow, and whine and bark; but we were determined he should not kill our mousies, as he had killed our shade tail a few months before.

What to do with our pets when spring came on, and winter quarters were nearly at an end, we knew not. We could not take them along on the march, neither did we like to leave them behind; for it seemed cruel to leave Jack, Jill, and Jenny in the deserted and dismantled camp to go back to the barbarous habits of their ancestors. On consideration, therefore, we concluded to take them back to the wagon train, and leave them with the wagoner, who, though at first he demurred to our proposal, at last consented to let us turn them loose among his oat bags, where I doubt not they had a merry time indeed.

The pet-making disposition which had led Andy and me to take so much trouble with our mice was not confined to ourselves alone. The disposition was quite natural, and therefore very general among the men of all commands. Pets of any and all kinds, whether chosen from the wild or the domestic animals, were everywhere in great esteem, and happy was the regiment which possessed a tame crow, squirrel, coon, or even kitten.

Our own regiment possessed a pet of great value and high esteem in Little Jim, of whom some incidental men-

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tion has already been made. As Little Jim enlisted with the regiment, and was honorably mustered out of the service with it at the close of the war, after three years of as faithful service as so little a creature as he could render the flag of his country, some brief account of him here may not be out of place.

Little Jim, then, was a small rat terrier, of fine blooded stock, his immediate maternal ancestor having won a silver collar in a celebrated rat pit in Philadelphia. Late in 1859, while yet a pup, he was given by a sailor friend to John C. Kensill, with whom he was mustered into the United States service "for three years, or during the war," on Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa., late in August, 1862. Around his neck was a silver collar with the inscription, "Jim Kensill, Co. F, 150th Regt. P. V."

He soon came to be a great favorite with the boys, not only of his own company, but of the entire regiment as well, the men of the different companies thinking quite as much of him as if he belonged to each of them individually, and not to Sergeant Kensill, of Company F, alone. On the march he would be caught up from the roadside where he was doggedly trotting along, and given a ride on the arms of the men, who would pet him and talk to him as if he were a child and not a dog. In winter quarters, however, he would not sleep anywhere except on Kensill's arm and underneath the blankets; nor was he ever known to spend a night away from home. On first taking the field, rations were scarce with us, and for several days fresh meat could not be had for poor Jim, and he nearly starved. Gradually, however, his master taught him to take a hard-tack between his forepaws,

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and, holding it there, to munch and crunch at it till he had consumed it. He soon learned to like hard-tack, and grew fat on it, too. On the march to Chancellorsville he was lost for two whole days, to the great grief of the men. When his master learned that he had been seen with a neighboring regiment, he had no difficulty in finding volunteers to accompany him when he announced that he was about to set out for the recapture of Jim. They soon found where he was. Another regiment had possession of him, and laid loud and angry claim to him; but Kensill and his men were not to be frightened, for he knew the Buck tails were at his back, and that sooner than give up Little Jim there would be some rough work. As soon as Jim heard his master's sharp whistle, he came bounding and barking to his side, overjoyed to be at home again, albeit he had lost his silver collar, which his thievish captors had cut from his neck, in order the better to lay claim to him.

He was a good soldier too, being no coward, and caring not a wag of his tail for the biggest shells the Johnnies could toss over at us. He was with us under our first shell fire at "Clarke's Mills," a few miles below Fredericksburg, in May, 1863, and ran barking after the very first shell that came screaming over our heads. When the shell had buried itself in the ground, Jim went up close to it, crouching down on all fours, while the boys cried, "Rats! rats! Shake him, Jim! Shake him, Jim!" Fortunately, that first shell did not explode, and when others came that did explode, Jim, with true military instinct, soon learned to run after them and bark, but to keep a respectful distance from them.

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On the march to Gettysburg he was with us all the way, but when we came near the enemy, his master sent him back to William Wiggins, the wagoner; for he thought too much of Jim to run the risk of losing him in battle. It was a pity Jim was not with us out in front of the Seminary the morning of the first day, when the fight opened; for as soon as the cannon began to boom, the rabbits began to run in all directions, as if scared quite out of their poor little wits; and there would have been fine sport for Jim with the cotton tails, had he only been there to give them chase.

In the first day's fight, Jim's owner, Sergeant John C. Kensill, while bravely leading the charge for the re-capture of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment's battle flags, was wounded and left for dead on the field, with a bullet through his head. He, however, so far recovered from his wound that in the following October he rejoined the regiment, which was then lying down along the Rappahannock somewhere. In looking for the regiment, on his return from a Northern hospital, Sergeant Kensill chanced to pass the supply train, and saw Jim busy at a bone under a wagon. Hearing the old familiar whistle, Jim at once looked up, saw his master, left his bone, and came leaping and barking in greatest delight to his owner's arm.

On the march he was sometimes sent back to the wagon. Once he came near being killed. To keep him from following the regiment or from straying and getting lost in search of it, the wagoner had tied him to the rear axle of his wagon with a strong twine. In crossing a stream, in his anxiety to get his team over safely, the

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wagoner forgot all about poor little Jim, who was dragged and slashed through the waters in a most unmerciful way. After getting safely over the stream, the teamster, looking back, found poor Jim under the rear of the wagon, being dragged along by the neck, more dead than alive. He was then put on the sick list for a few days; but with this single exception he had never a mishap of any kind, and was always ready for duty.

His master having been honorably discharged before the close of the war because of wounds, Jim was left with the regiment in care of Wiggins, the wagoner. When the regiment was mustered out of service at the end of the war, Little Jim was mustered out too. He stood up in rank with the boys and wagged his tail for joy that peace had come and that we were all going home. I understand that his discharge papers were regularly made out, the same as those of the men, and that they read somewhat as follows: —

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Know ye that *Jim Kensill*, Private, Company F, 150th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was enrolled on the twenty-second day of August, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-two, to serve three years, or during the war, is hereby DISCHARGED from the service of the United States, this twenty-third day of June, 1865, at Elmira, New York, by direction of the Secretary of War.

(No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist.)

Said *Jim Kensill* was born in Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, is six years of age, six inches high,

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dark complexion, black eyes, black and tan hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Rat Terrier.

Given at Elmira New York, this twenty-third day of June, 1865.

JAMES R. REID,

Capt. Tenth U. S. Infantry, A. C. M.

Before parting with him, the boys bought him a silver collar, which they had suitably inscribed with his name, regiment, and the principal engagements in which he had participated. This collar, which he had honorably earned in the service of his country in war, he proudly wore in peace to the day of his death.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may be appropriately introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who, from being "the pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of a regiment on the march, and in battle, and all through the whole war, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield, which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to carry or even to handle him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He



"OLD ABE"

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seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, however, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all regiments along the line of march cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce, and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. On some such occasions he would be gone two or three days at a time, during which nothing whatever was seen of him; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment not the slightest concern, for the men knew that though he might fly many miles away in quest of food, he would be quite sure to find them again.

In what way he distinguished the two hostile armies so accurately that he was never once known to mistake the gray for the blue, no one can tell. But so it was, that he was never known to alight save in his own camp, and amongst his own men.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest part of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air, and remained there from early morning until the fight closed at night, having, no doubt, greatly enjoyed his bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times; but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was

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carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls that it looked on top as if a groove plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial celebration held in Philadelphia, in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place on his perch on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural building. He was still alive, though evidently growing old, and was the observed of all observers. Thousands of visitors, from all sections of the country, paid their respects to the grand old bird, who, apparently conscious of the honors conferred upon him, overlooked the sale of his biography and photographs going on beneath his perch with entire satisfaction.

As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the Capitol of Michigan in 1881.

Proud as the Wisconsin boys justly were of "Old Abe," the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be truly said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed war eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days, — the youngest drummer-boy, and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and childlike appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drumsticks, never failed to make an impression on the beholder. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the

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Twelfth Indiana Regiment, may with propriety find a place in these "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen County, Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men, in response to President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was assigned was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" reënlisted, and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles in all. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, and was a constant favorite amongst them. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great Civil War. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the latest survivor of the great and grand army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are being rapidly thinned out, and those who yet remain are showing signs of age. The "Boys in Blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into the "Boys in Gray;" and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.

MY DOG WISIE

By John Ruskin

HE was a white spitz, exactly like Carpaccio's dog in the picture of St. Jerome; and he came to me from a young Austrian officer, who had got tired of him,—the Count Thun, who fell afterward at Solferino. Before the dog was used enough to us, George and I took him to Lido to give him a little sea bath. George was holding him by his forepaws upright among the little crisp breakers. Wisie snatched them out of his hands, and ran at full speed — into Fairyland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him, but they told me "he ran like a hare and leaped like a horse."

At last, either overcome by hunger or having made up his mind that even *my* service was preferable to liberty on Lido, he took the deep water in broad daylight, and swam straight for Venice. A fisherman saw him from a distance, rowed after him, took him, tired among the weeds, and brought him to me, — the Madonna della Salute having been propitious to his repentant striving with the sea.

From that time he became an obedient and affectionate dog, though of extremely self-willed and self-possessed character. I was then living on the north side

MY DOG WISIE

of St. Mark's Place, and he used to sit outside the window on the ledge at the base of its pillars the greater part of the day, observant of the manners and customs of Venice. Returning to England, I took him over the St. Gothard, but found him entirely unappalled by any of the work of Devils on it — big or little. He saw nothing to trouble himself about in precipices, if they were wide enough for him to put his paws on; and the dog who had fled madly from a crisp sea wave, trotted beside the fall of the Reuss just as if it had been another White Dog, a little bigger, created out of foam.

Reaching Paris, he considered it incumbent upon him to appear unconscious of the existence of that city, or of the Tuileries gardens and Rue Rivoli, since they were not St. Mark's Place, but, half asleep one evening, on a sofa in the entresol at Meurice's, — and hearing a bark in the street which sounded Venetian, — sprang through the window in expectation of finding himself on the usual ledge, and fell fifteen feet to the pavement. As I ran down, I met him rushing up the hotel stairs (he had gathered himself from the stones in an instant), bleeding and giddy; he staggered round and round two or three times, and fell helpless on the floor. I don't know if young ladies' dogs faint, really, when they are hurt. He, Wisie, did not faint, nor even moan, but he could not stir, except in cramped starts and shivers. I sent for what veterinary help was within reach, and heard that the dog might recover, if he could be kept quiet for a day or two in a dog hospital. But my omnibus was at the door, for the London train. In the very turn and niche of time I heard that Macdonald of St.

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Martin's was in the hotel, and would take charge of Wisie for the time necessary. The poor little speechless, huckless, wistfully gazing doggie was tenderly put in a pretty basket (going to be taken where? thinks the beating heart), looks at his master to read what he can in the sad face — can make out nothing, is hurried out of the inexorable door, downstairs; finds himself more nearly dead the next day, and among strangers. (*Two miles away from Meurice's, along the Boulevard, it was.*)

He takes and keeps council with himself on that matter. Drinks and eats what he is given, gratefully; swallows his medicine obediently; stretches his limbs from time to time. There was only a wicket gate, he saw, between the Boulevard and him. Silently, in the early dawn of the fourth or fifth day, I think, he leaped it, and along two miles of Parisian Boulevard came back to Meurice's.

I do not believe there was ever a more wonderful piece of instinct certified. For Macdonald received him, in astonishment, — and Wisie trusted Macdonald to bring him to his lost master again. The Schehallien chief brought him to Denmark Hill; where of course Wisie did not know whether something still worse might not befall him, or whether he would be allowed to stay. But he was allowed, and became a bright part of my mother's day, as well as of mine, from 1852 to 1858, or perhaps longer.

THE BIRD ROOM

By Olive Thorne Miller

WHEN I began to be interested in birds, I lived in a city where not many beside English sparrows were to be seen. I wanted to know something about our common birds; moreover, I never looked into a bird store without longing to set every poor little captive free.

So I set up a Bird Room. Every fall, for several years, I went around to the bird stores in New York and Brooklyn, and bought all the stray American birds I could find. The dealers did not make a business of keeping our common birds, and now it is against the law to do so. They usually kept only such birds as canaries, parrots, and other regular cage birds; but occasionally they would have a robin or bluebird or oriole tucked off in a corner, and these birds were the ones I bought. In one store I would find a catbird moping on a high shelf or in a dark back room; in another a bluebird scared half to death, and dumb in the midst of squawking parrots and singing canaries.

In this way I collected in my Bird Room eight or ten — usually — of our native birds, and always in pairs when I could get them. I put each one in a big cage, and left the doors open all day; so that they had the freedom of a large room with three big windows and plenty of perches all about.

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Then I gave almost the whole of my time to taking care of them, and studying their ways through the winter, and as soon as spring came, and birds began to come back from the south, I took my little captives, — those who were able to fly, and I thought could take care of themselves, — carried them out into the country or a big park, and set them free. Then the next fall I found a new set for my Bird Room, to be liberated again as soon as it was safe.

I took such good care of the birds — gave them so many things they liked, made them so comfortable, and let them have such good easy lives — that almost every one was happy, and perfectly contented to stay with me through the winter, when times are sometimes hard for them out of doors. Then, when they began to get uneasy in the spring, I let them go — as I said.

I have explained thus carefully about my Bird Room because I do not approve of keeping wild birds in cages, and I never had one caught or caged for me, not even for study. Every one I ever kept was set free as soon as it was safe for him.

It is no kindness to set a canary free, nor a bird that is injured, or has been kept for years, and so is unfitted to take care of himself. Canaries are born in cages, of caged parents. They have been taken care of for generations, and have no knowledge how to get food or find shelter. Turning one out into the world is about like turning a two-year-old baby out to get its own living.

The only way to mitigate the hard lot of a canary is to

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make him so happy that he will not wish to be free. I could tell you many stories of canaries who had escaped, coming back and beating against a window to get into the only home they knew.

THE BUSY BLUE JAY

By Olive Thorne Miller

I

ONE of the most interesting birds who ever lived in my Bird Room was a blue jay named Jakie. He was full of business from morning till night, scarcely ever a moment still.

Poor little fellow! He had been stolen from the nest before he could fly, and reared in a house, long before he was given to me. Of course he could not be set free, for he did not know how to take care of himself.

Jays are very active birds, and being shut up in a room, my blue jay had to find things to do, to keep himself busy. If he had been allowed to grow up out of doors, he would have found plenty to do, planting acorns and nuts, nesting, and bringing up families.

Sometimes the things he did in the house were what we call mischief because they annoy us, such as hammering the woodwork to pieces, tearing bits out of the leaves of books, working holes in chair seats, or pounding a cardboard box to pieces. But how is a poor little bird to know what is mischief?

Many things which Jakie did were very funny. For instance, he made it his business to clear up the room. When he had more food than he could eat at the moment, he did not leave it around, but put it away care-



JAKIE HAD DECIDED OPINIONS ABOUT PEOPLE WHO CAME INTO THE ROOM TO SEE ME, OR TO SEE THE BIRDS. AT SOME PERSONS HE WOULD SQUAWK EVERY MOMENT. OTHERS HE SALUTED WITH A QUEER CRY LIKE "OB-BLE! OB-BLE! OB-BLE!" ONCE WHEN A LADY CAME IN WITH A BABY, HE FIXED HIS EYES ON THAT INFANT WITH A SAVAGE LOOK, AS IF HE WOULD LIKE TO PECK IT, AND JUMPED BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CAGE, PANTING, BUT PERFECTLY SILENT. JAKIE WAS VERY DEVOTED TO ME. HE ALWAYS GREETED ME WITH A LOW, SWEET CHATTER, WITH WINGS QUIVERING

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fully, — not in the garbage pail, for that was not in the room, but in some safe nook where it did not offend the eye. Sometimes it was behind the tray in his cage, or among the books on the shelf. The places he liked best were about me, — in the fold of a ruffle or the loop of a bow on my dress, and sometimes in the side of my slipper. The very choicest place of all was in my loosely bound hair. That of course I could not allow, and I had to keep very close watch of him for fear I might have a bit of bread or meat thrust among my locks. In his clearing up he always went carefully over the floor, picking up pins or any little thing he could find, and I often dropped burnt matches, buttons, and other small things to give him something to do. These he would pick up and put nicely away.

Pins, Jakie took lengthwise in his beak, and at first I thought he had swallowed them, till I saw him hunt up a proper place to hide them. The place he chose was between the leaves of a book. He would push a pin far in out of sight, and then go after another. A match he always tried to put in a crack, under the baseboard, between the breadths of matting, or under my rockers. He first placed it, and then tried to hammer it in out of sight. He could seldom get it in far enough to suit him, and this worried him. Then he would take it out and try another place.

Once the blue jay found a good match, of the parlor match variety. He put it between the breadths of matting, and then began to pound on it as usual. Pretty soon he hit the unburnt end and it went off with a loud crack, as parlor matches do. Poor Jakie jumped two

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feet into the air, nearly frightened out of his wits; and I was frightened, too, for I feared he might set the house on fire.

Often when I got up from my chair a shower of the bird's playthings would fall from his various hiding-places about my dress, — nails, matches, shoe buttons, bread crumbs, and other things. Then he had to begin his work all over again.

Jakie liked a small ball or a marble. His game was to give it a hard peck and see it roll. If it rolled away from him, he ran after it and pecked again; but sometimes it rolled toward him, and then he bounded into the air as if he thought it would bite. And what was funny, he was always offended at this conduct of the ball, and went off sulky for a while.

He was a timid little fellow. Wind or storm outside the windows made him wild. He would fly around the room, squawking at the top of his voice; and the horrible tin horns the boys liked to blow at Thanksgiving and Christmas drove him frantic. Once I brought a Christmas tree into the room to please the birds, and all were delighted with it except my poor little blue jay, who was much afraid of it. Think of the sadness of a bird being afraid of a tree!

II

Jakie had decided opinions about people who came into the room to see me, or to see the birds. At some persons he would squawk every moment. Others he saluted with a queer cry like "Ob-ble! ob-ble! ob-ble!" Once when a lady came in with a baby, he fixed his eyes

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on that infant with a savage look as if he would like to peck it, and jumped back and forth in his cage, panting, but perfectly silent.

Jakie was very devoted to me. He always greeted me with a low, sweet chatter, with wings quivering, and if he were out of the cage he would come on the back of my chair and touch my cheek or lips very gently with his beak, or offer me a bit of food if he had any; and to me alone, when no one else was near, he sang a low, exquisite song. I afterwards heard a similar song sung by a wild blue jay to his mate while she was sitting, and so I knew that my dear little captive had given me his sweetest — his love song.

One of Jakie's amusements was dancing across the back of a tall chair, taking funny little steps, coming down hard, "jouncing" his body, and whistling as loud as he could. He would keep up this funny performance as long as anybody would stand before him and pretend to dance too.

My jay was fond of a sensation. One of his dearest bits of fun was to drive the birds into a panic. This he did by flying furiously around the room, feathers rustling, and squawking as loud as he could. He usually managed to fly just over the head of each bird, and as he came like a catapult, every one flew before him, so that in a minute the room was full of birds flying madly about, trying to get out of his way. This gave him great pleasure.

Wild blue jays, too, like to stir up their neighbors. A friend told me of a small party of blue jays that she saw playing this kind of joke on a flock of birds of several

THE BABY ROBIN

By Olive Thorne Miller

I

EVER since I read somewhere a charming sketch of a tame robin named Bob, all robins have been Bob or Bobby to me, so when a baby of the family came into my Bird Room to spend the winter, his name was all ready for him. Bobby he became from that minute.

That he was a baby I knew partly by his youthful ways and partly by the fact that he had not entirely put off the spotted bib which marks the infancy of the thrush. He was a knowing youngster, however; he had his own opinions, and never hesitated to speak his mind, though I could not always understand him.

The robin had no notion of losing his interest in life and the world around him because fate had decreed that he should live in a house. On the contrary, he seemed as much interested, and as eager to note the strange things that went on inside our walls, as we are to observe the manners of the foreign folk whose homes we visit.

The doings of the people thus suddenly become his neighbors he studied with curiosity; but one thing in his new world he was already familiar with, and that was the birds. He realized at once that he must make and keep his place among them, and he proceeded to do this

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the moment he learned how to go in and out of his own particular apartment in that strange, new place.

He had some difficulty at first, because the door to his cage was rather low, — as cage doors are apt to be, — and he stood up so straight that he passed it forty times before he saw that there was a door, and that it was wide open. He had to stoop a little to go out.

The part of the room that the robin at once claimed as his own private promenade was across the tops of two large cages which stood side by side on a shelf, — one being his own, — and he made it part of his daily duty to see that no one trespassed upon it. Woe to the unlucky bluebird or oriole who dared set foot on that sacred spot! Down upon him instantly came Master Bobby with fury in his eye, so big and bustling in manner that no one was brave enough to stay and face him.

No one, did I say? I must except one — a little Baltimore oriole, who was ragged and tailless, but so bold and saucy that I shall tell her story in another paper.

Another duty the robin took upon himself, — to assist me in seeing that every bird in the room had his daily outing. Soon after the cage doors were opened in the morning Bobby looked around, and if he saw any of the feathered folk who lingered by the food-cup and did not take advantage of their privilege, he went at once to attend to it.

His manner of effecting this purpose was completely successful. He simply pounced upon the top of a cage, and carried on such pranks over the head of the bird within that he was glad to fly out and leave the cage to the enemy. The robin cared nothing for the cage,

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however; he merely wanted to drive its tenant out, and the moment that was done he went his way.

It may appear strange that, being a robin and consequently fond of the ground, Bobby did not lay claim to the floor of his new territory. He did desire to do so, but there was a slight difficulty in the way. Another claimant was ahead of him, and one who looked well able to maintain his ground, — a blue jay. Against all others in the room the robin did defend the floor, always rushing up to see what was wanted when any bird ventured to alight on the matting.

The blue jay was too big to take liberties with, and he became an object of the greatest interest to the young robin. The jay was himself little more than a baby, who had lived with people from the nest, and was therefore quite used to a house. In fact, he knew no other home, and Bobby watched everything he did with a sort of admiring awe, as we have all seen a little boy watch the performances of a big boy.

II

When the blue jay was hopping about the floor, busy with his own affairs, which were always of the utmost importance, in his opinion, the robin often stood on a low table or chair, and looked at him, following every movement with deep concern. If the jay devoted himself to some particular thing, like hammering a nut, and went to the round of a chair to do it, his admirer came as near as he thought safe, on the floor, and observed the operation closely.

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Sometimes, after looking on for a while, the robin, too, hunted about for a plaything, and brought a match, a pin, or a bit of nutshell that he picked up on the floor, and laid it before the jay, as if to challenge him to a frolic. Whatever was his intention, the jay was far too busy a personage to play; his life was full of serious duties, and he never accepted the invitation.

One thing the blue jay persisted in doing that was almost too much for Bobby to endure — that was taking his bath first. The two birds used the same broad, shallow dish on the floor; and when the jay got possession the robin would dance around in a circle, running and hopping as near as he could without being spattered, quite frantic to go in. But his big rival was specially fond of a good soaking himself, and he often kept Bobby waiting some time.

When at last the way was open, Bobby rushed into the water, stepping upon the edge of the dish with one foot as a human being would do, and taking his turn at a soak. On coming out he fanned himself nearly dry, hopping about the floor and beating violently sometimes one wing, sometimes both wings.

He had, too, a curious fancy for coming upon a small stand near me to dress his plumage. It was not at all a good place, for there was no perch to cling to while he twisted around to plume himself. But it was his choice, and he insisted on coming there, though when he tried to reach his tail feathers his feet slipped and he turned round and round like a kitten chasing its own tail, making a laughable show of himself.

The robin baby, like others of his age, was fond of play.

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A favorite game was to run across the two cages he considered his own, and, at the end, jump heavily on the paper cover of a smaller cage a foot away. Of course the first bounce sent the owner out in a hurry, and then Bobby ran and jumped till he was tired of it.

Another way he had of amusing himself was by trying to pull out the ends of strings that hung loose where the matting was joined. One of these was always irresistible to the bird. He seized it in his beak, and pulled and tugged at it so hard that he was often jerked off his feet. The fact that he never got one out did not discourage him in the least; he was always ready to attack another when he found it.

A string was his great delight; he dragged it about, and worried it as he did a worm. It sometimes got him into trouble. On one occasion he found a long piece of thread, and before I noticed him, had so tangled it around one leg and foot that he could not spread his toes, nor, of course, stand on that foot, and he was very much frightened. I could not catch him while he was out in the room without scaring him still more, and he worked at it himself a long time before he went into his cage. As soon as he did that, I caught him and cut off the thread with scissors, though it was so twisted around that I had to cut fifteen or twenty times before it came off.

Bobby showed the common sense for which his family is noted, by submitting quietly, as soon as he understood that I was trying to help him, and letting that leg hang down, while the other was held up.

A newspaper on the floor always furnished the robin

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with much entertainment. After jerking it about, and lifting it to peer under the edge, he would pounce into the middle, peck a hole, and then seize the edge of the opening and tear the paper into strips. The tearing sound always startled him and sent him off, — as it does nearly every bird, — but the fun of doing it was so great that he always came back and did it again.

One trouble came into the life of my robin that for weeks made him very unhappy. It was a feather in one wing, of which the feathery part was missing — worn off, apparently. This he plainly considered a disgrace to any robin, — birds are very sensitive about the condition of their plumage, — and he determined to pull it out. He worked at it many hours, but for some reason could not dislodge it; but he did succeed in making himself very miserable about it, and I was glad that spring and the time of his freedom was near.

As that magical season came on Bobby grew restless, and worked off his superfluous energy on his room-mates. He chased the birds about; he made war on a shy tanager; he performed war dances on the cages; he tried to put an end to all quiet life.

In fact, he became so troublesome in my little colony that I was glad, on the first warm day, to take the robin — a baby no longer — out to the country and bid him farewell.

POLLY'S PRANKS

By Olive Thorne Miller

I

POLLY was a snowy white cockatoo, with beautiful yellow crest, who lived in a pleasant home in New York. The one object of her life, when I first knew her, was to get out of her cage.

She might have stayed out all the time, for it was a pet-ridden house, and the family was used to all sorts of beast and bird pranks. She might, I say, but for one or two notions which she had. One was an incurable dislike of beads, and another an equally strong liking for buttons.

The beads she attacked as if they were enemies, biting them off a lady's dress much faster than they had been sewed on, and flinging them away with a spiteful jerk that sprinkled the carpet like a shower of glass. No matter what other attractions were in a room, if a lady happened to wear a bit of sparkling bead trimming, the instant Polly was free she flew or waddled across the floor, and went to work at it, and neither coaxing nor scolding had the smallest effect upon her.

With buttons it was otherwise. She seemed to delight in them. To be sure, she bit them off, but it was in the way old Izaak Walton says a fisherman must put a hook

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through a worm, "as if he loved it." She snapped off the buttons with her scissors-like beak, but she did not throw them away; she chewed them up. If no one happened to notice her, the naughty bird would snatch every button from her mistress's dress, or her master's coat, more quickly than a person could do it with a knife.

Another of this bird's tricks was to attack people's feet, and as she had a beak like a pick-axe, and never hesitated to use it, she was the terror of children and servants.

Children, indeed, she particularly disliked. She squawked at them if she could not get out of her cage, and she flew at them if she could.

These, with other troublesome fancies, condemned Madam Polly to a cage, and, as I said before, to get out of that gilded prison was her sole business in life.

First she would coax, and her way was most droll. She began by saying pathetically, "Poor Polly!" to call attention to her wishes. If any one looked at her, she at once began to bow in the most persuasive and violent manner. If that did not bring deliverance, she wriggled from side to side, opening and quivering her wings, and almost twisting her neck off in her attempts to be winning, her big, dark eyes all the time eagerly fixed upon the one she hoped would open her door.

If these curious antics had no effect, she squawked savagely, and so loud that conversation could not be heard in the room; but her crowning effort, and one that usually was successful, was a wheedling little song, a most ludicrous performance. It sounded like a child trying to sing in a high key and with the quavering,

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shaky voice of an old woman. It was the funniest song a bird ever uttered, I am sure, and no one could resist this supreme attempt to please.

If dinner was going on when she came out, she rushed at once for the table, climbed up by the cloth, or the dress of a friend, and proceeded to look over the dishes, make her choice, and help herself. Oatmeal she liked; green corn, too, and a chicken bone to pick; but her special delight was in green peas, which she neatly extracted from their delicate skins, and ate with great daintiness. So strong was this liking that the sight of raw peas set her wild till some were given to her. Then she took a pod deftly in one claw, held it up, and removed the peas one after another, dropping the cleaned-out skins as she went on.

After eating all she wanted, if she chanced to be in an amiable mood, Polly liked to "show off" to a stranger, and she had a comical way. She climbed up the back of a chair, stood on the top, fixed her eyes on the one she intended to charm by the performance, and, the moment that person looked at her, began.

II

To begin with, Polly jerked herself up to her greatest height, as if a spring had gone off inside her like a Jack-in-the-box, every feather erect, crest standing straight up, and delivered herself of her greatest accomplishment, "Cockatoo cracker!" with a satisfied air, as if nothing could go beyond that. The next instant she crouched on her perch as low as possible; then bowed

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many times as fast as she could, as though she were hammering something. She performed the most ridiculous capers, which somehow reminded one of the puppyish gambols of a big, awkward dog. Then, if her door were not opened for all her coaxing and storming, madam proceeded to open it, or at least to try to open it. No wire, no string, no intricacy of knots or device of twisting could baffle her.

She was very knowing, and her beak and claws — hands, they almost deserve to be called — were as useful as many people's fingers. She would work with the utmost patience at any fastening, cutting string or small wire, till she got the door open. The only thing she could not master was a padlock with the key removed. She could turn the key if it were left in.

When her door was actually locked, and she knew it, her anger was roused; and she at once expressed her opinion of the world in general, and her master in particular, by first shaking her door until it seemed that the hinges must give way, and then wreaking her vengeance on the seed and water cups. These she shook loose, and then pushed out of their places upon the floor. A wide scattering of seeds or a fine shower of water delighted her, and relieved her mind.

After enduring this annoyance for some time, her master brought other tiny padlocks, one for each dish; and after that, not only her door, but each dish, was securely locked in when it was necessary to shut her up.

She was not conquered even then. Seed and water could not be locked in, and she could thrust her big beak into her seed cup, and fling the contents halfway across

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the room. If the seed was so low in the cup that she could not do that, she gathered a beakful and tossed it out upon the carpet, treating water in the same way, till neither food nor drink was left in her cage.

This seemed to be a great relief to her feelings, as harsh words or deeds are supposed to be with bigger folk. Before she gave up trying to open the padlocks, she would work awhile at the door, then rush madly to her seed cup and fling out a lot of seed, then hurry back to the padlock again.

Polly's last resource when she could not open the door, and seed and water were all gone, was to squawk insultingly at the top of her voice, "Ya! ya! ya!"

Reading aloud was always a trial to the cockatoo, and she generally kept up a low, mocking talk, like the long-drawn-out "Craw! craw! craw!" of a hen as she walks about the poultry yard delivering her opinions to the feathered world around her. If she were not noticed, this talk became sometimes so loud that she had to be put into another room.

This was a dreadful thing, for poor Polly was the greatest coward I ever saw in feathers. Being left alone was her severest punishment, and always prompted her to do the most mischief she could think of.

One day, by some carelessness, the padlock on her door was not fastened, and Polly had the sitting-room to herself for an hour. On the return of the mistress, she was met at the door by bows and cries of "Poor Polly," and repetitions of everything the bird could say, in the most coaxing manner.

She knew at once that mischief had been done, and

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one glance was enough. Polly had enjoyed a fine frolic with her work-basket. Such a wreck is not often seen, — needles from their papers and pins from their box strewed the carpet; the remains of pearl buttons that she had snipped to bits lay thick as snowflakes over the floor; spools had been nibbled, thread and silk cut into short lengths and scattered about; a gold thimble dented past using in her efforts to bite it; and the delicate basket itself pulled apart and broken.

It looked as if a cyclone had struck that work-basket, and Polly was almost too happy to stay inside her feathers, but it was her last prank in the sitting-room. Her padlocks were never again forgotten.

POLLY'S OUTING

By Olive Thorne Miller

I

FULL of naughtiness as she was, Polly, the cockatoo, was very dear to the hearts of the family, and, like Mary's lamb, —

Everywhere the mistress went
The bird was sure to go.

So one June she traveled out on Long Island for her summer outing. This was great fun for Madam Polly, for she was out of doors most of the time. It was thought that she could do no harm in the country, but the cockatoo had a keen scent for mischief. She had not been there a day before she showed what she could do in that line.

Her cage was hung against the trunk of a cherry-tree, which was covered thickly with small green balls that the people hoped would become cherries in time; but Polly had other plans, and took it upon herself to attend to those absurd cherries.

The first thing she did when her door was opened was to seize a low-hanging branch and climb into the cherry-tree. Soon she was out of sight among the leaves, and then began a gentle but continuous shower, first of leaves and small twigs, which she bit off and dropped, and then of the cherries — to be.

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Commands and scoldings were useless. She was among the top branches and could not be reached, and she picked leaves and fruit till she was tired of the sport; then she turned her attention to the bark, and actually girdled one branch before she was caught at it and forced to come down.

The next day she started for new fields. By way of the cherry-tree ladder she climbed, as Jack did his bean-stalk, to the roof of the piazza, and then ran its whole length, squawking at every one who passed. Especially did she revile a peddler, never ceasing her squawks as long as he was in sight. Next she mocked the neighbors' children, whose calls she answered, strangely enough, with just as many squawks as there were words in their call.

When she became tired of this amusement she settled down to "business," nibbling off the overhanging edges of the newly painted clapboards and the edges of the slats from the new blinds. It was not until she had defaced the front of the house sadly that she was discovered and brought down.

Down the front yard ran a long, old-fashioned grape arbor with ornamental front, which had at its top a pole, holding up in the air a ball surmounted by an elaborately sawed-out star. Upon this emblem of her country Polly next fixed her wicked eye, and started up. The lattice-work was an admirable ladder; and stopping only to snip off the tender stems of a few young, growing vines, and half a dozen strings just fastened up to point out to the young moon-flowers the way they should go, she soon reached the pole, climbed it, stood on the ball, and gave her mind to that star.

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Before any one noticed her, she had nibbled the edges, bitten off the points, and turned it into a most disreputable affair. When found, she was so pleased with the result of her labor that she scrambled upon the crazy-looking star and squawked at the top of her voice, fluttering her wings and bowing until it seemed that her head must come off.

By this time the family began to think of a bill for damages, and madam was locked up, but it seemed cruel in the country to shut up a bird, and everything she did was so funny that one could n't long be vexed at her. So the next morning the door was again opened, and Polly started out on a new track.

This time she mounted to the top of the arbor, and started on a promenade down the sharp edge of the board that formed the ridge. This was a brave feat for the cockatoo, who always liked to keep close to her friends; and she had adventures on the way.

First a bee flew over, very near her head. This frightened her terribly. She lifted her wings, held one over her head to protect it, and crouched to avoid the attack she seemed to expect. Then she turned and twisted, ran a few steps, and at last shrieked loudly for some one to come, not seeing that the bee had gone on about its business and was out of sight.

II

Polly was afraid of everything. If a fly buzzed past her, she ducked her head as if she had been hit; and when a pair of robins came near, engaged in a dispute

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about something, she went almost mad with fright. She ran to the pole which held the star, climbed it rapidly with beak and claws, perched on the tiptop, bowed and spread her wings wide, then lifted them above her head like a child. This time she did not squawk, but she was in great terror.

Next day she had the pleasure of scaring a robin. She was on a side-bar of the arbor when one of these birds alighted on the opposite side. In her alarm madam bowed and called out, "Poor Polly!" as if to introduce herself. The robin stared an instant in amazement at this unbirdlike performance, and then flew.

Polly was not unlike some boys. She was a tyrant and a bully with those who feared her, and a dastardly coward with those who did not fear her. The least bird coming into the cherry-tree — a tiny yellow warbler or a minute creeper not so big as her head — startled her half out of her wits. She would drive the half-grown chickens all round the yard, so long as they ran; but the instant one of the chickens stood and faced her, she turned herself and ran, squawking as if for life.

There was never a droller sight than her running down the length of the ridge board, — which soon came to be her favorite promenade, — holding her wings out and shaking them, and squawking madly, stopping when she came to a bunch of grapes not much bigger than pin-heads to snip it off.

On one side of the arbor roof was the nest of a chipping sparrow. We were interested to see what she would do with it, and ready to interfere if she should go too near.

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The chipping sparrow, however, was a wise little mother; she did not need our help. As soon as the cockatoo came near, the small bird appeared before her, fluttering as if afraid, and Polly at once advanced toward her. The question of whether she should drive or be driven was always decided by the actions of her opponent.

So Polly ran, bowing and squawking, with crest up and her war frenzy on, while the cunning sparrow fluttered along, dragging her wings, and keeping well out of the large bird's reach until she had led her far enough. Then she slipped behind some leaves and returned to her nest, leaving Madam Polly staring in blank amazement, plainly wondering where that bird had gone.

The cockatoo had very decided opinions about the family. With the son of the house she was generally at war; she often bit him, and was always ready to show fight. With her mistress she was on her good behavior, for she recognized her as the lawgiver for pets, and the locker-up of cages; she obeyed her more readily than any other person. But her darling was the master, who let her do as she liked, and petted and coddled her always. On his knee she would sit an hour at a time perfectly quiet, satisfied to be near him. For him she would sing her droll little wheedling song. To his room she would go, when sometimes she got out of her cage in the morning, and tap on the door to be let in. He was always her refuge in terror or distress.

There was nothing Polly disliked so much as to be left alone. If she were locked in her cage, she made the

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air ring with calls and cries, and if loose, even though reveling in mischief, she flew down and waddled across the grass — though she hated walking on the ground — to the always open door, and hurried in so as to be near somebody.

One pleasure Polly discovered that was not mischief, and only one; it was swinging. She liked to seize with both feet a long, hanging twig, and, by flapping her wings, keep herself in violent motion. Thus she often swung back and forth for a long time, hanging back down in an attitude that most birds greatly dislike.

Five months of fun Polly had in the country, and then, with the family's return home, her summer outing was over.

THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL

By Charlotte M. Yonge

BLENTARN GHYLL is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains, called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called in the north becks. One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn, from being cropped short by the sheep, which can be turned out here earlier in the spring than on the other mountain sides. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare, stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and likewise a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet, but the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn, or blind pool.

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The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impossible for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions among the people of these hills; every one attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality, much business of all sorts transacted, and many meetings of old friends, who scarcely ever see each other at other times. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years old, named Agnes, for they had neither indoor nor outdoor servant, and no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day, but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up; the children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down, waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the hills; but the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the

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threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker, and began to close up the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows. Agnes tried to cheer the others up, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat on with the others, two boys and another girl, named Catherine, till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

The morning came, and no father and mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope; she thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some *bield*, as she would have termed a sheepfold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all, and they might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting as she saw the lessening stores that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there. She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She

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said afterwards that she could not help being terrified at the loneliness and desolateness, but that she recollected that at least if she could not get out, no bad men could get in to hurt them; and she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent its turning sour; then she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance; but to reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it indoors; and she examined the potatoes laid up in bracken leaves, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal. Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor thing was half starved and had little to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay; but this was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on in the midst, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's steady resolution and perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed. Supper time came, and after it the

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motherly child undressed the twins and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the huddle of the other three, nestled on the hearth, and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull. So fierce was the snowdrift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, so sweeping away the drifts that though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere by a circuit, which would avoid crossing the brook. It would be needful to force some gaps, that is, to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little

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being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them. The last that was known of them was that, after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew. Some of the people of Langdale likewise had heard wild shrieks at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three — or some say five — days no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost was found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, of course quite dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. The neighbors thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had been making a few steps forward to make out the road when the fall took place, but that his wife had very possibly

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been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, uttering those sad cries that had been so little regarded at Langdale, until she was unable to move and was benumbed by the sleep of cold. Those who knew them best thought that the poor woman's grief and terror for her lonely little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that if he had been alone, he would probably have easily saved himself. The brave little girl keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had more of the spirit of her soldier father than of her mother. It was to Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of the poet, that little Agnes was persuaded to tell the history of this calm, resolute, trustful waiting time, which, simple as it is, we think our readers will own as truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's Churchyard at Kirktown, and Wordsworth wrote, —

“Now do these sternly featured hills
Look gently on this grave,
And quiet now the depths of air
As sea without a wave.

“But deeper lies the heart of peace,
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here,
Within this churchyard bound.

“And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear, and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.”

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After the funeral, the farm folk of the neighborhood were all pressing forward to beg to adopt one or other of the little orphans. The twins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the Wordsworth family, Agnes and her brothers found separate but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Help came pouring in. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans, and so many subscriptions were offered that at last Miss Wordsworth declined receiving any more, lest the children should be injured by having too much wealth for the station to which they were growing up.

THE CHAMPION STONECUTTER

By Hugh Miller

WE were joined in about a fortnight by the other workmen from the Low Country, and I resigned my temporary charge (save that I still retained the time-book in my master's behalf) into the hands of an ancient mason, remarkable over the north of Scotland for his skill as an operative, and who, though he was now turned of sixty, was still able to build and hew considerably more than the youngest and most active man in the squad. He was at this time the only survivor of three brothers, all masons, and all not merely first-class workmen, but of a class to which, at least to the north of the Grampians, only they themselves belonged, and very considerably in advance of the first. And on the removal of the second of the three brothers to the south of Scotland, it was found that, amid the stonecutters of Glasgow, David Fraser held relatively the same place that he had done among those of the north. I have been told by Mr. Kenneth Matheson — a gentleman well known as a master builder in the west of Scotland — that on erecting some hanging stairs of polished stone, ornamented in front and at the outer edge by the common fillet and torus, his ordinary workmen used to complete for him their one step apiece per day, and David Fraser his *three* steps, finished equally well. It is easily con-

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ceivable how, in the higher walks of art, one man should excel a thousand, — nay, how he should have neither competitor when living nor successor when dead. The English gentleman who, after the death of Canova, asked a surviving brother of the sculptor whether he purposed carrying on Canova's *business*, found that he had achieved in the query an unintentional joke. But in the commoner avocations there appear no such differences between man and man; and it may seem strange how in ordinary stonecutting one man could thus perform the work of three. My acquaintance with old John Fraser showed me how very much the ability depended on a natural faculty. John's strength had never been above the average of that of Scotchmen, and it was now considerably reduced; nor did his mallet deal more or heavier blows than that of the common workman. He had, however, an extraordinary power of conceiving of the finished piece of work, as lying within the rude stone from which it was his business to disinter it; and while ordinary stonecutters had to repeat and re-repeat their lines and draughts, and had in this way virtually to give to their work several surfaces in detail ere they reached the true one, old John cut upon the true figure at once, and made one surface serve for all. In building, too, he exercised a similar power: he hammer-dressed his stones with fewer strokes than other workmen, and in fitting the interspaces between stones already laid, always picked from out of the heap at his feet the stone that exactly fitted the place; while other operatives busied themselves in picking up stones that were too small or too large; or, if they set themselves to reduce the too

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large ones, reduced them too little or too much, and had to fit and fit again. Whether building or hewing, John never seemed in a hurry. He has been seen, when far advanced in life, working very leisurely, as became his years, on the one side of a wall, and two stout young fellows building against him on the other side — toiling, apparently, twice harder than he, but the old man always contriving to keep a little ahead of them both.

David Fraser I never saw; but as a hewer he was said considerably to excel even his brother John. On hearing that it had been remarked among a party of Edinburgh masons that, though regarded as the first of Glasgow stonecutters, he would find in the eastern capital at least his equals, he attired himself most uncouthly in a long-tailed coat of tartan, and, looking to the life the untamed, untaught, conceited little Celt, he presented himself on Monday morning, armed with a letter of introduction from a Glasgow builder, before the foreman of an Edinburgh squad of masons engaged upon one of the finer buildings at that time in the course of erection. The letter specified neither his qualifications nor his name: it had been written merely to secure for him the necessary employment, and the necessary employment it did secure. The better workmen of the party were engaged, on his arrival, in hewing columns, each of which was deemed sufficient work for a week; and David was asked, somewhat incredulously, by the foreman, if he could hew. “Oh, yes, *he thought* he could hew.” “Could he hew columns such as these?” “Oh, yes, *he thought* he could hew columns such as these.” A mass of stone in which a possible column lay hid was accord-

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ingly placed before David, not under cover of the shed which was already occupied by workmen, but, agreeably to David's own request, directly in front of it, where he might be seen by all, and where he straightway commenced a most extraordinary course of antics. Buttoning his long tartan coat fast around him, he would first look along the stone from the one end, anon from the other, and then examine it in front and rear; or, quitting it altogether for the time, he would take up his stand beside the other workmen, and, after looking at them with great attention, return and give it a few taps with the mallet, in a style evidently imitative of theirs, but monstrously a caricature. The shed all that day resounded with roars of laughter; and the only thoroughly grave man on the ground was he who occasioned the mirth of all the others. Next morning David again buttoned his coat; but he got on much better this day than the former: he was less awkward and less idle, though not less observant than before: and he succeeded ere evening in tracing, in workmanlike fashion, a few draughts along the future column. He was evidently greatly improving. On the morning of Wednesday he threw off his coat; and it was seen that, though by no means in a hurry, he was seriously at work. There were no more jokes or laughter; and it was whispered in the evening that the strange Highlander had made astonishing progress during the day. By the middle of Thursday he had made up for his two days' trifling, and was abreast of the other workmen; before night he was far ahead of them; and ere the evening of Friday, when they had still a full day's work on each of their columns,

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David's was completed in a style that defied criticism; and, his tartan coat again buttoned around him, he sat resting himself beside it. The foreman went out and greeted him. "Well," he said, "you have beaten us all: you certainly *can* hew!" "Yes," said David; "I *thought* I could hew columns. Did the other men take much more than a week to learn?" "Come, come, *David Fraser*," replied the foreman; "we all guess who you are: you have had your week's joke out; and now, I suppose, we must give you your week's wages, and let you away." "Yes," said David; "work waits for me in Glasgow; but I just thought it might be well to know how you hewed on this east side of the country."

A FAITHFUL DOG

By Samuel White Baker

WHEN I was a boy, my grandfather frequently told a story concerning a dog which he knew, as a more than ordinary example of the fidelity so frequently exhibited by the race. This animal was a mastiff that belonged to an intimate friend, to whom it was a constant companion. It was an enormous specimen of that well-known breed, which is not generally celebrated for any peculiar intelligence, but is chiefly remarkable for size and strength. This dog had been brought up by its master from puppyhood, and as the proprietor was a single man, there had been no division of affection, as there would have been had the dog belonged to a family of several members. "Turk" regarded nobody but his owner. (I shall now honor Turk by the masculine gender.)

Whenever Mr. Prideaux went out for a walk, Turk was sure to be near his heels. Street dogs would bark and snarl at the giant as his massive form attracted their attention, but Turk seldom condescended to notice such vulgar demonstrations; he was a noble-looking creature, somewhat resembling a small lioness; but although he was gentle and quiet in disposition, he had upon several occasions been provoked beyond endurance, and his attack had been nearly always fatal to his assailants.

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He slept at night outside his master's door, and no sentry could be more alert upon his watch than the faithful dog, who had apparently only one ambition, — to protect and to accompany his owner.

Mr. Prideaux had a dinner party. He never invited ladies, but simply entertained his friends as a bachelor; his dinners were well known; the best cuisine and the finest wines were but secondary to the quality of his guests, who were always men of reputation either in the literary world or in the modern annals of society. The dog Turk was invariably present, and usually stretched his huge form upon the hearth-rug.

It was a cold night in winter, when Mr. Prideaux's friends were discussing the third bottle of port after dinner, that the conversation turned upon the subject of dogs. Almost every person had an anecdote to relate, and my own grandfather being present, had no doubt added his mite to the collection, when Turk suddenly awoke from a sound sleep, and having stretched himself until he appeared to be awake to the situation, walked up to his master's side, and rested his large head upon the table.

"Ha, ha, Turk!" exclaimed Mr. Prideaux, "you must have heard our arguments about the dogs, so you have put in an appearance."

"And a magnificent specimen he is!" remarked my grandfather; "but although a mastiff is the largest and most imposing of the race, I do not think it is as sensible as many others."

"As a rule you are right," replied his master, "because they are generally chained up as watch-dogs, and have

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not the intimate association with human beings which is so great an advantage to house-dogs; but Turk has been my constant companion from the first month of his existence, and his intelligence is very remarkable. He understands most things that I say, if they are connected with himself; he will often lie upon the rug with his large eyes fixed upon me as though searching my inward thoughts, and he will frequently be aware instinctively that I wish to go out; upon such times he will fetch my hat, cane, or gloves, whichever may be at hand, and wait for me at the front door. He will take a letter or any other token to several houses of my acquaintance, and wait for a reply, and he can perform a variety of actions that would imply a share of reason seldom possessed by other dogs."

A smile of incredulity upon several faces was at once perceived by Mr. Prideaux, who immediately took a guinea from his pocket, and addressed his dog. "Here, Turk! they won't believe in you! . . . take this guinea to No. — — Street, to Mr. —, and bring me a receipt."

The dog wagged his huge tail with evident pleasure, but to the danger of the wineglasses upon the table, and the guinea having been placed in his mouth, he hastened towards the door; this being opened, he was admitted through the front entrance to the street. It was a miserable night; the wind was blowing the sleet and rain against the windows; the gutters were running with muddy water, and the weather was exactly that which is expressed by the common term, "not fit to turn a dog out;" nevertheless, Turk had started upon his mission

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in the howling gale and darkness, while the front door was once more closed against the blast.

The party were comfortably seated around the fire, discussing the most excellent wine, and much interested in the success or failure of the dog's adventure.

"How long will it be before we may expect Turk's return?" inquired an incredulous guest.

"The house to which I have sent him is about a mile and a half distant, therefore if there is no delay when he barks for admission at the door, and my friend is not absent from home, he should return in about three-quarters of an hour with an acknowledgment. If, on the other hand, he cannot gain admission, he may wait for any length of time," replied his master.

Bets were exchanged among the company — some supported the dog's chances of success, while others were against him.

The evening wore away; the allotted time was exceeded, and a whole hour had passed, but no dog had returned. Fresh bets were made, but the odds were against the dog. His master was still hopeful. "I must tell you," said Mr. Prideaux, "that Turk frequently carries notes for me, and as he knows the house well, he certainly will not make a mistake; perhaps my friend may be dining out, in which case Turk will probably wait for a longer time." Two hours passed; the storm was raging. Mr. Prideaux himself went to the front door, which flew open before a fierce gust the instant that the lock was turned. The clouds were rushing past a moon but faintly visible at short intervals, and the gutters were clogged with masses of half-

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melted snow. "Poor Turk!" muttered his master, "this is indeed a wretched night for you. . . . Perhaps they have kept you in the warm kitchen, and will not allow you to return in such fearful weather."

When Mr. Prideaux returned to his guests he could not conceal his disappointment. "Ha!" exclaimed one who had betted against the dog, "I never doubted his sagacity. With a guinea in his mouth, he has probably gone into some house of entertainment where dogs are supplied with dinner and a warm bed, instead of shivering in a winter's gale!"

Jokes were made by the winners of bets at the absent dog's expense, but his master was anxious and annoyed. The various bets were paid by the loser, and poor Turk's reputation had suffered severely.

It was long past midnight; the guests were departed, the storm was raging, and violent gusts occasionally shook the house. Mr. Prideaux was alone in his study, and he poked the fire until it blazed and roared up the chimney.

"What can have become of that dog?" exclaimed his master to himself, now really anxious; "I hope they kept him; most likely they would not send him back upon such a dreadful night."

Mr. Prideaux's study was close to the front door, and his acute attention was suddenly directed to a violent shaking and scratching, accompanied by a prolonged whine. In an instant he ran into the hall, and unlocked the entrance door. A mass of filth and mud entered. This was Turk!

The dog seemed dreadfully fatigued, and was shiver-

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ing with wet and cold. His usually clean coat was thick with mire, as though he had been dragged through deep mud. He wagged his tail when he heard his master's voice, but appeared dejected and ill.

Mr. Prideaux had rung the bell, and the servants, who were equally interested as their master in Turk's failure to perform his mission, had attended the summons. The dog was taken downstairs, and immediately placed in a large tub of hot water, in which he was accustomed to be bathed. It was now discovered that in addition to mud and dirt, which almost concealed his coat, he was besmeared with blood! Mr. Prideaux himself sponged his favorite with hot soap and water, and, to his astonishment, he perceived wounds of a serious nature: the dog's throat was badly torn, his back and breast were deeply bitten, and there could be no doubt that he had been worried by a pack of dogs. This was a strange occurrence, that Turk should be discomfited!

He was now washed clean, and was being rubbed dry with a thick towel while he stood upon a blanket before the kitchen fire. "Why, Turk, old boy, what has been the matter? Tell us all about it, poor old man!" exclaimed his master.

The dog was now thoroughly warmed, and he panted with the heat of the kitchen fire; he opened his mouth, and the guinea which he had received in trust dropped on the kitchen floor!

"There is some mystery in this," said Mr. Prideaux, "which I will endeavor to discover to-morrow. He has been set upon by strange dogs, and rather than lose the guinea he has allowed himself to be half killed with-

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out once opening his mouth in self-defense! Poor Turk!" continued his master, "you must have lost your way, old man, in the darkness and storm; most likely confused after the unequal fight. What an example you have given us wretched humans in being steadfast to a trust!"

Turk was wonderfully better after his warm bath. He lapped up a large bowl of good thick soup mixed with bread, and in half an hour was comfortably asleep upon his thick rug by his master's bedroom door.

Upon the following morning the storm had cleared away, and a bright sky had succeeded to the gloom of the preceding night.

Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Prideaux, accompanied by his dog (who was, although rather stiff, not much the worse for the rough treatment he had received), started for a walk towards the house to which he had directed Turk upon the previous evening. He was anxious to discover whether his friend had been absent, as he concluded that the dog might have been waiting for admittance, and had been perhaps attacked by some dogs belonging to the house, or its neighbors.

The master and Turk had walked for nearly a mile and had just turned the corner of a street when, as they passed a butcher's shop upon the right hand, a large brindled mastiff rushed from the shop door, and flew at Turk with unprovoked ferocity.

"Call your dog off!" shouted Mr. Prideaux to the butcher, who surveyed the attack with impudent satisfaction. "Call him off, or my dog will kill him!" continued Mr. Prideaux.

The usually docile Turk had rushed to meet his assail-

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ant with a fury that was extraordinary. With a growl like that of a lion, he quickly seized his antagonist by the throat; rearing upon his hind legs, he exerted his tremendous strength, and in a fierce struggle of only a few seconds, he threw the brindled dog upon its back. It was in vain that Mr. Prideaux endeavored to call him off, — the rage of his favorite was quite ungovernable; he never for an instant relaxed his hold, but with the strength of a wild beast of prey, Turk shook the head of the butcher's dog to the right and left until it struck each time heavily against the pavement. The butcher attempted to interfere, and lashed him with a huge whip.

“Stand clear! fair play! don't you strike my dog!” shouted Mr. Prideaux. “Your dog was the first to attack!”

In reply to the whip, Turk had redoubled his fury, and without relinquishing his hold, he had now dragged the butcher's dog off the pavement, and occasionally shaking the body as he pulled the unresisting mass along the gutter, he drew it into the middle of the street.

A large crowd had collected, which completely stopped the thoroughfare. There were no police in those days, but only watchmen, who were few and far between; even had they been present, it is probable they would have joined in the amusement of a dog fight, which in that age of brutality was considered to be sport.

“Fair play!” shouted the bystanders. “Let 'em have it out!” cried others, as they formed a circle around the dogs. In the meantime, Mr. Prideaux had seized Turk by his collar, while the butcher was endeavoring

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to release the remains of his dog from the infuriated and deadly grip.

At length Mr. Prideaux's voice and action appeared for a moment to create a calm, and, snatching the opportunity, he, with the assistance of a person in the crowd, held back his dog, as the carcass of the butcher's dog was dragged away by the lately insolent owner. The dog was dead!

Turk's flanks were heaving with the intense exertion and excitement of the fight, and he strained to escape from his master's hold to once more attack the lifeless body of his late antagonist. At length, by kind words and the caress of the well-known hand, his fury was calmed down.

"Well, that's the most curious adventure I've ever had with a dog!" exclaimed the butcher, who was now completely crestfallen. . . . "That's the very dog who came by my shop late last night in the howling storm, and my dog Tiger went at him and towzled him up completely. I never saw such a cowardly cur; he would n't show any fight, although he was pretty near as big as a costermonger's donkey; and there my dog Tiger nearly eat half of him, and dragged the other half about the gutter, till he looked more like an old doormat than a dog; and I thought he must have killed him; and here he comes out as fresh as paint to-day, and kills old Tiger clean off as though he'd been only a biggish cat!"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Prideaux. "Was it your dog that worried my poor dog last night, when he was upon a message of trust? My friend, I thank

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you for this communication, but let me inform you of the fact, that my dog had a guinea in his mouth to carry to my friend, and rather than drop it, he allowed himself to be half killed by your savage Tiger. To-day he has proved his courage, and your dog has discovered his mistake. This is the guinea that he dropped from his mouth when he returned to me after midnight, beaten and distressed!" said Mr. Prideaux, much excited. "Here, Turk, old boy, take the guinea again, and come along with me! you have had your revenge, and have given us all a lesson." His master gave him the guinea in his mouth, and they continued their walk. It appeared, upon Mr. Prideaux's arrival at his friend's house, that Turk had never been there; probably after his defeat he had become so confused that he lost his way in the heavy storm, and had at length regained the road home some time after midnight, in the deplorable condition already described.

A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE

By Henry Frith

SOME ten minutes before ten one fine morning Eldred and his trusty companion backed the engine down to the short train, which was then ready to convey its passengers northwards. There were about one hundred and fifty passengers, with luggage, and the whole train weighed over one hundred tons. Eldred had to take this "flyer" as far as Bounstal, and he was timed to run the one hundred and twenty miles in two hours and twenty minutes, or at a speed of over fifty miles an hour, including stoppages, starting, and pulling up. He had two stoppages *en route*.

A record of his journey may be interesting. The Polyphemus started at one minute after ten A. M., and, notwithstanding certain inclines which it had to overcome, it performed the first fifty miles in the hour, and actually ran over its time for that section. After quitting Hurnford the average pace was sixty miles an hour, varying between fifty-eight and sixty-three miles per hour. The hundred and twenty miles were actually run in one hundred and thirty minutes — a splendid record, with eight loaded coaches.

But when the Polyphemus had reached Bounstal rather before than after time, and just as Jack, the fireman, was about to uncouple the engine, the station-

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master came up and ordered Eldred to proceed fifty miles farther, as the engine which had been selected to perform the next section had displayed a cracked tire, and another steed had been telegraphed for to be ready at Unterwall, fifty miles ahead. So there was nothing for it but to obey.

"We 'll have cut it fine to get back in time then," said Eldred. "Fifty miles and back means a couple o' hours extra runnin'."

"You can manage that, surely?" remarked the station master.

"Yes, we can manage it; but it's work all on end from nine till seven o'clock to-night — no time for dinner either, nor perhaps no tea."

"Well, I can't help it; I'm very sorry. You must go, and you may rest here after. You can perhaps arrange for the five o'clock, instead of the three-thirty as named."

So Eldred and his steed, the sturdy Polyphemus, rushed away, and in due time handed the train over to a compound locomotive at Unterwall platform, greatly to the driver's satisfaction.

"Now, Jack, a drop o' water, a few lumps of coal, and we 'll get back to Bounstal in a second. There's that big bank to climb up by Shortness, but I think we can run it, as the line's clear!"

Jack assented: the Polyphemus was run on the siding and left there awhile. The driver and his mate got off for a few minutes before starting on their rapid run, "light."

"You mind that ingin, you young imp," shouted Jack

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to a lad employed in the office. "Don't you get up playin' tricks there."

"Who 's playin' tricks? Think I never see an ingin afore?" replied the lad, who was standing on the step. He got off it, however, and the enginemen proceeded to the cabin to warm their tea in their cans, and to eat a bit of dinner. Ten minutes would suffice for this, while the young cleaners "looked round" the engine, and the relief men supplied its wants.

These matters were soon arranged. The relief men put the engine back on the siding, and the coast being clear the pointsman opened the switches for the main up line. Only a passenger train had gone up since Polyphemus had come in, and it traveled well, so Eldred hoped to reach Bounstal in an hour easily.

He did not hurry, for the railway paradox occurred to him: If I leave here rather late, I shall reach Bounstal all the earlier, thereby arguing that he would not be checked by signal a mile or two outside his destination, and thus he could actually arrive more quickly.

So Eldred and his mate did not hurry themselves, but, just as they emerged from the cabin, smoking and looking about, they perceived an engine which was very much like Polyphemus, moving over the points. The name was not distinguishable as the locomotive passed, and was immediately hidden behind some empty carriages.

"What 's up, Jack!" exclaimed Eldred. "Strikes me that was Polyphemus comin' over."

"Looked like her," replied Jack. "Come along. Mind that ingin, Bob."

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An engine just then was moving out to the siding. The driver whistled to Eldred and his mate, but they did not stop to parley; they hurried along.

When they reached the siding near the box it was empty!

"Hullo, pointsman, where 's my ingin?" shouted Eldred.

"What 's your ingin? I never see you afore — what 's it?"

"What 's it! Why, Polyphemus. She was here ten minutes ago. Come in with the flyer. Where 's she?"

"Blessed if I know, then," replied the man. "Dicky Sharpe was on her, maybe. He 's away now."

"Are the points open?" asked Eldred. "If so, she 's gone off by herself with that child, and there 'll be murder! Where 's your foreman?"

"Here he is; he 's in a put-out, too, I can see," said the pointsman.

"Hi, you!" roared the official. "Who sent that engine up the line just now — Polyphemus? She 's off by herself. Running away! You, Bird, here: get out on the up line and follow her up — that 's safest. Look alive! You 're her chaps, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Eldred. "We came to find her. We 'll run down with these mates, and try to overtake her. That child will never stop her."

"Right away, then; are the points clear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"Then off with you; I 'll telegraph on and have the road cleared. Mind you catch her before she pitches into the up passengers. Run!"

A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE

Bird and his companions needed no admonition. Fortunately, the engine was in steam ready for piloting, if required; and Bird was an experienced driver. He did not know Eldred, who had not run that section since he was on the "goods" traffic, and men change.

"Fire away, my lad!" said Eldred. "The Polyphemus can travel, thee may be sure."

"So can the Lion," replied Philip Bird, "and she 'll pick up your ingin pretty smart."

"That 's good!" was Jack's comment. Eldred made no reply; he was too anxious.

A pause ensued. The Lion ran out rapidly and mounted the curve faster and faster, roaring through a tunnel, growling over a bridge, and snarling at a paling alongside, but no glimpse of the Polyphemus could the pursuers get.

"Thee 'll have to do it a bit quicker, mate," said Eldred to the driver. "She 's got a long start!"

Bird opened the regulator a little more, and in a moment the pace became tremendous. The somewhat small driving wheels revolved with fearful rapidity: the eye could not follow the rapid revolutions, nor could the ear distinguish the separate beats of the exhaust.

Fast along the level, rushing at headlong speed through the cutting, bringing small showers of chalk down behind her, the Lion swept on. Then with sloping, diminishing banks, topped with fading hedges and autumn-tinted trees at intervals, furrowed land, pasture, common succeeded each other at a terrible pace. No sooner had a cottage come in sight than it was passed — then a road!

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"Shut off! shut off!" shouted Jack. "The level crossing gates are open. Something is coming. Who opened the gates?"

Bird never touched the regulator: he knew it was no use to check the engine. Instead of stopping he rushed on, whistling loudly and sharply, in staccato notes, to direct the attention of those at the gate to their danger.

A cart and horse were stopped just inside the gate on the down line; but the animal was sulky, and refused to back. In vain the carter pushed and encouraged the brute; it would not move, and the man, seeing his danger, ran behind the cart for safety.

Roaring and shrieking the Lion came on, and dashed completely through the gates. One was splintered into matchwood, and the fragments seriously injured the unfortunate horse, which immediately rushed forward at a headlong pace, bleeding from the gashes caused by the splinters which had struck him in several places. But he sustained no other injuries; the engine was half a mile away by the time the carter had cleared the metals in pursuit, and the woman at the crossing was in a terrible fright.

The Lion sustained no injury. She continued her headlong run, and, after three minutes of really alarming speed, came in sight of the runaway, just rising the hill opposite.

"We must catch her on the incline!" shouted Bird. "If she gets over the bank she'll run off altogether. Hold hard!"

Then began a run which has never had its parallel in the annals of engine-driving. The Polyphemus had

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nearly a mile start then, but was slackening visibly on the bank. This ascent is one in one hundred and fifty for a short distance; then one in two hundred to the top, when the line falls for two miles at one in two hundred.

Beyond the steep decline is a large station, a busy junction, where engines and trains are always passing to and fro, crossing and recrossing and shunting. If this place had not already received and acted upon the warning a dreadful accident must surely happen, for a parliamentary train started thence after the faster passenger train.

The occupants of the Lion could not yet perceive the distance signal, and they did not dare to slacken speed. If Polyphemus passed the summit first, or not under control, no human agency could stop her. The pointsman would not turn her into a siding because the lad was on the engine, but the station master might have her slewed round on the loop line, and thus avoid the points of the "main" metals.

These thoughts occupied the silent quartet of engineers on the Lion, which was tearing madly along in pursuit up the hill.

"Look out!" cried Eldred, "we shall do it. Steady, mate, she's overhauling fast."

As he spoke, one driver slung himself off the footplate, and clinging desperately to the hand rail, stood on the framing in front, awaiting the moment when the buffers would touch the tender of the Polyphemus.

Driver Bird knew his business. He ran up cautiously, but had little time to spare; the lad on the Polyphemus, of course, saw them, and was making frantic attempts to

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stop; but he could not shut the regulator. It was very stiff, and he could not close it, or reverse the gear. But he had in some slight degree checked the monster with the hand brake; and this pressure told going uphill.

A bump, a slight rebound, another touch, and the engine and tender ran buffer to buffer. In a moment, Eldred had leaped over, and gained the footplate over the coals, narrowly escaping death by coming in contact with the bridge, under which the engines were just then passing. But the summit was yet ahead; the steam was shut off, the boy kicked aside, and the "monster Polypheme" was brought up "as quiet as a lamb" in front of the hardy Lion in the junction sidings.

There all had been prepared. The down line had been cleared, and an engine was already in movement in order to "collar" the runaway as it passed. But when the engines were seen coming along amiably together, the officials knew that all danger was over; and the Lion, after a draught of water, was sent back amid many congratulations and expressions of wonderment and good will.

Nor was Eldred forgotten. This second brave act of his became talked about, and the directors were pleased at their next meeting to compliment him upon his bravery and pluck in dangerous circumstances. They specially noted him for promotion, and Mr. Cannon personally congratulated him.

"If you live, you will do well, Eldred; but if you go racing runaway engines, you won't live long. However, you behaved well, and we'll look after you on the next opportunity."

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The driver of the Lion and his fireman were promoted with Jack, who was put to drive soon after; and he just missed the turn he wished to run, — the charge of the queen's train. This was a great disappointment for him, but the honor of driving Her Gracious Majesty was reserved for Robert Eldred himself, and Polyphemus was the engine selected when the time came.

PUNISHMENTS IN CAMP

By Harry M. Kieffer

AMONG all civilized nations the "rules of war" seem to have been written with an iron hand. The laws by which the soldier in the field is governed are of necessity inexorable, for strict discipline is the chief excellence of an army, and a ready obedience the chief virtue of the soldier. Nothing can be more admirable in the character of the true soldier than his prompt and unquestioning response to the trumpet call of duty. The world can never forget, nor ever sufficiently admire, a Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, at Thermopylæ, the Roman soldier on guard at the gates of the perishing Pompeii, or the gallant six hundred charging into the "valley of death" at Balaklava. Disobedience to orders is the great sin of the soldier, and one that is sure to be punished, for at no other time does Justice wear so stern and severe a look as when she sits enthroned amidst the camps of armed men.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the field and staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak thieves

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were discovered prowling amongst the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miserable fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp any more, on pain of a more severe treatment.

If, as very seldom happened, it was an enlisted man who was caught stealing, he was often punished in the following way: A barrel, having one end knocked out and a hole in the other large enough to allow one's head to go through, was slipped over the culprit's shoulders. On the outside of the barrel the word THIEF! was printed in large letters. In this dress he presented the ludicrous appearance of an animated meal barrel; for you could see nothing of him but his head and legs, his hands being very significantly confined. Sometimes he was obliged to stand or sit (as best he could) about the guardhouse, or near by the colonel's quarters, all day long. At other times he was compelled to march through the company streets and make the tour of the camp under guard.

Once in the field, however, sneak thieves soon disappeared. Nor was there frequent occasion to punish the men for any other offenses. Nearly, if not quite all of the punishments inflicted in the field were for disobedience in some form or other. Not that the men were willfully disobedient. Far from it. They knew very well that they must obey, and that the value of their services was measured wholly by the quality of their obedience. It

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very rarely happened, even amid the greatest fatigue after a hard day's march, or in the face of the most imminent danger, that any one refused his duty. But after a long and severe march, a man is so completely exhausted that he is likely to become irritable, and to manifest a temper quite foreign to his usual habit. He is then not himself, and may in such circumstances do what at other times he would not think of doing.

Thus it once happened in my own company that one of the boys took it into his head to kick over the traces. We had had a long, hot day's march through Maryland, on the way down from Gettysburg, and were quite worn out. About midnight we halted in a clover field on a hillside, for rest and sleep. Corporal Harter, who was the only officer, commissioned or noncommissioned, that we had left to us after Gettysburg, called out, —

“John D —, report to the adjutant for camp guard.”

Now John, who was a German, by the way, did not like the prospect of losing his sleep, and had to be summoned a second time before replying.

“Corporal, ich thu's es net!” (Corporal, I won't do it.)

Tired though we all were, we could not help laughing at the preposterous idea of a man daring to disobey the corporal. As the boys jerked off their accoutrements and began to spread down their gum blankets on the fragrant clover, wet with the dew, they were greatly amused at this singular passage between John and the corporal.



DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP TO THE TUNE OF THE ROGUE'S MARCH

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"Come on, John. Don't make a Dutch dunce of yourself. You know you *must* go."

"Ich hab' dir g'sawt, ich thu's es net" (I have told you I won't do it), insisted John.

"Pitch in, John!" shouted some one from his bed in the clover. "Give it to him in Dutch; that'll fetch him."

"Oh, hang it!" said the corporal. "Come on, man. What do you mean? You know you've got to go."

"Ich hab' dir zwei mohl g'sawt, ich thu's es gar net" (I have told you twice that I will certainly not do it).

"Ha! ha! It beats the Dutch!" said some one.

"Something rotten in Denmark!" exclaimed another.

"Put him in the guardhouse!" suggested a third, from under his gum blanket.

"Plague take the thing!" said the corporal, perplexed. "Pointer," continued he, "put on your accoutrements again, get your gun, and take John, under arrest, to the adjutant."

"Come on, John," said Pointer, buckling on his belt, "and be mighty quick about it, too. I don't want to stand about here arguing all night; I want to get to roost. Come along!"

The men leaned upon their elbows, in their beds on the clover, interested in knowing how John would take *that*.

"Well," said he, scratching his head, and taking his gun in hand, "Corporal, ich glaub' ich det besser geh" (Corporal, I guess I'd better go).

"Yes," said Pointer, with a drawl, "I guess you 'besser' had, or the major'll make short work with you and your Dutch. What in the name of General Jackson

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did you come to the army for, if you ain't a-going to obey orders?"

If while we were lying in camp a man refused his duty, he was at once haled to the guardhouse, which is the military name for lockup. Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined, and put on bread and water, or maybe ordered to carry a log of wood, or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

"Tying up by the thumb," was sometimes adopted. Down in front of Petersburg, out along the Weldon Railroad, I once saw thirteen colored soldiers tied up by their thumbs at a time. Between two pine saplings a long pole had been thrown across and fastened at either end about seven feet from the ground. To this pole thirteen ropes had been attached at regular intervals, and to each rope a darkey was tied by the thumb in such a way that he could just touch the ground with his heel and keep the rope taut. If any one will try the experiment of holding up his arm in such a position for only five minutes, he will appreciate the force of the punishment of being tied up by the thumbs for a half day.

In some regiments they had a high wooden horse, which the offender was made to mount; and there he was kept for hours in a seat as conspicuous as it was uncomfortable.

One day, down in front of Petersburg, a number of us

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had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water would collect of its own accord. Stooping down and looking into the well in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well and baling out the water.

“What ’s he doing down there in that hole?” asked some one of our company.

“He says he ’s in the gopher hole,” said Andy, with a grin.

“Gopher hole! What ’s a gopher hole?”

“Why,” said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard on the spring, “you see, comrades, our colonel has his own way of punishin’ the boys. One thing he won’t let ’em do — he won’t let ’em get drunk. They may drink as much as they want, but they must not get drunk. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring in the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry he ’s got to keep dippin’ all the time, or else stand in the water up to his neck — and Jim is n’t so mighty fond o’ water, neither.”

Late in the fall of 1863, while we were lying in camp somewhere among the pine woods along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, we were one day marched out to

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witness the execution of a deserter. Instances of desertion to the enemy's lines were extremely rare with us; but whenever they occurred, the unfortunate offenders, if caught, were dealt with in the most summary manner, for the doom of the deserter is death.

The poor fellow who was to suffer the highest penalty of military law on the present occasion was, we were informed, a Maryland boy. Some months previously he had deserted his regiment for some cause or other, and had gone over to the enemy. Unfortunately for him, it happened that in one of the numerous skirmishes we were engaged in about that time, he was taken prisoner, in company with a number of Confederate soldiers. Unfortunately, also, for the poor fellow, it chanced that he was captured by the very company from which he had deserted. The disguise of a Confederate uniform, which might have stood him in good stead had he fallen into any other hands, was now of no avail. He was at once recognized by his former comrades in arms, tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.

So, one October morning, orders came to the effect that the whole division was to turn out at one o'clock, to witness the execution of the sentence. I need hardly say that this was most unwelcome news. Nobody wished to see so sad a sight. Some of the men begged to be excused from attendance, and others could not be found when our drums beat the "assembly;" for none could well endure, as they said, "to see a man shot down like a dog." It was one thing to shoot a fellow-mortal, or to see him shot, in battle; but this was quite a different thing. A squad of men had been detailed to shoot the poor fellow,

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Elias Foust, of our company, being among the number. But Elias, to his credit be it recorded, begged off, and had some one else appointed in his stead. One could not help but pity the men who were assigned to this most unpleasant duty, for if it be painful only to see a man shot, what must it not be to shoot him with your own hand? However, in condescension to this altogether natural and humane aversion to the shedding of blood, and in order to render the task as endurable as possible, the customary practice was observed. On the morning of the execution an officer, who had been appointed for the purpose, took a number of rifles, some twelve or fourteen in number, and loaded all of them carefully with powder and ball, *except one*, this one being loaded with blank cartridge, that is, with powder only. He then mixed the guns so thoroughly that he himself could scarcely tell which guns were loaded with ball and which one was not. Another officer then distributed the guns to the men, not one of whom could be at all certain whether his particular gun contained a ball or not, and all of whom could avail themselves of the full benefit of the doubt in the case.

It was one of those peculiarly impressive autumn days when all that one sees or hears conspires to fill the mind with an indefinable feeling of sadness. There was the chirp of the cricket in the air, and the far-away chorus of the myriads of insects complaining that the year was done. There was all the impressiveness of a dull sky, a dreamy haze over the field, a yellow and brown tinge on the forest, accompanied by that peculiarly mournful wail of the breeze as it sighed and moaned dolefully among

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the branches of the pines, — all joining in chanting a requiem, it seemed it me, for the poor Maryland boy whose sands were fast running out.

At the appointed hour the division marched out and took position in a large field, or clearing, surrounded on all sides by pine woods. We were drawn up so as to occupy three sides of a great hollow square, two ranks deep and facing inward, the fourth side of the square, where we could see that a grave had been recently dug, being left open for the execution. Scarcely were we well in position, when there came to our ears, wafted by the sighing autumn wind, the mournful notes of the "Dead March." Looking away in the direction whence the music came, we could see a long procession marching sadly and slowly to the measured stroke of the muffled drum. First came the band, playing the dirge; next, the squad of executioners; then a pine coffin, carried by four men; then the prisoner himself, dressed in black trousers and white shirt, and marching in the midst of four guards; then a number of men under arrest for various offenses, who had been brought out for the sake of the moral effect it was hoped this spectacle might have upon them. Last of all came a strong guard.

When the procession had come up to the place where the division was formed, and had reached the open side of the hollow square, it wheeled to the left and marched all along the inside of the line, from the right to the left, the band still playing the dirge. The line was long, and the step was slow, and it seemed that they never would get to the other end. But at long last, after having solemnly traversed the entire length of the three sides of

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the hollow square, the procession came to the open side of it, opposite to the point from which it had started. The escort wheeled off. The prisoner was placed before his coffin, which was set down in front of his grave. The squad of twelve or fourteen men who were to shoot the unfortunate man took position some ten or twelve yards from the grave, facing the prisoner, and a chaplain stepped out from the group of division officers near by, and prayed with and for the poor fellow a long, long time. Then the bugle sounded. The prisoner, standing proudly erect before his grave, had his eyes bandaged, and calmly folded his arms across his breast. The bugle sounded again. The officer in charge of the squad stepped forward. Then we heard the command, given as calmly as if on drill, —

“Ready!”

“Aim!”

Then, drowning out the third command, “Fire!” came a flash of smoke and a loud report. The surgeons ran up to the spot. The bands and drum corps of the division struck up a quickstep as the division faced to the right and marched past the grave, in order that in the dead form of its occupant we might all see that the doom of the deserter is death. It was a sad sight. As we moved along, many a rough fellow, from whom you would hardly have expected any sign of pity, pretending to be adjusting his cap so as to screen his eyes from the glare of the westering sun, could be seen furtively drawing his hand across his face and dashing away the tears that could not be kept from trickling down the bronzed and weather-beaten cheek. As we marched off the field, we

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could not help being sensible of the harsh contrast between the lively music to which our feet were keeping step and the fearfully solemn scene we had just witnessed. The transition from the "Dead March" to the quickstep was quite too sudden. A deep solemnity pervaded the ranks as we marched homeward across the open field and into the somber pine woods beyond, thinking, as we went, of the poor fellow's home, somewhere among the pleasant hills of Maryland, and of the sad and heavy hearts there would be there when it was known that he had paid the extreme penalty of the law.

THE PILOT OF THE LACHINE RAPIDS

By Cleveland Moffett

WOULD you see the most skillful pilots in the world, men who know all the tricks with ocean liners and the Indian tricks as well, who fight the rush of seventy-foot tides in the Bay of Fundy, or drive their frail canoes through furious gorges, or coolly turn the nose of a thousand-ton steamboat into the white jaws of rock-split rapids where a yard either way or a second's doubt would mean destruction, or hitch long hawsers to a log raft big as a city block (the lumber in a single raft may be worth a hundred thousand dollars), and swing her down a tumbling waterway hundreds of miles, with a peril in every one, and land her safe? If you would see all this, go to the wonderful St. Lawrence, which sweeps in wide and troubled reaches from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Of course I do not mean that any one man can do all these things, — that would be asking too much, — but each in his own line, half-breed or Indian or fur-bundled voyageur, has such quickness of eye, such surety of hand, that you will be glad to watch the rafters on their rafts, and ask no more of them, or the canoeists at their paddles, or the big-craft pilots at their wheels.

Let us stand on the long iron bridge that spans the St. Lawrence just above Montreal, the very place to

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study the river as it narrows and runs swifter for its smashing plunge through yonder rapids to the east, — the dreaded Lachine Rapids, whose snarling teeth flash white in the sun. Look down into the greenish rush, and see how the waters hurl past these good stone piers, sharp-pointed upstream against the tearing of winter ice! Here goes the torrent of Niagara and the inland ocean of Superior and Erie and Ontario, all crushed into a funnel of land by this big island at the left that blocks the flow, and gorged by the inpour of the Ottawa a few miles back that brings down the floods of southern Canada. As fast as a horse can gallop runs the river here, and faster and faster it goes as the long slant takes it, ten, twelve, fourteen miles an hour (which is something for a river), until a dozen islands strewn across the funnel's lower end goad the rapids to their greatest rage. Here is where they kill. Then suddenly all is quiet, and the river, spreading to a triple width, rests, after its madness, in Montreal's placid harbor.

Standing here, I think of my first experience in shooting these rapids (it was on one of the large river boats), and I must confess that it gave me no very thrilling sense of danger. There were two or three plunges, to be sure, at the steepest part, and a little swaying or lurching, but, so far as movement goes, nothing to disturb one accustomed to the vicissitudes of, say, ordinary trolley-car navigation. However, when I came to the reason of this fairly smooth descent, and saw what it means to stand at the wheel through that treacherous channel, I found my wonder growing. I thought of the lion-tamer, whose skill is shown not so much by what happens while he is

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in the cage as by what does not happen. A hundred ways there are of doing the wrong thing with one of these boats, and only a single way of doing the right thing. For four miles the pilot must race along a squirming, twisting, plunging thread of water, that leaps ahead like a greyhound, and changes its crookedness somewhat from day to day with wind and tide. In that thread alone is safety; elsewhere is ruin and wreck. Instantly he must read the message of a boiling eddy or the menace of a beckoning reef, and take it this way or that instantly, for there are the hungry rocks on either hand. He must know things without seeing them; must feel the pulse of the rapids, as it were, so that when a mist clouds his view, or the shine of a low-hung rainbow dazzles him, he may still go right. It is a fact that with all the pilots in this pilot land, and all the hardy watermen born and brought up on the St. Lawrence, there are not ten — perhaps not six — men in Canada to-day, French or English or Indian, who would dare this peril. For all other rapids of the route, the Gallop Rapids, the Split-rock Rapids, the Cascades, and the rest, there are pilots in plenty; but not for those of Lachine. And, to use the same simile again, I saw that the shooting of these Lachine Rapids is like the taming of a particularly fierce lion; it is a business by itself that few men care to undertake.

So it came that I sought out one of these few, Fred Ouillette, pilot and son of a pilot, an idol in the company's eyes, a hero to the boys of Montreal, a figure to be stared at always by anxious passengers as he peers through the window a-top the forward deck, a man whom people point to as he passes: "There 's the fellow that

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took us through the rapids. That 's Ouillette." This unsought notoriety has made him shy. He does not like to talk about his work or tell you how it feels to do this thing. A dash of Indian blood is in him, with some of the silent, stoic Indian nature. Yet certain facts he vouchsafed, when I went to his home, that help one to an understanding of the pilot's life.

He emphasized this, for instance, as essential in a man who would face that fury of waters: he must not be afraid. One would say that the rapids feel where the mastery is, whether with them or with the pilot, and woe to him if pounding heart or wavering hand betray him. The rapids will have no mercy. And there are pilots, it appears, who know the Lachine Rapids, every foot of them, and could do Ouillette's work perfectly if Ouillette were standing near, yet would fail utterly if left alone. Every danger they can overcome but the one that lies in themselves. They cannot brave their own fear. He cited the case of a pilot's son who had worked in the Lachine Rapids for years, helping his father, and learned the river as well as a man can know it. At the old man's death, this son announced that he would take his father's place, and shoot the rapids as they always had done; yet a season passed, then a second season, and always he postponed beginning, and, with one excuse or another, took his boats through the Lachine Canal, a safe but tame short cut, not likely to draw tourists.

"Not start heem right, that fadder," said Ouillette. "Now too late. Now nevair he can learn heem right."

"Why, how should he have started him?" I asked.

"Same way like my fadder start me." And then,

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in his jerky Canadian speech, he explained how this was.

Ouilette went back to his own young manhood, to the years when he, too, stood by his father's side and watched him take the big boats down. What a picture he drew in his queer, rugged phrases! I could see the old pilot braced at the six-foot wheel, with three men in oilskins standing by to help him put her over, Fred one of the three. And it was "Hip!" "Bas!" "Hip!" "Bas!" ("Up!" "Down!" "Up!" "Down!") until the increasing roar of the cataract drowned all words, and then it was a jerk of shoulders or head, this way or that, while the man strained at the spokes. Never once was the wheel at rest after they entered the rapids, but spinning, spinning always, while the boat shot like a snake through black rocks and churning chasms.

They used to take the boats — as Ouilette takes them still — at Cornwall, sixty miles up the river, and, before coming to Lachine, they would shoot the swift Coteau Rapids, where many a life has gone, then the terrifying Cedar Rapids, which seem the most dangerous of all, and finally, the Split-rock Rapids, which some say *are* the most dangerous. And each year, as the season opened, Fred would ask his father to let him take the wheel some day when the river was high and the rocks well covered, and the boat lightly laden, wishing thus to try the easiest rapids under easiest conditions. But his father would look at him and say, "Do you know the river, my son? Are you sure you know the river?" And Fred would answer, "Father, I think I do." For how could he be sure until he had stood the test?

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So it went on from year to year, and Ouillette was almost despairing of a chance to show himself worthy of his father's teaching, when, suddenly, the chance came in a way never to be forgotten. It was late in the summer, and the rapids, being low, were at their very worst, since the rocks were nearer the surface. Besides that, on this particular day they were carrying a heavy load, and the wind was southeast, blowing hard — the very wind to make trouble at the bad places. They had shot through all the rapids but the last, and were well below the Lachine bridge when the elder Ouillette asked the boy, "My son, do you know the river?"

And Fred answered as usual, without any thought of what was coming next, "Father, I think I do."

They were just at the danger-point now, and all the straining waters were sucking them down to the first plunge.

"Then take her through," said the old man, stepping back; "there is the wheel."

"My fadder he make terreeble thing for me — too much terreeble thing," said Ouillette, shaking his head at the memory.

But he took her through somehow, half blinded by the swirl of water and the shock. At the wheel he stood, and with a touch of his father's hand now and then to help him, he brought the boat down safely. There was a kind of Spartan philosophy in the old man's action. His idea was that, could he once make his son face the worst of this business and come out unharmed, then never would the boy know fear again, for all the rest would be easier than what he had already done. And

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certainly his plan worked well, for Fred Ouillette has been fearless in the rapids ever since.

"Have you lost any lives?" I asked, reaching out for thrilling stories.

"Nevair," said he.

"Ever come near it?"

He looked at me a moment, and then said quietly, "Always, sair, we come near it."

Then he told of cases where at the last moment he had seen some mad risk in going down, and had turned his steamer in the very throat of the torrent, and, with groaning wheels and straining timbers, fought his way back foot by foot to safety. Once a fog dropped about them suddenly, and once the starboard rudder-chain broke. This last was all but a disaster, for they were down so far that the river must surely have conquered the engines had they tried to head upstream. Ouillette saw there was only one way to save his boat and the lives she carried, and, putting the wheel hard aport, for the port chain held, he ran her on the rocks. And there she lay, the good steamboat *Spartan*, all that night, with passengers in an anguish of excitement, while Indian pilots from Caughnawaga made it quite clear what *they* were good for, — put off swiftly in their little barks straight into that reeling flood, straight out to the helpless boat, then back to shore, each bearing two or three of the fear-struck company. Then out again and back again until darkness came. Then out again and back again when darkness had fallen. Think of that! Hour after hour, with paddles alone, these dauntless sons of Iroquois braves fought the rapids, triumphed

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over the rapids, and brought to land through the night and the rage of waters every soul on that imperiled vessel!

Another instance he gave, showing the admirable alertness of these Indians, as well as their skill with the canoe. It was in the summer of 1900, late of an afternoon, and so heavy was the August heat that even on the river the passengers were gasping for air. Shortly after they entered the cataract several persons saw a large man climb to the top of a water tank on the hurricane deck, and seat himself there in one of the folding deck chairs. The man's purpose was, evidently, to seek a cooler spot than he had found below, and the boat was running so steadily that no one thought of danger. Indeed, there would have been no danger had not the gentleman fallen into a comfortable doze just as Ouillette steadied the boat for her first downward leap and then brought her over to starboard with a jerk, which jerk so effectually disturbed the large man's slumbers that the first thing he knew he was shot off his rickety chair, over the side of the water tank, clean over the steamboat's decks, down, splash! into the St. Lawrence at a point where it is not good for any man to be. He was right in the main sweep of the river, where one may live for twenty minutes if he can keep afloat so long, but scarcely longer, since twenty minutes will bring him to the last rush of rapids, where swimmers do not live.

What happened after this I have from an eye-witness, who rushed back with others at the cry, "Man overboard!" and joined in a reckless throwing over of chairs, boxes, and life-preservers that profited little, for



JOINED IN A RECKLESS THROWING OVER OF CHAIRS, BOXES, AND LIFE PRESERVERS THAT PROFITED LITTLE. FOR THE MAN WAS LEFT FAR BEHIND BY THE STEAMBOAT, WHICH COULD DO NOTHING—AND OUILLETTE COULD DO NOTHING—BUT WHISTLE A HOARSE DANGER WARNING AND GO ITS WAY. A MAGNIFICENT SWIMMER HE MUST HAVE BEEN, THIS RUDELY AWAKENED TOURIST, FOR THE PASSENGERS, CROWDED ASTERN, COULD FOLLOW THE BLACK SPECK THAT WAS HIS HEAD BOBBING ALONG STEADILY

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the man was left far behind by the steamboat, which could do nothing — and Ouillette could do nothing — but whistle a hoarse danger warning and go its way. A magnificent swimmer he must have been, this rudely awakened tourist, for the passengers, crowded astern, could follow the black speck that was his head bobbing along steadily, undisturbed, one would say, by dangers, apparently going upstream as the steamboat gained on him, really coming downstream with the full force of the current, and yielding to it entirely, all strength saved for steering. Not a man on the boat believed that the swimmer would come out alive, and, helpless to save, they stood there in sickening fascination, watching him sweep down to his death.

Then suddenly rang out a cry, "Look! There! A canoe!" And out from the shadows and shallows offshore shot a slender prow with a figure in bow and stern. The Indians were coming to the rescue! They must have started even as the man fell — such a thing it is to be an Indian! — and, with a knowledge of the rapids that is theirs alone, they had aimed the swift craft in a long slant that would let them overtake the swimmer just here, at this very place where now they were about to overtake him, at this very place where presently they did overtake him and draw him up, all but exhausted, from as close to the brink of the Great Rapids as ever he will get until he passes over them. Then they paddled back.

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

By Richard Henry Dana

AT daylight we saw the island of Juan Fernandez directly ahead, rising like a deep blue cloud out of the sea. We were then probably nearly seventy miles from it; and so high and so blue did it appear that I mistook it for a cloud resting over the island, and looked for the island under it, until it gradually turned to a deader and greener color, and I could mark the inequalities upon its surface. At length we could distinguish trees and rocks; and by the afternoon this beautiful island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbor. Arriving at the entrance soon after sundown, we found a Chilian man-of-war brig, the only vessel coming out. She hailed us; and an officer on board, whom we supposed to be an American, advised us to run in before night, and said that they were bound to Valparaiso. We ran immediately for the anchorage, but, owing to the winds which drew about the mountains and came to us in flaws from different points of the compass, we did not come to an anchor until nearly midnight. We had a boat ahead all the time that we were working in, and those aboard ship were continually bracing the yards about for every puff that struck us, until about twelve o'clock, when we came to in forty fathoms water,

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and our anchor struck bottom for the first time since we left Boston, — one hundred and three days. We were then divided into three watches, and thus stood out the remainder of the night.

I was called on deck to stand my watch at about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night breeze coming from off shore, and hearing the frogs and crickets. The mountains seemed almost to hang over us, and apparently from the very heart of them there came out, at regular intervals, a loud echoing sound, which affected me as hardly human. We saw no lights, and could hardly account for the sound, until the mate, who had been there before, told us that it was the “Alerta” of the Chilian soldiers, who were stationed over some convicts confined in caves nearly half way up the mountain. At the expiration of my watch, I went below, feeling not a little anxious for the day, that I might see more nearly, and perhaps tread upon, this romantic, I may almost say classic, island.

When all hands were called it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up water casks, etc., I had a good view of the objects about me. The harbor was nearly landlocked, and at the head of it was a landing, protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly a hundred in number, the best of them built of mud or unburnt clay, and whitewashed, but the greater

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part Robinson Crusoe-like, — only of posts and branches of trees. The governor's house, as it is called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles; yet, like all the rest, only of one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, low, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This, of course, was dignified by the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the governor's house, and a few soldiers, armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing-place for our boat to come ashore.

The mountains were high, but not so overhanging as they appeared to be by starlight. They seemed to bear off towards the centre of the island, and were green and well wooded, with some large, and, I am told, exceedingly fertile valleys, with mule tracks leading to different parts of the island.

I cannot here forget how Stimson and I got the laugh of the crew upon us by our eagerness to get on shore. The captain having ordered the quarter boat to be lowered, we both, thinking it was going ashore, sprang down into the forecastle, filled our jacket pockets with tobacco to barter with the people ashore, and, when the officer called for "four hands in the boat," nearly broke our necks in our haste to be first over the side, and had the pleasure of pulling ahead of the brig with a towline for half an hour, and coming on board again to be laughed at by the crew, who had seen our manœuvre.

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After breakfast, the second mate was ordered ashore with five hands to fill the water casks, and, to my joy, I was among the number. We pulled ashore with empty casks; and here again fortune favored me, for the water was too thick and muddy to be put into the casks, and the governor had sent men up to the head of the stream to clear it out for us, which gave us nearly two hours of leisure. This leisure we employed in wandering about among the houses, and eating a little fruit which was offered to us. Ground apples, melons, grapes, strawberries of an enormous size, and cherries abound here. The latter are said to have been planted by Lord Anson. The soldiers were miserably clad, and asked with some interest whether we had shoes to sell on board. I doubt very much if they had the means of buying them. They were very eager to get tobacco, for which they gave shells, fruit, etc. Knives were also in demand, but we were forbidden by the governor to let any one have them, as he told us that all the people there, except the soldiers and a few officers, were convicts sent from Valparaiso, and that it was necessary to keep all weapons from their hands. The island, it seems, belongs to Chili, and had been used by the government as a penal colony for nearly two years; and the governor, — an Englishman who had entered the Chilian navy, — with a priest, half a dozen taskmasters, and a body of soldiers, were stationed there to keep them in order. This was no easy task; and, only a few months before our arrival, a few of them had stolen a boat at night, boarded a brig lying in the harbor, sent the captain and crew ashore in their boat, and gone off to sea. We were informed of this, and loaded our

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arms and kept strict watch on board through the night, and were careful not to let the convicts get our knives from us when on shore. The worst part of the convicts, I found, were locked up under sentry, in caves dug into the side of the mountain, nearly half-way up, with mule tracks leading to them, whence they were taken by day and set to work under taskmasters upon building an aqueduct, a wharf, and other public works; while the rest lived in the houses which they put up for themselves, had their families with them, and seemed to me to be the laziest people on the face of the earth. They did nothing but take a *paseo* into the woods, a *paseo* among the houses, a *paseo* at the landing-place, looking at us and our vessel, and too lazy to speak fast; while the others were driven about, at a rapid trot, in single file, with burdens on their shoulders, and followed up by their taskmasters, with long rods in their hands, and broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads. Upon what precise grounds this great distinction was made, I do not know, and I could not very well know, for the governor was the only man who spoke English upon the island, and he was out of my walk, for I was a sailor ashore as well as on board.

Having filled our casks, we returned on board, and soon after, the governor, dressed in a uniform like that of an American militia officer, the *Padre*, in the dress of the gray friars, with hood and all complete, and the *Capitan*, with big whiskers and dirty regimentals, came on board to dine. While at dinner a large ship appeared in the offing, and soon afterwards we saw a light whale-boat pulling into the harbor. The ship lay off and on,

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and a boat came alongside of us, and put on board the captain, a plain young Quaker, dressed all in brown. The ship was the *Cortes*, whaleman, of New Bedford, and had put in to see if there were any vessels from round the Horn, and to hear the latest news from America. They remained aboard a short time, and had a little talk with the crew, when they left us and pulled off to their ship, which, having filled away, was soon out of sight.

A small boat which came from the shore to take away the governor and suite — as they styled themselves — brought, as a present to the crew, a large pail of milk, a few shells, and a block of sandalwood. The milk, which was the first we had tasted since leaving Boston, we soon despatched; a piece of the sandalwood I obtained, and learned that it grew on the hills in the centre of the island. I regretted that I did not bring away other specimens; but what I had — the piece of sandalwood, and a small flower which I plucked and brought on board in the crown of my tarpaulin, and carefully pressed between the leaves of a volume of Cowper's Letters — were lost, with my chest and its contents, by another's negligence, on our arrival home.

About an hour before sundown, having stowed our water casks, we began getting under way, and were not a little while about it; for we were in thirty fathoms water, and in one of the gusts which came from offshore had let go our other bow anchor; and as the southerly wind draws round the mountains and comes off in uncertain flaws, we were continually swinging round, and had thus got a very foul hawse. We hove in upon our chain, and

after stoppering and unshackling it again and again, and hoisting and hauling down sail, we at length tripped our anchor and stood out to sea. It was bright starlight when we were clear of the bay, and the lofty island lay behind us in its still beauty, and I gave a parting look and bade farewell to the most romantic spot of earth that my eyes had ever seen. I did then, and have ever since, felt an attachment for that island altogether peculiar. It was partly, no doubt, from its having been the first land that I had seen since leaving home, and still more from the associations which every one has connected with it in his childhood from reading Robinson Crusoe. To this I may add the height and romantic outline of its mountains, the beauty and freshness of its verdure, and the extreme fertility of its soil, and its solitary position in the midst of the wide expanse of the South Pacific, as all concurring to give it its charm.

When thoughts of this place have occurred to me at different times, I have endeavored to recall more particulars with regard to it. It is situated in about $33^{\circ} 30' S.$, and is distant a little more than three hundred miles from Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, which is in the same latitude. It is about fifteen miles in length and five in breadth. The harbor in which we anchored (called, by Lord Anson, Cumberland Bay) is the only one in the island, two small *bights* of land on each side of the main bay (sometimes dignified by the name of bays) being little more than landing-places for boats. The best anchorage is at the western side of the harbor, where we lay at about three cables' length from the shore, in a little more than thirty fathoms water. This harbor is open to

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the N. N. E., and in fact nearly from N. to E.; but the only dangerous winds being the southwest, on which side are the highest mountains, it is considered safe. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, about it is the fish with which it abounds. Two of our crew, who remained on board, caught in a short time enough to last us for several days, and one of the men, who was a Marblehead man, said that he never saw or heard of such an abundance. There were cod, bream, silverfish, and other kinds, whose names they did not know, or which I have forgotten.

There is an abundance of the best of water upon the island, small streams running through every valley, and leaping down from the sides of the hills. One stream of considerable size flows through the centre of the lawn upon which the houses are built, and furnishes an easy and abundant supply to the inhabitants. This, by means of a short wooden aqueduct, was brought quite down to our boats. The convicts had also built something in the way of a breakwater, and were to build a landing-place for boats and goods, after which the Chilian government intended to lay port charges.

Of the wood, I can only say that it appeared to be abundant; the island in the month of November, when we were there, being in all the freshness and beauty of spring, appeared covered with trees. These were chiefly aromatic, and the largest was the myrtle. The soil is very loose and rich, and wherever it is broken up there spring up radishes, turnips, ground apples, and other garden fruits. Goats, we were told, were not abundant, and we saw none, though it was said we might, if we

had gone into the interior. We saw a few bullocks winding about in the narrow tracks upon the sides of the mountains, and the settlement was completely overrun with dogs of every nation, kindred, and degree. Hens and chickens were also abundant, and seemed to be taken good care of by the women. The men appeared to be the laziest of mortals; and indeed, as far as my observation goes, there are no people to whom the newly invented Yankee word of "loafer" is more applicable than to the Spanish Americans. These men stood about doing nothing, with their cloaks, little better in texture than an Indian's blanket, but of rich colors, thrown over their shoulders with an air which it is said that a Spanish beggar can always give to his rags, and with politeness and courtesy in their address, though with holes in their shoes, and without a sou in their pockets. The only interruption to the monotony of their day seemed to be when a gust of wind drew round between the mountains and blew off the boughs which they had placed for roofs to their houses, and gave them a few minutes' occupation in running about after them. One of these gusts occurred while we were ashore, and afforded us no little amusement in seeing the men look round, and, if they found that their roofs had stood, conclude that they might stand too, while those who saw theirs blown off, after uttering a few Spanish oaths, gathered their cloaks over their shoulders, and started off after them. However, they were not gone long, but soon returned to their habitual *occupation* of doing nothing.

It is perhaps needless to say that we saw nothing of the interior; but all who have seen it give favorable accounts

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of it. Our captain went with the governor and a few servants upon mules over the mountains, and, upon their return, I heard the governor request him to stop at the island on his passage home, and offer him a handsome sum to bring a few deer with him from California, for he said that there were none upon the island, and he was very desirous of having it stocked.

A steady though light southwesterly wind carried us well off from the island, and when I came on deck for the middle watch I could just distinguish it from its hiding a few low stars in the southern horizon, though my unpractised eyes would hardly have known it for land. At the close of the watch a few trade-wind clouds which had arisen, though we were hardly yet in their latitude, shut it out from our view, and the next day, —

Thursday, November 27th, upon coming on deck in the morning, we were again upon the wide Pacific, and saw no more land until we arrived upon the western coast of the great continent of America.

MY FROGHOPPER FRIEND

By Mary E. Bamford

THE froghopper larvæ that I took home were of varying sizes, one being about an eighth of an inch long, others a little larger. In my zeal for water lizards I neglected these larvæ till the spittle of most of them was gone. Then I endeavored to give the creatures a new supply of fluid by putting cuttings of plants into their bottle. But honeysuckle and rose, chickweed and lily slips had not the right taste. No weed I could find suited them, the kind on which I found them not growing here, and one by one my froghoppers miserably perished, without having been able to produce any more froth. "The larvæ of the *Aphrophora* cannot live long out of their frothy envelope," says Figuier. My last one died five days, I believe, after I picked the weeds the larvæ were on, but the dabs of froth lasted during the first day or two, so that the larvæ were not dry all of that time.

However, on another day, beside that brook I found a mass of foam on a blackberry shoot, and, breaking it off, brought it home. The froghopper larva inside that mass proved to be larger than any of those I had previously found. He was dark, almost black, with a few light marks.

Calling to mind De Geer's experiment with a similar larva which he compelled to make new froth, I resolved

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to imitate him. I drew my larva out of his bubbly world and tried to wipe him dry. De Geer thought that the froth serves to protect such creatures from the heat of the sun and from attacks by spiders and other carnivorous creatures. The froth serves, too, I think, as a sort of drowning-place for other little insects, as I found a small winged creature, perhaps a winged aphid, dead in the froth.

I had obtained for my larva a shoot of what I supposed was a cultivated blackberry, for I thought that he would not know the difference between the taste of that and the taste of the wild variety. My supposed blackberry shoot, however, was finally discovered to be a raspberry one. After I had wiped the froth from him as well as I could, so that, while not being exactly dry, he had not much moisture on him, he tumbled into the cup of water in which I had placed the shoot to keep it fresh. He descended to the bottom of the cup, but my rescuing finger was after him, and he clutched it and was saved. However, I did not wipe him dry after his involuntary plunge.

I put him on the shoot, and he speedily began work. With the constant bending of the hinder portion of the abdomen, little bubble after little bubble collected under him. Within nine or ten minutes he had quite a number, enough to make a small mountain of froth. Still the whole upper surface of his body was uncovered.

In twenty-five minutes from the time of starting, the froth had mounted so high that it began to touch his back. Some of the time he kept his head down to the "blackberry" shoot, as though he might be drawing in

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juice, as these creatures do through their beaks. At other times he raised his head above the shoot, but the hinder part of his body was continually elevated above the fore part, so as to give him the appearance of being just ready to turn a somersault.

I thought that he was succeeding finely, but, about three quarters of an hour after he first entered into the business of making this batch of foam, the frog hopper larva left the place altogether and wandered to the end of the shoot, where were some leaves. He still retained some moisture on the under part of his body, but why should he waste the bubbles he had been making? There they were, a pile of froth, waiting for him while he crawled over the leaves. I picked him up and put him back in his place, but he would not stay there. Away he went toward the leaves again.

I put him back a second time, and again he fell into the water. This second bath sobered him, I think, for he recommenced work. Perhaps the reason why he left his froth was that he remembered that he had not explored the shoot, and, inasmuch as he did not expect to make any more journeys after the froth had once closed over his head, he thought he would stop work and travel a little. This was what I thought at first. But after he had made another pile of froth about as big as the former one, he again left it and wandered off.

The truth dawned upon me. That fellow was smarter than I had thought. He *did* know the difference between the cultivated raspberry and the wild kind of blackberry. He did not like the raspberry. Hoping that he would not oblige me to journey to the brook for his food, I gave

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him a shoot of wild blackberry that I had kept in a pail for the needs of any of my menagerie.

Froghopper did not like the looks of my present. He had never been taught the polite truth embodied in the maxim that one should not look a gift horse in the mouth. That part of Froghopper's education had been neglected. He looked over my shoot, but did not offer to make any froth. It was quite apparent that the shoot was not fresh enough to suit him, and he was waiting to have a better one appear. Overawed by his wisdom in regard to blackberry shoots, I put on my hat, snatched the scissors, hastened to the creek, swung myself under a fence, and, in spite of the proximity of a number of boys, secured my fresh wild blackberry shoots, and came home.

That was exactly what Froghopper wanted, and, after considerable delay, he proceeded to bury himself in foam, and succeeded so well that at about half-past nine P.M., when I gave him a farewell look for the night, all that could be distinctly seen of him was a little black dot, a portion of the hinder end of the body. All the rest was covered in the foam.

Still it would manifestly be impossible to bring up such a larva on a shoot. This was shown next day when the branch, although propped by pieces of coal in the water, would not stand up securely, and Froghopper's mass of foam hung down so that it would not cover his back. He became disgusted and again went on his travels. So I journeyed to the brook and dug up a couple of scrawny little blackberries, planted them at home, conveyed Froghopper to the spot, put him on a leaf, and tied a cloth around that branch to make sure that I should see him

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again. I furthermore tasted both the cultivated raspberry and the wild blackberry, and I came to the conclusion that there is a difference in the flavor of the sap. The wild blackberry is more pleasant. I did not wonder that Froghopper knew that I had not given him the right thing at first. There is not much use trying to fool a bug. He is generally smarter than he looks.

I untied the cloth next day. Froghopper was there, but he was without any froth. Disgusted with his tribe, I bundled him into a tin, took him to the brook, put him on a leaf of a blackberry vine, and gave him my parting blessing. Such bugs are nuisances.

A WOODLAND INTIMATE

By Bradford Torrey

IT is one of the enjoyable features of bird study, as in truth it is of life in general, that so many of its pleasantest experiences have not to be sought after, but befall us by the way; like rare and beautiful flowers, which are never more welcome than when they smile upon us unexpectedly from the roadside.

One May morning I had spent an hour in a small wood where I am accustomed to saunter, and, coming out into the road on my way home again, fell in with a friend. "Would n't you like to see an ovenbird's nest?" I inquired. He assented, and turning back, I piloted him to the spot. The little mother sat motionless, just within the door of her comfortable, roofed house, watching us intently, but all unconscious, it is to be feared, of our admiring comments upon her ingenuity and courage. Seeing her thus devoted to her charge, I wondered anew whether she could be so innocent as not to know that one of the eggs on which she brooded with such assiduity was not her own, but had been foisted upon her by a faithless cowbird. To me, I must confess, it is inexplicable that any bird should be either so unobservant as not to recognize a foreign egg at sight, or so easy-tempered as not to insist on straightway being rid of it; though this is no more inscrutable, it may be, than for another bird per-

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sistently, and as it were on principle, to cast her own offspring upon the protection of strangers; while this, in turn, is not more mysterious than ten thousand every-day occurrences all about us. After all, it is a wise man that knows what to wonder at; while the wiser he grows the stronger is likely to become his conviction that, little as may be known, nothing is absolutely unknowable; that in the world, as in its Author, there is probably "no darkness at all," save as daylight is dark to owls and bats. I did not see the ovenbird's eggs at this time, however, my tender-hearted companion protesting that their faithful custodian should not be disturbed for the gratification of his curiosity. So we bade her adieu, and went in pursuit of a solitary vireo, just then overheard singing not far off. A few paces brought him into sight, and as we came nearer and nearer he stood quite still on a dead bough, in full view, singing all the while. When my friend had looked him over to his satisfaction, — never having met with such a specimen before, — I set myself to examine the lower branches of the adjacent trees, feeling no doubt, from the bird's significant behavior, that his nest must be somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. Sure enough, it was soon discovered, hanging from near the end of an oak limb, — a typical vireo cup, suspended within the angle of two horizontal twigs, with bits of newspaper wrought into its structure, and trimmed outwardly with some kind of white silky substance. The female was in it (this, too, we might have foreseen with reasonable certainty); but when she flew off, it appeared that as yet no eggs were laid. The couple manifested scarce any uneasiness at our investigations, and we soon came away,

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stopping, as we left the wood, to spy out the nest of a scarlet tanager, the feminine builder of which was just then busy with giving it some finishing touches.

It had been a pleasant stroll, I thought, — nothing more; but it proved to be the beginning of an adventure which, to me at least, was in the highest degree novel and interesting.

I ought, perhaps, to premise that the solitary vireo (called also the blue-headed vireo and the blue-headed greenlet) is strictly a bird of the woods. It belongs to a distinctively American family, and is one of five species which are more or less abundant as summer residents in eastern Massachusetts, being itself in most places the least numerous of the five, and, with the possible exception of the white-eye, the most retiring. My own hunting-grounds happen to be one of its favorite resorts (there is none better in the state, I suspect), so that I am pretty certain of having two or three pairs under my eye every season, within a radius of half a mile. I have found a number of nests, also, but till this year had never observed any marked peculiarity of the birds as to timidity or fearlessness. Nor do I now imagine that any such strong race peculiarity exists. What I am to describe I suppose to be nothing more than an accidental and unaccountable idiosyncrasy of the particular bird in question. Such freaks of temperament are more or less familiar to all field naturalists, and may be taken as extreme developments of that individuality which seems to be the birthright of every living creature, no matter how humble. At this very moment I recall a white-throated sparrow, overtaken some years ago in an un-

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frequented road, whose tameness was entirely unusual, and, indeed, little short of ridiculous.

Three or four days after the walk just now mentioned I was again in the same wood, and went past the vireos' nest, paying no attention to it beyond noting that one of the birds, presumed to be the female, was on duty. But the next morning, as I saw her again, it occurred to me to make an experiment. So, quitting the path suddenly, I walked as rapidly as possible straight up to the nest, a distance of perhaps three rods, giving her no chance to slip off with the hope of escaping unperceived. The plan worked to a charm, or so I flattered myself. When I came to a standstill my eyes were within a foot or two of hers; in fact, I could get no nearer without running my head against the branch; yet she sat quietly, apparently without a thought of being driven from her post, turning her head this way and that, but making no sound, and showing not the least sign of anything like distress. A mosquito buzzed about my face, and I brushed it off. Still she sat undisturbed. Then I placed my hand against the bottom of the nest. At this she half rose to her feet, craning her neck to see what was going on, but the moment I let go she settled back upon her charge. Surprised and delighted, I had no heart to pursue the matter further, and turned away; declaring to myself that, notwithstanding I had half promised a scientific friend the privilege of "taking" the nest, such a thing should now never be done with my consent. Before I could betray a confidence like this, I must be a more zealous ornithologist or a more unfeeling man, — or both at once. Science ought to be encouraged, of

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course, but not to the outraging of honor and common decency.

On the following day, after repeating such amenities as I had previously indulged in, I put forth my hand as if to stroke the bird's plumage; seeing which, she raised her beak threateningly and emitted a very faint deprecatory note, which would have been inaudible at the distance of a few yards. At the same time she opened and shut her bill, not snappishly, but slowly, — a nervous action, simply, it seemed to me.

Twenty-four hours later I called again, and was so favorably received that, besides taking hold of the nest, as before, I brushed her tail feathers softly. Then I put my hand to her head, on which she pecked my finger in an extremely pretty, gentle way, — more like kissing than biting, — and made use of the low murmuring sounds just now spoken of. Her curiosity was plainly wide awake. She stretched her neck to the utmost to look under the nest, getting upon her feet for the purpose, till I expected every moment to see her slip away; but presently she grew quiet again, and I withdrew, leaving her in possession.

By this time a daily interview had come to be counted upon as a matter of course, by me certainly, and, for aught I know, by the vireo as well. On my next visit I stroked the back of her head, allowed her to nibble the tip of my finger, and was greatly pleased with the matter-of-fact manner in which she captured an insect from the side of the nest, while leaning out to oversee my manœuvres. Finally, on my offering to lay my left hand upon her, she quit her seat, and perched upon a

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twig, fronting me; and when I put my finger to her bill she flew off. Even now she made no outcry, however, but fell immediately to singing in tones of absolute good-humor, and before I had gone four rods from the tree was back again upon the eggs. Of these, I should have said, there were four, — the regular complement, — all her own. Expert as cowbirds are at running a blockade, it would have puzzled the shrewdest of them to smuggle anything into a nest so sedulously guarded.

Walking homeward, I bethought myself how foolish I had been not to offer my little *protégée* something to eat. Accordingly, in the morning, before starting out, I filled a small box with leaves from the garden rose-bush, which, as usual, had plenty of plant lice upon it. Armed in this manner, as perhaps no ornithologist ever went armed before, — I approached the nest, and to my delight saw it still unharmed (I never came in sight of it without dreading to find it pillaged); but just as I was putting my hand into my pocket for the box, off started the bird. Here was a disappointment indeed; but in the next breath I assured myself that the recreant must be the male, who for once had been spelling his companion. So I fell back a little, and in a minute or less one of the pair went on to brood. This was the mother, without question, and I again drew near. True enough, she welcomed me with all her customary politeness. No matter what her husband might say, she knew better than to distrust an inoffensive, kind-hearted gentleman like myself. Had I not proved myself such time and again? So I imagined her to be reasoning. At all events, she sat quiet and unconcerned, — apparently more un-

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concerned than her visitor, for, to tell the truth, I was so anxious for the success of this crowning experiment that I actually found myself trembling. However, I opened my store of dainties, wet the tip of my little finger, took up an insect, and held it to her mandibles. For a moment she seemed not to know what it was, but soon she picked it off and swallowed it. The second one she seized promptly, and the third she reached out to anticipate, exactly as a tame canary might have done. Before I could pass her the fourth she stepped out of the nest, and took a position upon the branch beside it; but she accepted the morsel, none the less. And an extremely pretty sight it was, — a wild wood bird perched upon a twig and feeding from a man's finger!

She would not stay for more, but flew to another bough; whereupon I resumed my ramble, and, as usual, she covered the eggs again before I could get out of sight. When I returned, in half an hour or thereabouts, I proffered her a mosquito, which I had saved for that purpose. She took it, but presently let it drop. It was not to her taste, probably, for shortly afterwards she caught one herself, as it came fluttering near, and discarded that also; but she ate the remainder of my rose-bush parasites, though I was compelled to coax her a little. Seemingly, she felt that our proceedings were more or less irregular, if not positively out of character. Not that she betrayed any symptoms of nervousness or apprehension, but she repeatedly turned away her head, as if determined to refuse all further overtures. In the end, nevertheless, as I have said, she ate the very last insect I had to give her.

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During the meal she did something which as a display of nonchalance was really amazing. The eggs got misplaced, in the course of her twisting about, and after vainly endeavoring to rearrange them with her feet, as I had seen her do on several occasions, she ducked her head into the nest, clean out of sight under her feathers, and set matters to rights with her beak. I was as near to her as I could well be, without having her actually in my hand, yet she deliberately put herself entirely off guard, apparently without the slightest misgiving!

Fresh from this adventure, and all aglow with pleasurable excitement, I met a friend in the city, a naturalist of repute, and one of the founders of the American Ornithologists' Union. Of course I regaled him with an account of my wonderful vireo (he was the man to whom I had half promised the nest); and on his expressing a wish to see her, I invited him out for the purpose that very afternoon. I smile to remember how full of fears I was, as he promptly accepted the invitation. The bird, I declared to myself, would be like the ordinary baby, who, as everybody knows, is never so stupid as when its fond mother would make a show of it before company. Yesterday it was so bright and cunning! Never was baby like it. Yesterday it did such and such unheard-of things; but to-day, alas, it will do nothing at all. However, I put on a bold face, filled my pen box with rose leaves, exchanged my light-colored hat for the black one in which my pet had hitherto seen me, furnished my friend with a field glass, and started with him for the wood. The nest was occupied (I believe I never found it otherwise), and, stationing my associate

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in a favorable position, I marched up to it, when, lo, the bird at once took wing. This was nothing to be disconcerted about, the very promptness of the action making it certain that the sitter must have been the male. The pair were both in sight, and the female would doubtless soon fill the place which her less courageous lord had deserted. So it turned out, and within a minute everything was in readiness for a second essay. This proved successful. The first insect was instantly laid hold of, whereupon I heard a suppressed exclamation from behind the field glass. When I rejoined my friend, having exhausted my supplies, nothing would do but he must try something of the kind himself. Accordingly, seizing my hat, which dropped down well over his ears, he made up to the tree. The bird pecked his finger familiarly, and before long he came rushing back to the path, exclaiming that he must find something with which to feed her. After overturning two or three stones he uncovered an ant's nest, and moistening his forefinger, thrust it into a mass of eggs. With these he hastened to the vireo. She helped herself to them eagerly, and I could hear him counting, "One, two, three, four," and so on as she ate mouthful after mouthful.

Now, then, he wished to examine the contents of the nest, especially as it was the first of its kind that he had ever seen out-of-doors. But the owner was set upon not giving him the opportunity. He stroked her head, brushed her wings, and, as my notebook puts it, "poked her generally;" and still she kept her place. Finally, as he stood on one side of her and I on the other, we pushed the branch down, down, till she was fairly

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under our noses. Then she stepped off; but even now, it was only to alight on the very next twig, and face us calmly! and we had barely started away before we saw her again on duty. Brave bird! My friend was exceedingly pleased, and I not less so; though the fact of her making no difference between us was something of a shock to my self-conceit, endeavor as I might to believe that she had welcomed him, if not in my stead, yet at least as my friend. What an odd pair we must have looked in her eyes! Possibly she had heard of the new movement for the protection of American song-birds, and took us for representatives of the Audubon Society.

Desiring to make some fresh experiment, I set out the next morning with a little water and a teaspoon, in addition to my ordinary outfit of rose leaves. The mother bird was at home, and without hesitation dipped her bill into the water, — the very first solitary vireo, I dare be bound, that ever drank out of a silver spoon! Afterwards I gave her the insects, of which she swallowed twenty-four as fast as I could pick them up. Evidently she was hungry, and appreciated my attentions. There was nothing whatever of the coquettishness which she had sometimes displayed. On the contrary, she leaned forward to welcome the tidbits, one by one, quite as if it were the most natural thing in the world for birds to be waited upon in this fashion by their human admirers. Toward the end, however, a squirrel across the way set up a loud bark, and she grew nervous; so that when it came to the twenty-fifth louse, which was the last I could find, she was too much preoccupied to care for it.

At this point a mosquito stung my neck, and, killing

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it, I held it before her. She snapped at it in a twinkling, but retained it between her mandibles. Whether she would finally have swallowed it I am not able to say (and so must leave undecided a very interesting and important question in economic ornithology), for just then I remembered a piece of banana with which I had been meaning to tempt her. Of this she tasted at once, and, as I thought, found it good; for she trans-fixed it with her bill, and, quitting her seat, carried it away and deposited it on a branch. But instead of eating it, as I expected to see her do, she fell to fly-catching, while her mate promptly appeared, and as soon as opportunity offered took his turn at brooding. My eyes, meanwhile, had not kept the two distinct, and, supposing that the mother had returned, I stepped up to offer her another drink, but had no sooner filled the spoon than the fellow took flight. At this the female came to the rescue again, and unhesitatingly entered the nest. It was a noble reproof, I thought; well deserved, and very handsomely administered. "Oh, you cowardly dear," I fancied her saying, "he'll not hurt you. See me, now! I'm not afraid. He's queer, I know; but he means well."

I should have mentioned that while the squirrel was barking she uttered some very pretty *sotto voce* notes of two kinds, — one like what I have often heard, and one entirely novel.

A man ought to have lived with such a creature year in and out, and seen it under every variety of mood and condition, before imagining himself possessed of its entire vocabulary. For who doubts that birds, also, have their

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more sacred and intimate feelings, their esoteric doctrines and experiences, which are not proclaimed upon the tree-top, but spoken under breath, in all but inaudible twitters? Certainly this pet of mine on sundry occasions whispered into my ear things which I had never heard before, and as to the purport of which, in my ignorance of the vireonian tongue, I could only conjecture. For my own part, I am through with thinking that I have mastered all the notes of any bird, even the commonest.

I wondered, by the bye, whether my speech was as unintelligible to the greenlet as hers was to me. I trust, at all events, that she divined a meaning in the tones, however she may have missed the words; for I never called without telling her how much I admired her spirit. She was all that a bird ought to be, I assured her, good, brave, and handsome; and should never suffer harm, if I could help it. Alas! although, as the apostle says, I loved "not in word, but in deed and in truth," yet when the pinch came I was somewhere else, and all my promises went for nothing.

Our intercourse was nearing its end. It was already the 10th of June, and on the 12th I was booked for a journey. During my last visit but one it gratified me not a little to perceive that the wife's example and reproof had begun to tell upon her mate. He happened to be in the nest as I came up, and sat so unconcernedly while I made ready to feed him that I took it for granted I was dealing with the female, till at the last moment he slipped away. I stepped aside for perhaps fifteen feet, and waited briefly, both birds in sight. Then the lady took her turn at sitting, and I proceeded to try again.

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She behaved like herself, made free with a number of insects, and then, all at once, for no reason that I could guess at, she sprang out of the nest, and alighted on the ground within two yards of my feet, and almost before I could realize what had occurred was up in the tree. I had my eyes upon her, determined, if possible, to keep the pair distinct, and succeeded, as I believed, in so doing. Pretty soon the male (unless I was badly deceived) went to the nest with a large insect in his bill, and stood for some time beside it, eating and chattering. Finally he dropped upon the eggs, and, seeing him grown thus unsuspecting, I thought best to test him once more. This time he kept his seat, and with great condescension ate two of my plant lice. But there he made an end. Again and again I put the third one to his mouth; but he settled back obstinately into the nest, and would have none of it. For once, as it seemed, he could be brave; but he was not to be coddled, or treated like a baby — or a female. There were good reasons, of course, for his being less hungry than his mate, and consequently less appreciative of such favors as I had to bestow; but it was very amusing to see how tightly he shut his bill, as if his mind were made up, and no power on earth should shake it.

If any inquisitive person raises the question whether I am absolutely certain of this bird's being the male, I must answer in the negative. The couple were dressed alike, as far as I could make out, save that the female was much the more brightly washed with yellow on the sides of the body; and my present discrimination of them was based upon close attention to this point, as well as

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upon my careful and apparently successful effort **not to** confuse the two, after the one which I knew to be the female (the one, that is, which had done most of the sitting, and had all along been so very familiar) had joined the other among the branches. I had no down-right proof, it must be acknowledged, nor could I have had any without killing and dissecting the bird; but my own strong conviction was and is that the male had grown fearless by observing my treatment of his spouse, but from some difference of taste, or, more probably, for lack of appetite, found himself less taken than she had commonly been with my rather meagre bill of fare.

This persuasion, it cannot be denied, was considerably shaken the next morning, when I paid my friends a parting call. The father bird, forgetful of his own good example of the day before, and mindless of all the proprieties of such a farewell occasion, slipped incontinently from the eggs just as I was removing the cover from my pen box. Well, he missed the last opportunity he was likely ever to have of breakfasting from a human finger. So ignorant are birds, no less than men, of the day of their visitation! Before I could get away, — while I was yet within two yards of the nest, — the other bird hastened to occupy the vacant place. *She* knew what was due to so considerate and well-tried a friend, if her partner did not. The little darling! As soon as she was well in position I stepped to her side, opened my treasures, and gave her, one by one, twenty-six insects (all I had), which she took with avidity, reaching forward again and again to anticipate my motions. Then I stole a last look at the four pretty eggs, having almost to force her from

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the nest for that purpose, bade her good-by, and came away, sorry enough to leave her; forecasting, as I could not help doing, the slight probability of finding her again on my return, and picturing to myself all the sweet, motherly ways she would be certain to develop as soon as the little ones were hatched.

Within an hour I was speeding toward the Green Mountains. There, in those ancient Vermont forests, I saw and heard other solitary vireos, but none that treated me as my Melrose pair had done. Noble and gentle spirits! though I were to live a hundred years, I should never see their like again.

The remainder of the story is, unhappily, soon told. I was absent a fortnight, and on getting back went at once to the sacred oak. Alas! there was nothing but a severed branch to show where the vireos' nest had hung. The cut looked recent; I was thankful for that. Perhaps the "collector," whoever he was, had been kind enough to wait till the owners of the house were done with it, before he carried it away. Let us hope so, at all events, for the peace of his own soul, as well as for the sake of the birds.

OUR FIRST WHALE

By Charles Nordhoff

THE vessel was now headed for the coast of Africa, distant from this point of Madagascar about one hundred and seventy miles.

Each day the officers now became more anxious to see whales. It is quite usual with whalers, at least to *meet with* whales on their outward passage, and not at all uncommon to take some valuable prizes before reaching the regular cruising-grounds. Up to this time, however, we had not yet seen a spout, except that of an occasional blackfish or finback, and had not succeeded in capturing even a porpoise. We were now three months out and had not yet on board oil enough to keep a lamp alight in the forecabin — a sad prospect for men to whom oil is the representative of dollars, and blubber, of the native ore.

“Five dollars,” said the captain one morning, as the men repaired to the mastheads, “to the man that raises a sperm whale spout.”

“I’ll put three pounds of tobacco to that,” spoke up the mate.

“And I a bunch of cigars,” said the second mate.

This set every one agog, and after breakfast the rigging and mastheads were crowded with men, eager to win the promised reward.

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But it was not on that day, nor the next, that we were to fall in with the objects of our search. Not till we had been two weeks upon the ground, did we see a spout of any kind. Then one forenoon a shrill, discordant scream of "There—she—blows!" from the foremast-head, proclaimed that somebody thought himself entitled to the promised reward.

All hands rushed upon deck, and the captain and mate were half way to the royal masthead ere the repetition, although in a very moderate tone, of the first cry, assured them that there was in reality a spout seen. Casting his eyes in the direction indicated by the masthead man, the mate exclaimed at once, with a disappointed growl, —

"It's a finback, you leatherhead; there's no prize offered for such."

"I told him so," grumbled the boatsteerer, who stood at the mainmasthead, "but he would not believe anything I said, thinking I wanted to claim the prize for myself."

Two days thereafter, as the mate stepped into the rigging, at daybreak, to take a preliminary survey, he shouted, in the utmost excitement, "There blows! there! there blows!! by the great horn spoon, boys! a whole school just under our lee bow."

All hands were upon deck in a moment, and the greater part of the crew at once jumped into the rigging, anxious to see at last a veritable sperm whale spout, and half prepared, from the mate's excited manner, to see the whales themselves close aboard.

About two miles and a half off, on our lee bow, a

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small school of what the captain, examining them with a good telescope, declared to be large whales, lay disporting themselves on the waves, now lazily rolling "fin up," now "lob-tailing," now making the white water fly, as they threw their vast bodies clear of their native element.

Sail was immediately made upon the ship, and then, while the masthead men, with the captain, kept up the musical cry of "There blows!" varied occasionally by such ejaculations as "There 's white water!"—"There he lob-tails!"—"There he breaches!" we hurriedly prepared the boats for the day's work before us. Line tubs were placed, and lines bent on, iron sheaths taken off, and a last whetting given to the irons, boats' gripes cast adrift, and oars loosened and laid in their proper places, water kegs filled, boat sails unlashd, and all the various minutiae duly attended to which experience has proven necessary for such occasions. All was life and bustle, and the stagnant pools of our blood were once more enlivened by a little real excitement.

"There goes flukes!" from the masthead, proclaimed the close of the first scene of the day's drama; and immediately thereafter, "Breakfast, all of you," from the cook, caused each man to rush hurriedly to the galley for his quota of hot slop — coffee it is called by courtesy, but no one who had ever drunk Mocha, Java, or Rio would own it to be such.

Hastily washing down a couple of biscuits with this preparation, we were ready for the word to "man the boats," and were at the side as soon as the captain showed his head above the gangway.

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"Stand by to lower away, you shipkeepers," was the word now, and we prepared to follow the boats down as they were lowered, ready to leap into them as soon as they should strike the water.

In attempting this feat, one of the second mate's crew mistook the distance, and fell into the water, from which he was fished up, sputtering and shivering, receiving from the captain the consolatory advice to "never mind that, as it was all clean water down there."

It was a beautiful morning. There was just enough of breeze to make the sails of more use than the oars, and sufficient sea to admit of an easy approach to a whale. The glorious sunrise, such a scene as is to be witnessed only in the tropics, the balmy air, and the unwonted excitement all united to put us in excellent spirits, and many a joke was exchanged on prospective mishaps, as we put up our boat sails and set out for the scene of action.

The position which each of the four boats was to take had been previously arranged, and as the whales had not appeared to be in motion when first seen, it was supposed that they would rise not far from the place where they had gone down. Accordingly, when we judged ourselves within about a quarter of a mile of this spot we hove to our boat, preferring to remain at that distance to windward, as it would be easy enough to sail down, but more difficult to pull up, did we fall to leeward. The other boats were shortly hove to likewise, and now we lay in silence, awaiting the reappearance of our prey.

Every eye and ear was on the alert, ready to catch the slightest motion or sound; for none could tell how

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soon the school would make their appearance at the surface.

"I thought I heard a spout," said the boatsteerer in a whisper. In his eagerness he had gotten upon the bow chock, anxiously peering over the waves as the boat was lifted upon the swell. A moment's silent listening convinced him that it was nothing but a seabreak, and we again strained our eyes for the expected sight.

"There blows! — I told you I would see him first," said the mate, joyfully, as he pointed to a thin, bushy spray just melting out of sight.

"There blows again!" cried the boatsteerer, adding in a somewhat mortified tone, "I was looking another way, or I should have seen it first."

"There, and there — and there — there blows! — there are seven or eight big whales — I can see them now from my place," continued Barnard, the boatsteerer, whom I was yet holding up on the bow chock, the dancing motion of the boat making it impossible for him to maintain that position unsupported.

"Sit down now, and we'll sail slowly down toward them; I want to see in what direction they are going to stand."

We were nearest to the fish, and it was evident that no other boat but ours could approach them favorably.

"Pull a little," said the mate.

We shot her rapidly ahead with the oars for a few strokes, and then peaked them again, the boat making good headway under her sail alone.

We could now hear them spout, and when a heavy swell would come rolling home, would fancy we could

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hear their huge bodies burrowing through the water. It was a time of intense excitement.

"We 'll have to stand across a little, in order to get up behind them," said the mate; it being impossible to approach a sperm whale unperceived from the side.

After making a little detour, we again stood toward the school, and the mate singled out one huge fellow nearest us, and happily the largest of the school, as our prize.

Each individual of the crew had received from the mate, on first lowering, some final instructions as to his especial duties, in case we should get fast; and we now sat stock-still in the boat, oars firmly grasped and ready for instantaneous use, and scarce breathing from excitement. We were fast overtaking his whaleship.

Now the hoarse bellow, as he ejected the water from his spout-holes, grew louder, and looking over my shoulder as the boat was lifted on a mighty swell, I saw the huge form of leviathan, stupidly rolling in the waves.

"Stand up, you sir," the mate whispers to the boat-steerer, — a needless command, as that worthy has not yet sat down, and now stands with iron poised in hand, and knee resting firmly on the lubber chock, ready for action.

"Pull a little, starboard."

The boat is laid round, to get a fairer chance.

Now she rises on a wave and the fish seems almost under us, and now —

"Give it to him, you sir!"

"And the other one!!"

A heavy stroke of his flukes, which drenched us with

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spray, and the instantaneous *whiz* of the line through the chock, told that we were "fast."

"Hurrah!" shouted the glad boatsteerer, "Wet line! wet line! don't you see it smoking in the chock?"

Flake after flake of the line rushed overboard, with a rapidity almost beyond conception; one tub was already empty, and half the other was gone before a little slackening in the speed of its exit gave us to understand that the whale had "gone his length," and was now probably returning to the surface: an operation which would take out line nearly as fast as the first sounding, were it not that it is held back by several turns about the loggerhead in the stern. The mate had meantime taken his place in the bow, and the lances were out, and lying in their rests when the whale reappeared on the surface some ship-lengths ahead, leaping nearly his entire length out of the water, and falling back with a report like distant thunder, and a splash which for the moment threatened to fill the boat.

"Haul in slack line, boys, let's get up to him. There he lies, quite still; take your oars and pull up."

But the weight of the line hanging overboard rendered it impossible to manage her, and we were compelled to get this in first. By this time the whale was slowly forging ahead, evidently scarcely knowing what course of action would be most politic under the circumstances.

"Now haul up."

Having gotten a strain on the line, we pulled the boat on. But just as we got within dart, the whale again sounded, — not deep, however, — and when he reappeared, the rest of the school were with him, and they

OUR FIRST WHALE

were going off at the rate of several miles per hour, of course taking us with them.

Now, however, we hauled the boat up, and the mate sent a lance quivering into his flesh — but not into a fatal part, as we could not get far enough in advance of our fish to afford a fair chance.

With a splash of his flukes, the whale sounded again, and commenced running under water, a proceeding which was kept up during the whole of a chase which lasted from this time — about half-past eight — till after four o'clock, when occurred the catastrophe which wound up our day's sport.

The whales — there were seven in all — ran to the leeward, that is to say, in a direction parallel to that of the wind, — contrary to their usual practice in such cases, which is to start at once right in the teeth of the breeze.

While their present course made it much easier for the boats to follow and perhaps catch up with us, it much increased the difficulty of *our* approach, for the purpose of lancing, as in such cases much care is requisite, else would the boat be dashed upon the whale by the billows which bore her onward.

We had, however, lanced but twice — both times ineffectually — when the fish increased their speed to seven or eight miles per hour, and as they ran almost continually under water, it was altogether impossible to reach our whale with the lance, even had we been able to get the boat sufficiently near to him.

On, on, on we swept, the other boats, with sails and oars, pulling might and main to catch up with us, and

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the ship, with every rag of canvas set, bringing up the rear.

Whenever there seemed a possibility of reaching the whale, the boat was hauled up and a lance duly hurled at him; but with little effect, as his *small* was the part most generally hit, and each wound seemed only to add to his speed. This was soon such that — the breeze having to some degree failed — we were fast dropping ship and boats in the distance.

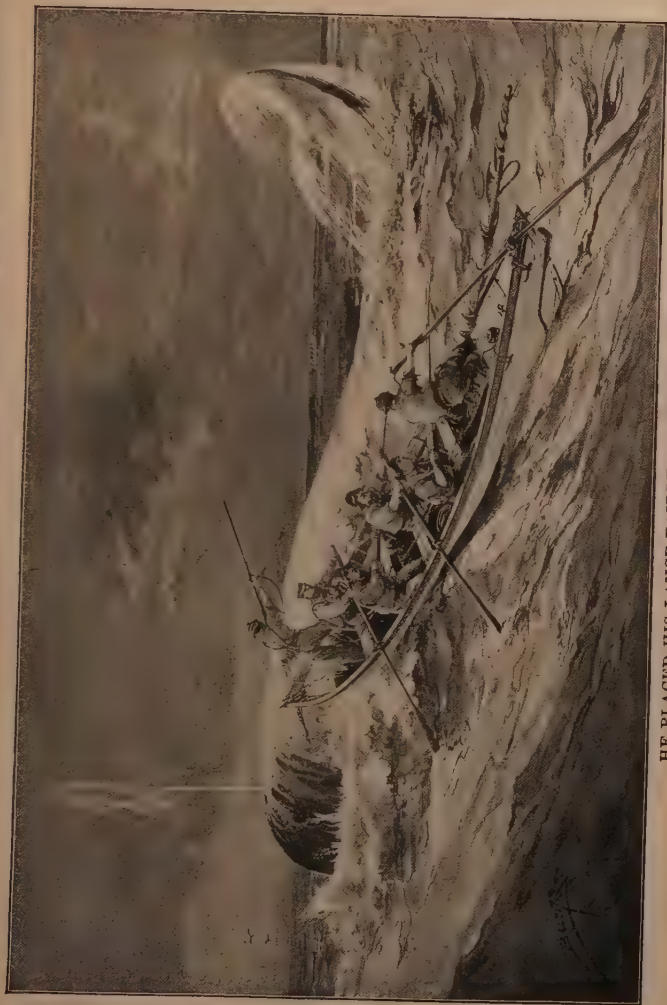
At one o'clock, by the sun, we ate our dinner, consisting of a biscuit and a pint of water per man — vowing internally, and taking our empty stomachs to witness, never again to get into a whaleboat without previously filling our pockets with provisions.

At two we saw the last of the boats, and shortly afterward the royals of our ship faded away in the dim distance, leaving us quite alone with our huge friends, who were still going along at the same rapid pace, and puffing away like so many Mississippi steamers.

On, on, on we were borne, seemingly as though never to stop. Now the school would slack a little in their speed, and we would haul up to lance. Then they would start up again, and for half an hour at a time we would sit still, singing songs or devising plans whereby we might circumvent our wary enemy.

“Be jabers, it is much better to sit here idle than to be sweating at the oars, as the other boys are doing,” said an Irish Yankee, who pulled the tub oar. “An’ be-gorra, it ’s our first whale, anyhow, let them talk as they will.”

“It ’s not our whale till we kill him, Paddy; they don’t



HE PLACED HIS LANCE FAIRLY AND SENT IT HOME

OUR FIRST WHALE

count whales till they are tried out and stowed down," remarked the mate.

"If that's the case," was the answer, "it's time we were getting a nearer view of him than we've had yet."

The mate evidently thought so, too. Wearied with waiting for a favorable opportunity, about four o'clock it was determined to make a desperate effort, running every risk for the sake of getting a dart at the whale's life.

"Pull the boat up," said the mate, with an air which showed that something was to be done.

"Now, Charley," to the present writer, "hang on to the line, and don't slack till I give the word. Take it out of the chock, and let her shoot ahead by the bow cleat."

"Lay the boat around," — to the boatsteerer. This manœuvre gave us a better chance, and a lance was sent quivering into his body. A stroke of his flukes on the water just ahead of us was the quick reply.

"Hold on tight — don't drop her an inch astern," cried the mate, as the whale came to almost a dead stop.

"Now I'll get a set on you!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, as the boat shot up against his broad side. He placed his lance fairly, and sent it home, with the whole weight of his body. As it touched his life, the whale dashed down headfirst, in the motion striking his flukes against the boat's bottom, and breaking two or three planks. No sooner had he felt her, however, than, turning with lightning speed, he returned to the surface headforemost, open-mouthed, striking and thrusting with his long, slender jaw as though it were a sword. One blow

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from this jaw stove in the whole bow of the boat, and she filled and turned over, almost before we could leap into the water.

To grasp oars, and whatever else would float, was the first act of each, on finding himself overboard. The mate in a few minutes succeeded in gaining the bottom of the wrecked boat, and with his assistance the rest gathered there, each keeping in his hand an oar to assist him when, as frequently occurred, a sea larger than usual swept us from our narrow perch.

The first glance about us disclosed to us our antagonist, lying at the distance of a short oar's length from the boat, side and side with us. He was spouting thin blood, and the disagreeable thought suggested itself at once to several of us, "Suppose he goes into his flurry while we are lying here helpless."

"We must hope for the best, boys, and meantime look out for the boats and the sharks," was the mate's answer to this suggestion. "But if he goes off in a flurry, you need none of you expect to see your mammas again."

When we had hoisted a shirt upon a lance-pole, as a signal of distress, and lashed three oars across the boat, to keep her from continually rolling over barrel fashion, we found ourselves at the end of our resources, and had leisure to look our fate in the face. It is needless to describe how anxiously we watched each motion of the whale — how the color of his spouts was critically discussed, and every spasmodic twitch of his flukes was thought portentous of evil. Suffice it to say that, fortunately for us, the mate's lance had not touched him in

OUR FIRST WHALE

any very vulnerable spot, and that after lying for half an hour side by side with the boat, and for another half hour in such a position that with every swell our boat's sharp stern rubbed against his side, just as the sun sank below the horizon he turned flukes, and to our great relief, came up at a distance from us of some half dozen ship's lengths. It should have been before mentioned that from the moment when our boat was stove, all the other whales who had till then borne us company disappeared, and we saw them no more.

Scarcely had "our whale" risen to the surface, when we descried a boat sail at but a short distance off. It was fast growing dark, as there is scarcely any twilight in those latitudes, so that it was with no ordinary joy we hailed the approach of what proved to be the captain's boat.

"Are you all there?" he asked, as he came within hail.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just hang on there till I kill your whale," was the cool rejoinder. Saying which, he turned the boat toward the fish. She had scarcely gotten within two boat's lengths of him when, snapping his jaws together with a sharp report which showed that his ire was fully roused, the whale made for the boat.

"Stern all! Back water for your lives!!" cried the captain, slipping the sheet; and, fortunately, just in time to escape the angry rush of the whale, who glided beneath the surface, and rose again at a short distance astern.

The boat was laid round, and a few strokes of the oars brought her again within his reach, when he repeated his former action, and it was only by the most

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strenuous exertion that the crew succeeded in backing out of his track. This time, however, the boatsteerer had managed to plant an iron in him, and a shout announced that he was not given up yet. But a groan of disappointment succeeded the shout, as the line suddenly slackening, announced that the iron had drawn, and the whale was "loose," going off with two irons and two tubs of line fast to him, and spouting blood at that.

It was now quite dark, and we were not sorry to be taken off our wreck into the captain's boat. Meantime the other two boats and the ship had neared us, and after half an hour's pulling we arrived on board, where a good supper (for a whaleship) awaited us.

"Well, Paddy," said the mate next morning, as we were washing down the decks, "what will you take for your share of *our first whale?*"

ABOUT THE CROW

By Florence A. Merriam

I WAS standing in a meadow of rich aftermath lying between a stony pasture and a small piece of woods, when a young crow flew over my head, cawing softly to himself. He flew straight west toward the pasture for several seconds, and then, as if an idea had come to him, turned his head and neck around in the intelligent crow fashion, circled back to the woods, lit, and cawed vociferously to three other crows till they came over across the pasture.

After making them all circle over my head, perhaps merely as a blind, he took them back to his perch where he wanted them to go beechnutting — or something else. Whatever it was, they evidently scorned his childishness, for they flew back to their tree across the field as fast as they had come. This put him in a pet, and he would not budge, but sat there sputtering like a spoiled child. To everything he said, whether in a complaining or a teasing tone, the same gruff paternal caw came back from the pasture. "Come along!" it seemed to say. To this the refractory son would respond, "I won't." They kept it up for several minutes, but at last paternal authority conquered, and the big boy, making a wide detour, flew slowly and reluctantly back to his family. He lit on a low branch under them, and when the father

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gave a gruff "I should think it was time you came," he defiantly shook his tail and cleaned his bill. After a few moments he condescended to make a low half-sullen, half-subdued remark, but when the family all started off again he sat and scolded some time before he would follow them, and I suspect he compromised matters then only because he did not want to be left behind.

The "intelligence of the crow" has become a platitude, but when we hear of his cracking clams by dropping them on a fence, coming to roost with the hens in cold weather, and — in the case of a tame crow — opening a door by lighting on the latch, his originality is a surprise. A family near here had much merriment over the gambols of a pet crow named Jim. Whenever he saw the gardener passing to and fro between the house and garden, he would fly down from the trees, light on his hat, and ride back and forth. He liked to pick the bright blossoms, particularly pansies and scarlet geraniums, and would not only steal bright-colored worsteds and ribbons, but tear all the yellow covers from any novels he came across. When any one went to the vegetable garden, he showed the most commendable eagerness to help with the work, being anxious to pick whatever was wanted — from raspberries and currants to the little cucumbers gathered for pickling.

The sight of the big black puppy waddling along, wagging high in air a long black tail incongruously finished off with a tipping of white hairs was too much for Jim's sobriety. Down he would dive, give a nip at the hairs, and be gravely seated on a branch just out of reach by the time Bruno had turned to snap at him. Let

ABOUT THE CROW

the puppy move on a step, and down the mischief would come again, and so the two would play, — sometimes for more than half an hour at a time. Then again, the joke would take a more practical turn, for, instead of flying overhead when Bruno looked back, Jim would steal the bone the puppy had been gnawing.

The crow was happy as long as any one would play with him, and never tired of flying low over the ground with a string dangling from his bill for the children to run after. Another favorite play was to hold on to a string or small stick with his bill while some one lifted him up by it, as a baby is tossed by its arms. He would even hold on and let you “swing him around your head.” He was never daunted, and when the toddling two-year-old would get too rough in her play and strike at him with her stick, he would either catch the hem of her pinafore and hold on till she ran away, or would try scaring her, — rushing at her, his big black wings spread out and his bill wide open.

One day his pluck was thoroughly tested. Hearing loud caws of distress coming from the lawn, the gardener rushed across and found Jim lying on his back, his claw tightly gripping the end of one of the wings of a large hawk, that, surprised and terrified by this turn of the tables, was struggling frantically to get away. Jim held him as tight as a vise, and only loosened his grasp to give his enemy into the gardener’s hands. After letting go he submitted to the victor’s reward, letting his wounds be examined and his bravery extolled while he was carried about — wearing a most consciously heroic air, it must be confessed — for due celebration of the victory.

THE COMICAL CROW BABY

By Olive Thorne Miller

NOTHING in the world of feathers is so comical as a crow baby, with its awkward bows and ungainly hops, its tottering steps on the fence and its mincing, tight-boot sort of gait on the ground, its eager fluttering when it has hopes of food, and its loud and unintermitting demand for the same.

My window overlooked a long stretch of cattle pastures and meadows still uncut, bounded on one side by woods; and in the middle of this valley unvisited by man, the crows of the neighborhood established a training-school for their youngsters. A good glass let me in as unsuspected audience, and I had views of many interesting family scenes, supposed by the wary parents to be visible only to the cows stolidly feeding on the hillside. In this way I had all the fun and none of the trouble of the training business.

It is astonishing how completely the manner of the adult crow is lacking in his young offspring, whose only external difference is the want of a tail. Must we, then, conclude that the dignity of a bird depends upon the length of his tail? We are accustomed to regard the crow as a grave and solemn personage with a serious rôle in life; and, indeed, life is such a constant warfare to him that I cannot see how he finds any enjoyment in it. Lowell says of him at one period:—

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“The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him try to soften his croak to the proper Saint Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson.”

If he is droll as a lover, he is much more entertaining as an infant. The first I knew of the new use of the pasture, I heard one morning a strange cry. It was loud and persistent, and sounded marvelously like “Ma-a! Ma-a!” Mingled with it I heard the vigorous cries of crows.

I looked over into the pasture, and there I first saw the crow baby, nearly as big and black as his mamma, but with no tail to speak of. He sat — not stood — on the rail fence, bawling at the top of his hoarse baby voice, “Ma! Ma! Ma!” and as he grew impatient he uttered it faster and faster and louder and louder, drawing in his breath between the cries, and making it more like “Wah! Wah!” Whenever mamma flew over he followed her movement with his eyes, turning his head, and showing an eager, almost painful interest, till some one took pity on him and fed him. As he saw food approaching, his voice ran up several tones higher, in laughable imitation of a human baby cry. This note is of course the promise of a “caw,” but the *a* is flattened to the sound of *a* in bar, which makes it a ludicrous caricature of our own first utterances.

But sometimes mamma did not heed the cries, and sailed calmly by, alighting a few rails beyond her hungry infant, though he held out his fluttering wings in the bird baby’s begging way, exactly as does a young warbler who would n’t be a mouthful for him. Then the little

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fellow would start up on unsteady legs, to walk the rail to reach her, balancing himself with outspread wings, and when he got beside her, put his beak to hers in a coaxing way that I don't see how any mother could resist. But this wise dame had evidently hardened her heart. She probably wanted him to learn to help himself, for she dropped to the ground, and went wading about in the wet grass and mud, and at length flew off without giving him a morsel. Then the disappointed youngster cuddled up to a brother crow baby, and both lifted up their voices and lamented the emptiness of the cold, cold world.

Perhaps the most comical performance of this clumsy baby was his way of alighting on a fence when he had been flying. He seized the board with his claws, which clung for dear life, while his body went on as it was going, with the result almost of a somersault. He tried to learn, however. He made great efforts to master the vagaries of fences, the irregularities of the ground, the peculiarities of branches. He persistently walked the rail fence, though he had to spread both wings to keep his balance. Then he climbed to the top of the rail which stood up at the corners, and maintained his position with great effort, but never gave up the attempt.

These interesting young folks dote on fences, after they get used to them, and not having learned to recognize them as devices of the enemy, capable of concealing a trap of some sort, they will come quite near a house, when they see no one about. So I, behind my blind, had excellent chance to watch their ways. For I try to keep my window view good by contenting myself with what I

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can see from it, and never going out to give the birds a notion that they must look out for visitors.

One day when the grass had been cut from the meadow before the house, and I had encamped under the shade of a big maple to see how the kingbirds were coming on in nesting, I noticed a young crow walking in the hot stubble, trying to find something to eat. He wandered about, looking in vain to see something attractive. A robin who was also engaged in a food hunt came and "took his measure," looking sharply at him as if to decide whether it was his duty to go for him. He plainly recognized the youthfulness of the intruder, for after a moment's study he passed on, attending to his own business, while the young crow stared at him in open-mouthed curiosity. At last the crow baby picked up an object — I could not tell what — which hung from his beak while he balanced the probabilities of its being good, aiding his deliberations by a gentle lift of the wings which looked like a shrug of the shoulders. He decided to risk it, and swallowed, but instantly choked it up, and for some time shook his head as if to get rid of even the memory of it. When, a few minutes after this disastrous experience, he heard another baby utter the cries that indicate being fed, it seemed to suggest to him an easier way of getting satisfaction out of life. He spread his wings, flew to a tree, and began to call.

To be a crow mamma is no sinecure. My heart went out to the poor souls, who must be torn between anxiety for their dear "cantankerous" offspring and fear of their deadly enemy, man. I watched with deep interest their method of training. One day I saw a baby get an

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object lesson in his proper attitude toward mankind, in this way. An old and a young crow were nearer the house than usual, and I walked down toward the fence to see why. The instant my head appeared, the elder flew with terrific outcry, for which of course I did not blame the poor creature, since mankind has proved itself her bitterest foe. The infant was nearly frightened to death, and followed as quickly as his awkward wings would carry him. I do not like to figure as "Rawhead and bloody-bones" in the nursery of even a crow baby, so I tried several times to redeem the bad name of my race. But to no avail; that subtle mamma had acquired her wisdom by experience, and she knew me as one of a species quite capable of murdering an innocent crow baby.

I was interested to see the young family in the pasture taking lessons in following, or flying in a flock. There was great excitement and calling, and all flew, excepting one, who stood quietly on a big stone by himself. They simply circled around and alighted again, so it plainly was only an exercise. But the baby who did not learn the lesson and follow, was punished by one of the grown-ups, who flew directly against him on the return, and knocked him off his perch; the hint was taken, and the next time they flew no one stayed behind.

Day by day the excitement in the crow world grew, and new families appeared in the pasture as fast as old ones got out. The rails of the fence were always occupied by young ones — though never more than five or six at a time — crying and shrieking and calling for "Ma-a!" and old ones all the time flying about half dis-

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tracted, cawing and trying, I suppose, to enforce some order and discipline among the unruly rogues. Order, however, was quite a secondary consideration; the pressing duty of the hour was feeding. A crow parent on a foraging expedition is a most unwelcome visitor to the farmer with young chickens, or the bird-lover interested in the fate of nestlings. Yet when I saw the persecuted creature in the character of provider for four hungry and ever-clamorous mouths, to whose wants she is as alive as we are to the wants of our babies, I took a new view of crow depredations, and could not see why her children should not have a chicken or a bird for breakfast, as well as ours. Poor hunted crow, against whom every man's hand is raised! She feels, with reason, that every human being is a deadly enemy thirsting for her life, that every cylinder pointed upward is loaded with death, that every string is a cruel snare to entangle and maim her, — yet her offspring, dear as ours to us, clamor for food. How should she know that it is wrong to eat chickens, or that robin babies were made to live and grow up, and crow babies to die of starvation? The farmer ignores the millions of insects she destroys, and shoots her for the one chicken she takes, though she has been amply proved to be one of his most valuable servants. The kingbird and the oriole worry her life out of her because her babies like eggs — as who does not!

In fact, there are, emphatically, two sides to the crow question, and I take the side of the crow.

THE HARWELL-YATES GAME

By Ralph H. Barbour

THAT game will live in history.

It was a battle royal between giant foes. On one hand was the confidence begat of fifteen years of almost continuous victory over the crimson; on the other the desperation that such defeat brings. Yates had a proud record to sustain, Harwell a decade of worsting to atone for. And twenty-five thousand persons watched and hoped and feared as the battle raged.

Down settled the soaring ball into the arms of Kingdon, who tucked it under his arm and started with it toward the distant goal. But eight yards was all he found ere a Yates forward crashed down upon him. Then came a quick line-up on Harwell's forty yards, and first Prince, then Kingdon, then Blair was put through the line, each for a small gain, and the Harwell benches shouted their triumph. Again the pigskin was given to Prince for a try through the hole between tackle and guard, but this time he was hurled back for a loss. The next try was Kingdon's, and he made a yard around the Yates left end. It was the third down and five yards were lacking. Back went the ball for a kick, and a moment later it was Yates's on her thirty-five yards, and again the teams were lining up. It was now the turn of the east stand to cheer, and mightily the shout rolled across the field.

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Through came the Yates full, the ball safely stowed in the crook of his elbow, the whole force of the backs shoving him on. Three yards was his. Another line-up. Again the Yates full-back was given the ball, and again he gained. And it was the first down on Yates's forty-five-yard line. Then began a rout in which Harwell retreated and Yates pursued until the leather had crossed the middle of the field. The gains were made anywhere, everywhere, it seemed. Allardyce yielded time and again, and Selkirk beside him, lacking the other's support, was thrust aside almost at will. The Yates shouters were wild with joy, and the cheers of Harwell were drowned beneath the greater outbursts from the supporters of the blue.

Harwell appeared to be outclassed, so far as her rush line was concerned. Past the fifty-yard line went the ball, and between it and the next white streak, Harwell at last made a desperate stand, and secured the ball. At the first play it was sent speeding away from Blair's toe to the Yates mid-field, a long, clean, high kick, that led the forwards down under it in time to throw the waiting back ere he had taken a step, and that brought shouts of almost tearful delight from the Harwell sympathizers. Back to her line-bucking returned Yates, and slowly, but very surely, the contest moved over the lost ground, back toward the Harwell goal. The fifty-five-yard line was passed again, the fifty, the forty-five, and here or there holes were being torn in the Harwell line, and the crimson was going down before the blue. At her forty-yard line Harwell stayed again for a while the onslaught of the enemy, and tried thrice to make ground

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through the Yates line. Then back to the hands of Wilkes went the oval and again the heart-breaking rout began.

Harwell made her last desperate rally on her twenty-five yards. The ball was thrown to Blair, who kicked, but not soon enough to get it out of the way of the opposing forwards, who broke through as the ball rose. It struck against the upstretched hand of the Yates right guard and bounded toward the crimson's goal. The Yates left half fell upon it. From there, without forfeiting the ball, Yates crashed down to the goal line, and hurled Elton, her crack full-back, through at last for a touchdown.

For five minutes chaos reigned upon the east stand. All previous efforts paled into nothingness beside the outbursts of cheers that followed each other like claps of thunder up and down the long bank of fluttering color. Upon the other side of the field no rival shouts were heard. It was useless to try and drown that Niagara of sound. But here and there crimson flags waved defiantly at the triumphant blue.

The goal was an easy one, though it is probable that it would have been made had it been five times more difficult; for Elton was the acknowledged goal-kicker par excellence of the year. Then back trotted the teams, and as the Harwell Eleven lined up for the kick-off, Allardyce at left guard gave place to Murdoch. The big fellow had given out and had limped white-faced and choking from the field.

The whistle sounded and the ball rose into air, cork-screwing toward the Yates goal. Down the field under

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YATES.



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HARWELL.

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it went the Harwell runners like bolts from a bow, and the Yates half who secured the pigskin was downed where he caught. The two teams lined up quickly. Then back, foot by foot, yard by yard, went the struggling Harwell men. Yet the retreat was less like a rout than before, and Yates was having harder work. Her players were twice piled up against the Harwell centre, and she was at last forced to send a blue-clad youth around the left end, an experiment which netted her twelve yards and which brought the east stand to its feet, yelling like mad.

But here the crimson line at length braced and the ball went to its centre on three downs, and the tide turned for a while. The backs and the right end were hurled, one after another, at the opposing line, and shouts of joy arose from the crimson seats as gain after gain resulted. Thrice in quick succession Captain Dutton shot through the left end of the blue's line, the second time for a gain of five yards.

The cheering along the west side of the great field was now continuous, and the leaders, their crimson badges fluttering agitatedly, were waving their arms like tireless semaphores, and exciting the supporters of Harwell to greater and greater efforts. Nearer and nearer to the coveted touchdown crept the crimson line. With clock-work precision the ball was snapped, the quarter passed, the half leaped forward, the rush line plunged and strove, and then from somewhere a faint "Down!" was cried; and the panting players staggered to their feet, leaving the ball yet nearer to the threatened goal line. On the blue's twenty-three yards the whistle shrilled, and

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a murmur of dismay crept over the Yates seats as it was seen that Captain Ferguson lay motionless on the ground. But a moment's rubbing brought him to his feet again.

"He's not much hurt," explained the knowing ones. "He wants to rest a bit."

A minute later, while the ball still hovered about the twenty-yard line, Yates secured it on a fumbled pass, and the tide ebbed away from the beleaguered posts. Back as before were borne the crimson warriors, while the Yates forwards opened holes in the opposing line and the Yates halves dashed and wormed through for small gains. Then fate again aided the crimson, and on the blue's forty-seven-yard line a fake kick went sadly agley and the runner was borne struggling back toward his own goal before he would cry "Down!" And big Chesney grinned gleefully as he received the leather and bent his broad back above it.

Canes, crysanthemums, umbrellas, flags, carnations, hats, all these and many other things waved frantically above the great bank of crimson as the little knot of gallant knights in moleskin crept back over their recent path of retreat and took the war again into the enemy's country. Every inch of the way was stubbornly contested by the defenders, but slowly they were pushed back, staggering under the shocks of the crimson's attack. Chesney, Rutland, and Murdoch worked together, side by side, like one man — or forty! — and when time was called for an instant on the Yates twenty-five yards it was to bring Galt, the blue's left tackle, back to consciousness and send him limping off the gridiron. His

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place in the line was taken by an old Hilltonian, one Dunsmore, and the game went on.

And now it was the blue that was in full retreat and the crimson that pursued. Nearer and nearer to the Yates goal line went the resisting besieged and the conquering besiegers, and the great black score-board announced but eight more minutes of the first half remaining. But even eight were three more than were needed. For Harwell crossed the twenty yards by tandem on tackle, gained the fifteen in two downs by wedges between tackle and guard, and from there on, until the much-desired goal line was reached, never paused in her breathless, resistless onslaught. It was Wesley Blair who at last put the ball over for a touchdown, going through between centre and left guard with all the weight of the Harwell Eleven behind him. His smothered "Down!" was never heard, for the west stand was a swaying, tumultuous unit of thunderous acclaim.

Up went the flags and banners of crimson hues, loud sounded the pæan of praise and thanksgiving from thousands of straining throats, while below on the side lines the coaches leaped for joy and strained each other to their breasts in unspeakable delight.

And while the shouting went on as though never would the frenzied shouters cease, the grim, panting Yates players lined up back of their goal line, on tiptoe, ready at the first touch of the ball to the earth to spring forward and, leaping upward, strive to arrest the speeding oval. Prone upon the ground, the ball in his hands, lay Story. A yard or two distant Blair directed the pointing of it. The goal was a most difficult one, from

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an angle, and long the full-back studied and directed, until faint groans of derision arose from the impatient east stand, and the men behind the goal line moved restively.

"Lacing to you," said Blair quietly. Story shifted the ball imperceptibly.

"More." The quarter-back obeyed.

"Cock it." Higher went the end toward the goal.

"Not so much." It was lowered carefully, slowly.

"Steady." Blair stepped back, glanced once swiftly at the cross-bar, and stepped forward again.

"Down!" Story's left hand touched the grass, the Yates men surged forward, there was a thud, and —

Upward sped the ball, rising, rising, until it topped the bar, then slowly turning over, over in its quickening descent. But the nearly silent west stand had broke again into loud cries of triumph, and upon the face of the score-board appeared the momentous word GOAL!

Again the ball was put in play, but the half was soon over and the players, snatching their blankets, trotted to the dressing-rooms. And the score-board announced, "Opponents, 6. Yates, 6."

As the little swinging door closed behind him Joel found himself in a seething mass of players, rubbers, and coaches, while a babel of voices, greetings, commands, laughter, and lament, confused him. It was a busy scene. The trainer and his assistants were working like mad. The doctor and the head coach were talking twenty to the second. Everybody was explaining everything, and the indefatigable coaches were hurrying from man to man, instructing, reminding, and scolding.

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Joel had only to look on, save when he lent a hand at removing some torn and stubborn jersey, or at finding lost shin-guards and nose masks, and so he found a seat out of the way, and, searching the room with his gaze, at length found Prince. That gentleman was having a nice new pink elastic bandage put about his ankle. He was grinning sturdily, but at every clutch of the web his lips twitched and his brow puckered. Joel, watching him, wondered how much more he would stand, and whether his (Joel's) chance would come ere the fatal whistle piped the end of the match.

"Time's up!" cried the head coach suddenly, and the confusion redoubled until he mounted to a bench and clapped his hands loudly above the din. Comparative silence ensued. "Fellows," he began, "here's the list for the next half. Answer to your names, please. And go over to the door. Fellows, you'll have to make less noise. Dutton, Selkirk, Murdoch — Murdoch?"

"Right!" The voice emerged from the folds of a woolen sweater which had stubbornly refused to go on or off. With a smile the head coach continued the list, each man responding as his name was announced and crowding to the doorway.

"Chesney, Rutland, Burbridge, Barton" —

A murmur arose from the listening throng, and Chase, a tall, pale-faced youth, his cheek exhibiting the marks of a contact with some one's shoe cleats, groaned loudly and flung himself onto a bench, where he sat looking blindly before him until the list was finished.

"Story, Prince" —

"Here!" called the latter, jumping from his seat.

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Then a sharp, agonized cry followed, and Prince toppled over, clutching vainly at the air. The head coach paused. The doctor and the trainer pushed toward the fallen man, and a moment later the former announced quietly, —

“He’s fainted, sir.”

“Can he go on?” asked the head coach.

“He is out of the question. Ankle’s too painful. I could n’t allow it.”

“Very well,” answered the other as he amended the list. “Kingdon, Blair, March.”

Joel’s heart leaped as he heard his name pronounced, and he tried to answer.

“March?” demanded the head coach impatiently; and “Here, sir!” gulped Joel, rushing to the door.

“All right,” continued the head coach. “There is n’t time for any fine phrases, fellows, and if there was I could n’t say them so that they’d do any good. You know what you’ve got to do. Go ahead and do it. You have the chance of wiping out a good many defeats, more than it’s pleasant to think about. The college expects a great deal from you. Don’t disappoint it. Play hard and play together. Don’t give an inch; die first. Tackle low, run high, *and keep your eyes on the ball!* And now, fellows, *three times three for Harwell!*”

And what a cheer that was! The little building shook, the men stood on their toes; the head coach cheered himself off the bench; and Joel yelled so desperately that his breath gave out at the last “Rah!” and did n’t come back until the little door was burst open and he found himself leaping the fence into the gridiron.

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And what a burst of sound greeted their reappearance! The west stand shook from end to end. Crimson banners broke out on the breeze, every one was on his feet, hats waved, umbrellas clashed, canes swirled. A youth in a plaid ulster went purple in the face at the small end of a five-foot horn; and for all the sound it seemed to make it might as well have been a penny whistle. The ushers waved their arms, but to no purpose, since the seats heeded them not at all, but shouted as their hearts dictated and as their throats and lungs allowed.

Joel, gazing about him from the field, felt a shiver of emotion pass through him. They were cheering *him!* He was one of the little band in honor of which the flags waved, the voices shouted, and the songs were sung! He felt a lump growing in his throat, and to keep down the tears that for some reason were creeping into his eyes, he let drive at a ball that came bumping toward him and kicked it so hard that Selkirk had to chase it half down the field.

“Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Harwell! Harwell! Harwell! Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Harwell!”

The leaders of the cheering had again gotten control of their sections, and the long, deliberate cheer, majestic in its intensity of sound, crashed across the space, rebounded from the opposite stand, and went echoing upward into the clear afternoon air.

“Harwell!” muttered Joel. “*You bet!*” Then he gathered with the others about Dutton to listen to that leader’s last instructions. And at the same moment the east stand broke into cheers as the gallant sons of

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Yates bounded onto the grass. Back and forth rolled the mighty torrents of sound, meeting in mid-air, breaking and crashing back in fainter reverberations. They were singing the college songs now, and the merits and virtues of both colleges were being chanted defiantly to the tunes of popular airs. Thousands of feet "tramp-tramped," keeping time against the stands. The Yates band and the Harwell band were striving, from opposite ends of the field, to drown each other's strains. And the blue and crimson fluttered and waved, the sun sank lower toward the western horizon, and the shadows crept along the ground.

"There will be just one more score," predicted the knowing ones as they buttoned their ulsters and overcoats up at the throat and crouched along the side lines, like so many toads. "But who will make it I'm blessed if I know!"

Then Harwell lined up along the fifty-five-yard line, with the ball in their possession, and the south goal behind them. And Yates scattered down the field in front. And the linesmen placed their canes in the turf, and the referee and the umpire walked into the field, and the stands grew silent save for the shrill voice of a little freshman on the west stand who had fallen two bars behind in "This is Harwell's Day," and needs must finish out while his breath lasted.

"Are you all ready?" asked the referee. There was no reply. Only here and there a foot moved uneasily as weights were thrown forward, and there was a general, almost imperceptible, tightening of nerves and muscles.

And then the whistle blew.

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The kick-off came into Blair's ready arms, the interference formed quickly, and the full-back sped down the field. One white line passed under foot — another; Joel felt Blair's hand laid lightly upon his shoulder, and ran as though life itself depended upon getting that precious ball past the third mark. But the Yates ends were upon them. Joel gave the shoulder to one, but the second dived through Kingdon, and the runner came to earth on the twenty-three-yard line, with Joel tugging at him in the hope of advancing the pigskin another foot.

"Line up quickly, fellows!" called Story. The players jumped to their places. "1 — 9 — 9!" Joel crept back a bare yard. "1 — 9 — 9!"

Kingdon leaped forward, snugged the ball under his arm, and, followed by Joel, tried to find a hole inside left end. But the hole was not there, and the ball was instantly in the centre of a pushing, grinding mass. "Down!" No gain.

Story, worming his way through the jumble, clapped his hands. Chesney was already stooping over the ball. Joel ran to his position, and the quarter threw a rapid glance behind him.

"2 — 8 — 9!" He placed his hand on the centre's broad back.

"2 — 8 — !" The ball was snapped. Joel darted toward the centre, took the leather at a hand pass, crushed it against the pit of his stomach, and followed the left end through a breach in the living wall. Strong hands pushed him on. Then he came bang! against a huge shoulder, was seized by the Yates right half, and

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thrown. He hugged the ball as the players crashed down upon him.

"Third down," called the referee. "Three yards to gain."

"Line up, fellows, line up!" called the impatient Story, and Joel jumped to his feet, upsetting the last man in the pile-up, and scurried back.

"2 — 9 — 9!"

"2 — 9 —!" Back sped Blair. Up ran Joel and Kingdon. The line blocked desperately. A streak of brown flew by, and a moment later Joel heard the thud as the full-back's shoe struck the ball. Then down the field he sped, through the great gap made by the Yates forwards. The Harwell ends were well under the kick and stood waiting grimly beside the Yates full-back as the ball settled to earth. As it thudded against his canvas jacket and as he started to run, three pairs of arms closed about him, and he went down in his tracks. The ball lay on Yates's fifty-three-yard line.

The field streamed up. The big Yates centre took the ball. Joel crept up behind the line, his hands on the broad canvas-covered forms in front, dodging back and forth behind Murdoch and Selkirk. "26 — 57 — 38 — 19!" The opposing left half started across, took the ball, and then — why, then Joel was at the very bottom of some seven hundred pounds of writhing humanity, trying his best to get his breath, and wondering where the ball was!

"Second down. Three and a half yards to gain."

Again the lines faced. Joel was crouched close to quarter, obeying that player's gesture. They were going

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to try Murdoch again. Joel heard the breathless tones of the Yates quarter as he stooped behind the opposing line.

"A tandem on guard," whispered Joel to himself. The next moment there was a crash, the man in front of him gave; then Joel and Story, gripping the turf with their toes, braced hard; there was a moment of heaving, panting suspense; then a smothered voice cried "Down!"

"Third down," cried the referee. "Three and a half yards to gain."

"Look out for a fake kick," muttered Story, as Joel fell back. The opposing line was quickly formed, and again the signal was given. The rush line heaved, Joel sprang into the air, settling with a crash against the shoulders of Chesney and Murdoch, who went forward, carrying the defense before them. But the ball was passed, and even as the Yates line broke the thud of leather against leather was heard. Joel scrambled to his feet, assisted by Chesney, and streaked up the field. The ball was overhead, describing a high, short arch. Blair was awaiting it, and Kingdon was behind and to the right of him. Down it came, out shot Blair's hands, and catching it like a baseball he was off at a jump, Kingdon beside him. Joel swung about, gave a shoulder to an oncoming blue-clad rusher, ran slowly until the two backs were hard behind him, and then dashed on.

Surely there was no way through that crowded field. Yet even as he studied his path a pair of blue stockings went into the air, and a threatening obstacle was out of the way, bowled over by a Harwell forward. The ends were now scouting ahead of the runners, engaging the

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enemy. The fifty-five-yard line was traversed at an angle near the east side of the field, and Joel saw the touch line growing instantly more imminent. But a waiting Yates man, crouchingly running up the line, was successfully passed, and the trio bore farther infield, putting ten more precious yards behind them.

The west stand was wild with exultant excitement, and Joel found himself speeding onward in time with the rhythmic sway of the deep "Rah-rah-rah!" that boomed across from the farther side. But the enemy was fast closing in about them. The Yates right half was plunging down from the long side, a pertinacious forward was almost at their heels. And now the Yates full was charging obliquely at them with his eyes staring, his jaw set, and determination in every feature and line. The hand on Joel's shoulder dropped, Blair eased his pace by ever so little, and Joel shot forward in the track of the full, his head down, and the next moment was sprawling on the turf with the enemy above him. But he saw and heard Blair and Kingdon hurdling over, felt a sharp pain that was instantly forgotten, and knew that the ball was safely by.

But the run was over at the next line. Kingdon made a heroic effort to down the half, and would have succeeded had it not been for the persevering forward, who reached him with his long arms and pulled him to earth. And Blair, the ball safe beneath him, lay at the Yates thirty-five yards, the half-back holding his head to earth.

Joel arose, and as he trotted to his position he looked curiously at the first finger of his left hand. It bore the imprint of a shoe-cleat, and pained dully. He tried to

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stretch it, but could not. Then he shook his hand. The finger wobbled crazily. Joel grinned.

"Bust!" he whispered laconically.

His first impulse was to ask for time to have it bound. Then he recollected that some one had said the doctor was very strict about injuries. Perhaps the latter would consider the break sufficient cause for Joel's leaving the field. That would n't do; better to play with a broken arm than not to play at all. So he tried to stick the offending hand in his pocket, found there was no pocket there, and put the finger in his mouth instead. Then he forgot all about it, for Harwell was hammering the blue's line desperately and Joel had all he could do to remember the signals and play his position.

For the next quarter of an hour the ball hovered about Yates's danger territory. Twice, by the hardest kind of line bucking, it was placed within the ten-yard line, and twice, by the grimmest, most desperate resistance, it was lost on downs and sent hurtling back to near mid-field. But Yates was on the defensive, even when the oval was in her possession, and Harwell experienced the pleasurable — and, in truth, unaccustomed — exultation that comes with the assurance of superiority. Harwell's greatest ground-gaining plays now were the two sequences from ordinary formation and full-back forward. These were used over and over, ever securing territory, and ever puzzling the opponents.

Joel was hard worked. He was used not only to wriggle around the line inside of ends and to squirm through difficult outlets, but to charge the line as well, a feat of which his height and strong legs rendered him

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well capable. He proved a consistent ground-gainer, and with Blair, who worked like a hero, and Kingdon, who won laurels for himself that remained fresh many years, gained the distance time and again. But although the spectacular performances belonged here to the backs, the line it was that made such work possible. Chesney, with his six feet, four and a half inches of muscle, and his two hundred and twenty-nine pounds of weight, stood like a veritable Gibraltar of strength. Beside him Rutland was scarcely less invulnerable, and Murdoch, on the other side, played like a veteran, which he was not, being only a nineteen-year-old sophomore, with but one hundred and sixty-seven pounds to keep him from blowing away.

Selkirk gave way to Lee when the half was two thirds over, but Burbridge played it out, and then owned up to a broken shoulder bone, and was severely lectured by the trainer, the head coach, and the doctor in turn; and worshiped by the whole college. Captain Dutton played a dashing, brilliant game at left end, and secured for himself a reelection that held no dissenting vote. And Barton, at the other end of the red line, tried his best to fill the place of the deposed Chase, and if he did not fully succeed, at least failed not from want of trying. But it was little Story, the quarter-back, who won unfading glory. A mass of nerves from his head down, his brain was as clear and cool as the farthest goal post, and he ran the team in a manner that made the coaches, hopping and scrambling along on the side lines, hug themselves and each other in glee. So much for the Harwell men.

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As for Yates, what words are eloquent enough to do justice to the heroic, determined defense she made there under the shadow of her own goal, when defeat seemed every moment waiting to overwhelm her? Every man in that blue-clad line and back of it was a hero, the kind that history loves to tell of. The right guard, Morris, was a pitiable sight as, with white, drawn face, he stood up under the terrific assault, staggering, with half-closed eyes, to hold the line. Joel was heartily glad when, presently, he fell up against the big Yates centre after a fierce attack at his position, and was supported, half fainting, from the field. The substitute was a lighter man, as the next try at his position showed, and the gains through the guard-tackle hole still went on. Yates's team now held four substitutes, although with the exception of Douglas, the substitute right-guard, none of them were perceptibly inferior to the men whose places they took.

The cheering from the Harwell seats was now continuous, and the refrain of "Glory, glory for the Crimson!" was repeated over and over. On the east stand the Yates supporters were neither hopeless nor silent. Their cheers were given with a will and encouraged their gallant warriors to renewed and ever more desperate defense. The score-board proclaimed the game almost done. With six minutes left it only remained, as it seemed, for Yates to hold the plunging crimson once more at the last ditch to keep the game a tie, and so win what would, under the circumstances, have been as good as a victory.

Down came the Harwell line once more to the twenty



"GLORY, GLORY FOR THE CRIMSON" WAS REPEATED OVER AND OVER.

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yards, but here they stopped. For on a pass from quarter to left half, the latter, one Joel March of our acquaintance, fumbled the ball, dived quickly after it, and landed on the Yates left guard, who had plunged through and now lay with the pigskin safe beneath him!

It is difficult to either describe or appreciate the full depth of Joel's agony as he picked himself up and limped back to his place. It was a heart-tearing, blinding sensation that left him weak and limp. But there was nothing for it save to go on and try to retrieve his fatal error. The white face of Story turned toward him, and Joel read in the brief glance no anger, only an almost tearful grief. He swung upon his heel with a muttered word that sounded ill from his lips. But he was only a boy and the provocation was great; let us not remember it against him.

The Yates centre threw back the ball for a kick, and Joel went down the field after it. As he ran he wondered if Story would try him again. It seemed doubtful, but if he did — Joel ground his teeth — he would take it through the line! They would see! Just give him one chance to retrieve that fumble! A year later and he had learned that a misplay, even though it lose the game for your side, may in time be lived down. But now that knowledge was not his, and a heart-rending picture of disgrace before the whole college presented itself to him.

Then Blair had the ball, was off, was tackled near the side line under the Yates stand, and the two teams were quickly lined up again. The cheers from the friends of the blue were so loud that the quarter's voice giving the

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signal was scarcely to be heard. Joel crept nearer. Then his heart leaped up into his throat and stood still.

“7 — 1 — 2!”

There was no mistake! It was left half's ball on a double pass for a run around right end! The line-up was within eight yards of the east side line. The play was the third of the second sequence, in which Joel with the other backs had been well instructed, and its chance of success lay in the fact that it had the appearance of a full-back punt or a run around the long side of the field. Joel leaned forward, facing the left end. Blair crept a few feet in.

“7 — 1 — !” began the quarter.

The ball was snapped, Blair ran three strides nearer, the quarter turned, and the pigskin flew back. Joel started like a shot, seized the ball from the full-back's outstretched hands, and sped toward the right end of the line. The right half crossed in front of him, the right end and tackle thrust back their opponents, the left tackle and guard blocked hard and long. Blair helped the right half in his diversion at the left end, and Joel, with Dutton interfering and Blair a stride behind, swept around the end.

The only danger was in being forced over the touch line, but the play worked well, and the opposing tackle seemed anchored. The Yates end, from his place back of the line, leaped at them, but was upset by Dutton, and the two went down together. The opposing left half bore down upon Joel and Blair, the latter speeding along at the runner's side, and came at them with outstretched arms. Another moment and Joel was alone. Story and

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the half were just a mass of waving legs and arms many yards behind.

Joy was the supreme sensation in Joel's breast. Only the Yates full-back threatened, the ball was safely clutched in his right arm, his breath came easily, his legs were strong, and the goal posts loomed far down the field and beckoned him on. This, he thought exultingly, was the best moment that life could give him.

Behind, although he could not hear it for the din of shouting from the Harwell stand, he knew the pursuit to be in full cry. He edged farther out from the dangerous touch line and sped on. The Yates full-back had been deceived by the play and had gone far up the field for a kick, and now down he came, and Joel found a chill creeping over him as he remembered the player's wide reputation. He was the finest full-back, so report had it, of the year. And of a sudden Joel found his breath growing labored, and his long legs began to ache and seemed stiffening at the thighs and knees. But he only ran the faster and prepared for the threatened tackle. Harwell hearts sank, for the crimson-clad runner appeared to waver, to be slowing down. Suddenly, when only his own length separated him from his prey, the Yates full-back left the ground and, like a swimmer diving into the sea, dove for the hesitating runner.

There was but one thing that day more beautiful to see than that fearless attempt to tackle; and that one thing was the leap high into the air that the Harwell left half made just in the nick of time, clearing the tackler, barely avoiding a fall, and again running free with the ball still safe!

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The Yates player quickly recovered and took up the chase, and the momentary pause had served to bring the foremost of the other pursuers almost to Joel's heels. And now began a contest that will ever live in the memories of those who witnessed it.

Panting, weary, his legs aching at every bound, his throat parching with the hot breath, Joel struggled on. Joy had given place to fear and desperation. Time and again he choked down the over-ready sobs. Behind him sounded the thud of relentless feet. He dared not look back lest he stumble. Every second he expected to feel the clutch of the enemy. Every second he thought that *now* he must give up. But recollection of that fumble crushed down each time the inclination to yield, and one after another the nearly obliterated lines passed under foot. He gave up trying to breathe; it was too hard. His head was swimming and his lungs seemed bursting.

Then his wandering faculties rushed back at a bound as he felt a touch, just the lightest fingering, on his shoulder, and gathering all his remaining strength he increased his pace for a few steps, and the hand was gone. And the ten-yard line passed, slowly, reluctantly.

"One more," he thought, "one more!"

The great stands were hoarse with shouting; for here ended the game. The figures on the score-board had changed since the last play, and now relentlessly proclaimed one minute left!

Nearer and nearer crept the five-yard line, nearer and nearer crept the pursuing full-back. Then, and at the same instant, the scattered breadth of lime was gone, and a hand clutched at the canvas jacket of the Harwell

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runner. Once more Joel called upon his strength and tried to draw away, but it was no use. And with the goal line but four yards distant, stout arms were clasped tightly about his waist.

One — two — three strides he made. The goal line writhed before his dizzy sight. Relentlessly the clutching grasp fastened tighter and tighter about him like steel bands, and settled lower and lower until his legs were clasped and he could move no farther! Despairingly he thrust the ball out at arm's length and tried to throw himself forward; the trampled turf rose to meet him.

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"The ball is over!" pronounced the referee. It was a nice decision, for an inch would have made a world of difference; but it has never been disputed.

Then Dutton leaped into the air, waving his arms, Rutland turned a somersault, and the west stand arose as one man and went mad with delight. Hats and cushions soared into air, the great structure shook and trembled from end to end, and the last few golden rays of the setting sun glorified the waving, fluttering bank of triumphant crimson!

THE ELEPHANTS THAT STRUCK

By Samuel White Baker

I REMEMBER an occasion, many years ago, when in Ceylon, I, in connection with my brother, had organized a scheme for the development of a mountain sanitarium at Newera Ellia. We had a couple of tame elephants employed in various works; but it was necessary to obtain the assistance of the government stables for the transport of very heavy machinery, which could not be conveyed in the ordinary native carts. There were accordingly a large number of elephant wagons drawn by their colossal teams, some of which required four elephants.

It was the wet season upon the mountains. Our settlement was 6200 feet above the sea, and the zigzag pass from Ramboddé, at the base of the steep ascent, was fifteen miles in length. The crest of the pass was 7000 feet in altitude, from which we descended 800 feet to the Newera Ellia plain.

The elephant wagons having arrived at Ramboddé from Colombo, about 100 miles distant, commenced the heavy uphill journey. The rain was unceasing, the roads were soft, and the heavily laden wagons sunk deeply in the ruts; but the elephants were mighty beasts, and, laying their weight against the work, they slowly dragged the vehicles up the yielding and narrow way.

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The abrupt zigzags bothered the long wagons and their still longer teams. The bridges over dangerous chasms entailed the necessity of unloading the heavier carts, and caused great delay. Day after day passed away; but although the ascent was slow, the wagons still moved upwards, and the region of everlasting mist (at that season) was reached. Dense forests clothed the mountain sides; the roar of waterfalls resounded in the depths of black ravines; tangled bamboo grass crept upwards from the wet soil into the lower branches of the moss-covered trees, and formed a green curtain impenetrable to sight.

The thermometer fell daily as the altitude increased. The elephants began to sicken; two fine animals died. There was plenty of food, as the bamboo grass was the natural provender, and in the carts was a good supply of paddy; but the elephants' intelligence was acting against them — they had reasoned, and had become despondent.

For nine or ten days they had been exposed to ceaseless wet and cold, dragging their unmanageable wagons up a road that even in dry weather was insufficient to sustain the weight. The wheels sank deep below the metal foundation, and became hopelessly imbedded. Again and again the wagons had to be emptied of their contents, and extra elephants were taken from the other carts and harnessed to the empty wagons, which were by sheer weight of animals dragged from the deep mire.

Thus the time had passed, and the elephants had evidently reasoned upon the situation, and had concluded

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that there was no summit to the mountain, and no end to the steep and horrible ascent; it would be, therefore, useless to persevere in unavailing efforts. They determined, under these heart-breaking circumstances, to strike work; . . . and they did strike.

One morning a couple of the elephant drivers appeared at my house in Newera Ellia, and described the situation. They declared that it was absolutely impossible to induce the elephants to work; they had given it up as a bad job!

I immediately mounted my horse and rode up the pass, and then descended the road upon the other side, timing the distance by my watch. Rather under two miles from the summit I found the road completely blocked with elephant carts and wagons; the animals were grazing upon bamboo grass in the thick forest; the rain was drizzling, and a thick mist increased the misery of the scene. I ordered four elephants to be harnessed to a cart intended for only one animal. This was quickly effected, and the drivers were soon astride the animals' necks, and prodded them with the persuasive iron hooks. Not an elephant would exert itself to draw. In vain the drivers, with relentless cruelty, drove the iron points deep into the poor brutes' necks and heads, and used every threat of their vocabulary; the only response was a kind of "marking time" on the part of the elephants, which simply moved their legs mechanically up and down, and swung their trunks to and fro; but none would pull or exert the slightest power, neither did they move forward a single inch!

THE ELEPHANTS THAT STRUCK

I never saw such an instance of passive and determined obstinacy; the case was hopeless.

An idea struck me. I ordered the drivers to detach the four elephants from the harness, and to ride them thus unfettered up the pass, following behind my horse. It appeared to me that if the elephants were heart-broken, and in despair at the apparently interminable mountain pass, it would be advisable to let them know the actual truth, by showing them that they were hardly two miles from the summit, where they would exchange their uphill labor for a descent into Newera Ellia; they should then have an extra feed, with plenty of jaggery (a coarse brown sugar), and be introduced to the companionship of our two female elephants. If they passed an agreeable night, with the best of food and warm quarters, they would possibly return on the following day to their work, and with lighter hearts would put their shoulders to the wheel, instead of yielding to a dogged attitude of despair.

The success of this ruse was perfect. The elephants accompanied me to Newera Ellia, and were well fed and cared for. On the following day we returned to the heavy work, and I myself witnessed their start with the hitherto unyielding wagon. Not only did they exert their full powers, and drag the lumbering load straight up the fatiguing hill without the slightest hesitation, but their example, or some unaccountable communication between them, appeared to give general encouragement. I employed the most willing elephants as extras to each wagon, which they drew to the summit of the pass, and then returned to assist the others,—thus

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completing what had been pronounced by the drivers as utterly impossible. There can be no doubt that the elephants had at once perceived the situation, and in consequence recovered their lost courage.

MIDSHIPMEN'S PRANKS

By Basil Hall

DURING the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the Peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle and the busy, amongst all classes of the *Leander's* officers, was shooting, that never-ending, still-beginning amusement which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe — popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or the fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth.

In the meantime the officers and the young gentlemen of the flagship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, — I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, — were constantly blazing away among the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion.

The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with His Majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs

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formed by cutting up His Majesty's musket bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs, high-bred pointers; while the middies also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own, — they recked very little of what breed; but some sort of animal they said they must have.

I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage, but having once obtained him we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true he was as ugly as anything could possibly be. His color was a dirty reddish yellow; and while one part of his hair became knotted and twisted into curls, another portion hung down quite straight, almost to the ground. He proved utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but was quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore — in chasing pigs, barking at old white-headed negresses, and other amusements suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers.

People will differ about the merits of dogs, but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation it was decided to call him Shakings. Now it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope-yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards, — in short, to **any** kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of

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the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed on our beautiful favorite in consequence of his color not being very dissimilar from that of well-tarred Russian hemp; while the resemblance was daily increased by many a dab of pitch which, in the hot weather, his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck.

If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was, at least, the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind; so that when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers returned on board, after each shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to his fellow-dogs for the news.

The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters, the officers, who could not bear to see such an abominable cur, as they called our favorite, at once "so dirty and so utterly useless," mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as the above; then it came to an occasional kick on the stern, or a knock on the nose with the butt end of a fowling-piece; and lastly, to a sound cut across the rump with the hunting whip.

Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, or, at all events, soon learned it, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part; while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised towards

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an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the showy dogs in the wardroom put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs, for bulkheads have ears as well as walls. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly polished boot, called out one morning, —

“Man the jolly-boat, and land that dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen!”

“Where shall I take him to, sir?” asked the strokesman of the boat.

“Oh, anywhere; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He’ll shift for himself, I have no doubt.” So off went poor dear Shakings!

If a stranger had come into the midshipmen’s berth at that moment, he might have thought His Majesty’s naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, and subordination seemed utterly canceled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending “nobs,” who, we declared, were combining to make our lives miserable.

Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage, and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service unless justice were obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half a dozen times every week since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of this pledge. Another declared, upon his word of honor, that such an act was enough to make a man turn

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Turk and fly his country! At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress of our grievances.

While we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to "furl sails," upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived.

A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulman, was afterwards concocted. The midshipmen who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering-place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends.

In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards was trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honored by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired "to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again." Of course, this particular youngster did not bring the dog off; but before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away in grand chorus with his

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more fashionable friends the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the cabin door of the very officer whose beautifully polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning — an offense that had led to his banishment.

This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were summoned to the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms were positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim of oppression as we termed him, was once more landed amongst the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore, but how or when he found his way off again no one ever knew — at least no one chose to divulge.

Never was there anything like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters at this meeting. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage!

Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-timed show of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had only kept his paws to himself, and stayed quietly in the dark recesses of the cockpit, wings, cable tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which were known only to the inhabitants of our submarine world, all might yet have been well.

We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings' restoration, and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the

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watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the wind sail, sent down to put our lights out, and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks.

Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched everywhere, interrogated the coxswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the forecastle, gangways, and poop; but all in vain — no trace of Shakings could be found.

At length the idea began to gain ground among us that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means; and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts.

This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us — say about thirty — had won the affections of the whole of our class by the gentleness of his manners and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of Daddy; and certainly he was as a father to those of us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education; but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears

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essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-hearted can brook.

What this very interesting person's early history might have been we never could find out, nor could we guess why he entered the navy, nor conjecture how it came that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite content to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters who occasionally bullied them. In all cases of difficulty we never failed to cluster round him to tell our grievances great and small, with the certainty of always finding in him that great desideratum in calamity, a patient and friendly listener.

It will easily be supposed that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He felt, like us, sadly perplexed when the dog was finally missing, and for some days afterwards he could afford us no comfort nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed that, as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all.

"There can be no harm, however," he at last exclaimed in his dry and slightly sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, — "there can be no possible harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend

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Shakings; for, whatever is become of him, he is lost to them as well as to you, and his memory ought to be duly respected by his old masters."

This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked to procure badges of mourning. Each of the pointers was speedily rigged up with a large bunch of black tied in a handsome bow upon his left leg, just above the knee. The joke took immediately, and even the officers could not help laughing; for though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, these gentlemen showed themselves (except in this instance) the best-natured and most indulgent persons I remember to have sailed with. They ordered the crape, however, to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs, and one of the officers remarked to us seriously that as we had now had our piece of fun out there were to be no more such tricks.

Off we scampered to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs.

"Put the pigs in mourning," he said.

All our crape had been expended by this time, but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the memory of the departed Shakings, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle; and thus supplied, away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief.

The row which ensued in the pigsty was prodigious;

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for in those days hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war, a custom wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we intermitted not our noisy labor till every one of the grunterns wore his armlet of such crape as we had been able to muster; then, watching our opportunity, we opened the door and let out the whole herd of swine on the main deck, just at the moment when a group of the officers was standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very noses of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings.

The officers now became excessively provoked, for they could not help seeing that these proceedings were affording entertainment at their expense to the whole crew. The men, of course, took no part in this touch of insubordination, but they (like the middies) were ready enough in those idle times of the weary, weary peace to catch at any species of distraction, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommeling their enemies.

The matter, therefore, as a point of discipline, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of young culprits being sent for on the quarter-deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called "toe-the-line

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matches." We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for while it was going on the sailors were endeavoring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult — as most difficult we found it — to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again.

Such, at least, is the fair inference from these two experiments, the only ones, perhaps, on record; for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour, to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their sable badges.

All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but in the course of the day the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very act of tying on a bit of black bunting to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black.

On these fresh offenses being reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the masthead as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-

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trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman, being perched at the jib boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin when we were called down as the night fell.

Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, set seriously to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him that if the dog had indeed been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the ship's butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder. Accordingly, he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place.

"Well, butcher, will you have a glass of grog to-night?"

"Thank you, sir, thank you. Here's your honor's health!" said the other, after smoothing down his hair and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth.

Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the rogue took his glass, and mixing another a good deal more potent placed it before the fellow. He then continued the conversation in these words:—

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher, you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say; but, if required, you know well that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs."

"Surely, sir."

"Or upon dogs either?" suddenly asked the inquisitor.

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"I don't know about that," stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback.

"Well, well," said Daddy, "here 's another glass for you — a stiff northwester. Come, tell us all about it now. How did you get rid of the dog — of Shakings, I mean?"

"Why, sir," said the peaching scoundrel, "I put him in a bag — a bread bag, sir."

"Well, what then?"

"I tied up the mouth, and put him overboard, out of the midship lower-deck port, sir."

"Yes; but he would not sink," said Daddy.

"Oh, sir," cried the fellow, now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade, "I put a four-and-twenty-pound shot into the bag along with Shakings."

"Did you? Then, Mr. Butcher, all I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged. There — drink your grog, and be off with you!"

Next morning, when the officers were assembling at breakfast in the wardroom, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out with a paper in his hand.

"Here," he exclaimed, "is a copy of verses which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about; but you shall judge."

So he read aloud the two following stanzas of doggerel:

"When the Northern Coufed' rary threatened our shores,
And roused Abouq's lion, reclining to sleep,
Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
Nor so much as a rope-yarn was launched in the deep.

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“But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather,
The stores may be ——, and humanity too,
For Shakings and shot are thrown o'erboard together!”

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cockpit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight. About midnight an urchin, who shall be nameless, was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin.

The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by. But as angry people are seldom judicious, they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him, —

“Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines?”

“I am, sir,” he replied, after a little consideration.

“Then all I can say is,” remarked the captain, “they are clever enough in their way, but take my advice and write no more such verses.”

So the matter ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and confined his pen to topics below the surface of the water.

In the course of a few months the war broke out, and there was no longer time for such nonsense.

A KING'S HORSE

By Plutarch

AT what time Philonicus Thessalian had brought Bucephal the horse to sell unto King Philip, asking thirteen talents, they went into the field to ride him. The horse was found so rough and churlish that the riders said he would never do service, for he would let no man get up on his back, nor abide any of the gentlemen's voices about King Philip, but would jerk out at them. Thereupon, Philip being afrayed, commanded them to carry him away as a wild beast, and altogether unprofitable. the which they had done, had not Alexander that stood by said, "O gods, what a horse do they turn away, for lack of skill and heart to handle him." Philip heard what he said, but held his peace. Alexander oft repeating his words, seeming to be sorry that they should send back the horse again, "Why," said Philip, "dost thou control them that have more experience than thou, and that know better than thou how to handle a horse?" Alexander answered, "And yet methinks I should handle him better than all they have done." "But if thou canst not, no more than they," replied Philip, "what wilt thou forfeit for thy folly?" "I am content (quoth Alexander) to jeopard the price of the horse." Every man laughed to hear his answer: and the wager was laid between them. Then ran Alexander to the horse, and took

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him by the bridle, and turned him towards the sun. It seemed that he had marked (as I suppose) how mad the horse was to see his own shadow, which was ever before him in his eye, as he stirred to and fro. Then Alexander, speaking gently to the horse, and clapping him on the back with his hand, till he had left his fury and snorting, softly let fall his cloke from him, and lightly leaping on his back, got up without any danger, and holding the reins of the bridle hard, without striking or stirring the horse, made him to be gentle enough. Then when he saw that the fury of the horse was past, and that he began to gallop, he put him to his full career, and laid on spurs and voice a good. Philip at the first with fear beholding his son's agility, lest he should take some hurt, sayd never a word: but when he saw him readily turn the horse at the end of his career, in a bravery for that he had done, all the lookers-on gave a shout for joy. The father on the other side (as they say) fell a-weeping for joy. And when Alexander was lighted from the horse, he sayd unto him, kissing his head, "O son, thou must needs have a realm that is meet for thee, for Macedon will not hold thee."

ABOUT THE FOX

By John Burroughs

IT has been many a long day since I heard a fox bark, but in my youth among the Catskills I often heard the sound, especially of a still moonlight night in mid-winter. Perhaps it was more a cry than a bark, not continuous like the baying of a dog, but uttered at intervals. One feels that the creature is trying to bark, but has not yet learned the trick of it. But it is a wild, weird sound. I would get up any night to hear it again. I used to listen for it when a boy, standing in front of my father's house. Presently I would hear one away up on the shoulder of the mountain, and I imagined I could almost see him sitting there in his furs upon the illuminated surface and looking down in my direction. As I listened, maybe one would answer him from behind the woods in the valley, a fitting sound amid the ghostly winter hills.

The red fox was the only species that abounded in this locality. On my way to school in the morning, after a fresh fall of snow, I would see at many points where he had crossed the road. Here he had leisurely passed within rifle range of the house, evidently reconnoitring the premises with an eye to the henroost. That clear, sharp track, — there was no mistaking it for the clumsy footprint of a little dog. All his wildness and agility were photographed in it. Here he had taken fright, or suddenly recollected an engagement, and in long, graceful

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leaps, barely touching the fence, had gone careering up the hill as fleet as the wind.

The usual gait of the fox, unlike that of the dog, is, at night at least, a walk. On such occasions he is in quest of game, and he goes through the woods and fields in an alert, stealthy manner, stepping about a foot at a time, and keeping his eyes and ears open.

The wild, buoyant creature, how beautiful he is! I had often seen his dead carcass, and at a distance had witnessed the hounds drive him across the upper fields; but the thrill and excitement of meeting him in his wild freedom in the woods were unknown to me till, one cold winter day, drawn thither by the baying of a hound, I stood near the summit of the mountain, waiting a renewal of the sound, that I might determine the course of the dog and choose my position, — stimulated by the ambition of all young Nimrods to bag some notable game. Long I waited, and patiently, till, chilled and benumbed, I was about to turn back, when, hearing a slight noise, I looked up and beheld a most superb fox, loping along with inimitable grace and ease, evidently disturbed, but not pursued by the hound, and so absorbed in his private meditations that he failed to see me, though I stood transfixed with amazement and admiration, not ten yards distant. I took his measure at a glance, — a large male, with dark legs, and massive tail tipped with white, — a most magnificent creature; but so astonished and fascinated was I by this sudden appearance and matchless beauty, that not till I had caught the last glimpse of him, as he disappeared over a knoll, did I awake to my duty as a sportsman, and real-

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ize what an opportunity to distinguish myself I had unconsciously let slip. I clutched my gun, half angrily, as if it was to blame, and went home out of humor with myself and all fox-kind. But I have since thought better of the experience, and concluded that I bagged the game after all, the best part of it, and fleeced Reynard of something more valuable than his fur, without his knowledge.

This is thoroughly a winter sound, — this voice of the hound upon the mountain, — and one that is music to many ears. The long, trumpet-like bay, heard for a mile or more, — now faintly back to the deep recesses of the mountain; now distinct, but still faint, as the hound comes over some prominent point and the wind favors; anon entirely lost in the gully, then breaking out again much nearer, and growing more and more pronounced as the dog approaches, till, when he comes around the brow of the mountain, directly above you, the barking is loud and sharp. On he goes along the northern spur, his voice rising and sinking as the wind and the lay of the ground modify it, till lost to hearing.

The fox usually keeps half a mile ahead, regulating his speed by that of the hound, occasionally pausing a moment to divert himself with a mouse, or to contemplate the landscape, or to listen for his pursuer. If the hound press him too closely, he leads off from mountain to mountain, and so generally escapes the hunter; but if the pursuit be slow, he plays about some ridge or peak, and falls a prey, though not an easy one, to the experienced sportsman.

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A most spirited and exciting chase occurs when the farm dog gets close upon one in the open field, as sometimes happens in the early morning. The fox relies so confidently upon his superior speed that I imagine he half tempts the dog to the race. But if the dog be a smart one, and their course lies downhill, over smooth ground, Reynard must put his best foot forward, and then sometimes suffer the ignominy of being run over by his pursuer, who, however, is quite unable to pick him up, owing to the speed. But when they mount the hill or enter the woods, the superior nimbleness and agility of the fox tell at once, and he easily leaves the dog far in his rear. For a cur less than his own size he manifests little fear, especially if the two meet alone, remote from the house. In such cases, I have seen first one turn tail, then the other.

One of the most notable features of the fox is his large and massive tail. Seen running on the snow at a distance, his tail is quite as conspicuous as his body; and, so far from appearing a burden, seems to contribute to his lightness and buoyancy. It softens the outline of his movements, and repeats or continues to the eye the ease and poise of his carriage. But, pursued by the hound on a wet, thawy day, it often becomes so heavy and bedraggled as to prove a serious inconvenience, and compels him to take refuge in his den. He is very loath to do this; both his pride and the traditions of his race stimulate him to run it out, and win by fair superiority of wind and speed; and only a wound or a heavy and moppish tail will drive him to avoid the issue in this manner.

To learn his surpassing shrewdness and cunning,

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attempt to take him with a trap. Rogue that he is, he always suspects some trick, and one must be more of a fox than he is himself to overreach him. At first sight it would appear easy enough. With apparent indifference he crosses your path, or walks in your footsteps in the field, or travels along the beaten highway, or lingers in the vicinity of stacks and remote barns. Carry the carcass of a pig, or a fowl, or a dog, to a distant field in midwinter, and in a few nights his tracks cover the snow about it.

The inexperienced country youth, misled by this seeming carelessness of Reynard, suddenly conceives a project to enrich himself with fur, and wonders that the idea has not occurred to him before, and to others. I knew a youthful yeoman of this kind who imagined he had found a mine of wealth on discovering on a remote side hill, between two woods, a dead porker, upon which it appeared all the foxes of the neighborhood did nightly banquet. The clouds were burdened with snow; and as the first flakes commenced to eddy down, he set out, trap and broom in hand, already counting over in imagination the silver quarters he would receive for his first foxskin. With the utmost care, and with a palpitating heart, he removed enough of the trodden snow to allow the trap to sink below the surface. Then, carefully sifting the light element over it and sweeping his tracks full, he quickly withdrew, laughing exultingly over the little surprise he had prepared for the cunning rogue. The elements conspired to aid him, and the falling snow rapidly obliterated all vestiges of his work. The next morning at dawn he was on his way to bring in his fur. The snow had

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done its work effectually, and, he believed, had kept his secret well. Arrived in sight of the locality, he strained his vision to make out his prize lodged against the fence at the foot of the hill. Approaching nearer, the surface was unbroken, and doubt usurped the place of certainty in his mind. A slight mound marked the site of the porker, but there was no footprint near it. Looking up the hill, he saw where Reynard had walked leisurely down toward his wonted bacon till within a few yards of it, when he had wheeled, and with prodigious strides disappeared in the woods. The young trapper saw at a glance what a comment this was upon his skill in the art, and, indignantly exhuming the iron, he walked home with it, the stream of silver quarters suddenly setting in another direction.

The successful trapper commences in the fall, or before the first deep snow. In a field not too remote, with an old axe he cuts a small place, say ten inches by fourteen, in the frozen ground, and removes the earth to the depth of three or four inches, then fills the cavity with dry ashes, in which are placed bits of roasted cheese. Reynard is very suspicious at first, and gives the place a wide berth. It looks like design, and he will see how the thing behaves before he approaches too near. But the cheese is savory and the cold severe. He ventures a little closer every night, until he can reach and pick a piece from the surface. Emboldened by success, like other mortals, he presently digs freely among the ashes, and, finding a fresh supply of the delectable morsels every night, is soon thrown off his guard and his suspicions quite lulled. After a week of baiting in this manner, and

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on the eve of a light fall of snow, the trapper carefully conceals his trap in the bed, first smoking it thoroughly with hemlock boughs to kill or neutralize all smell of the iron. If the weather favors and the proper precautions have been taken, he may succeed, though the chances are still greatly against him.

Reynard is usually caught very lightly, seldom more than the ends of his toes being between the jaws. He sometimes works so cautiously as to spring the trap without injury even to his toes, or may remove the cheese night after night without even springing it. I knew an old trapper who, on finding himself outwitted in this manner, tied a bit of cheese to the pan, and next morning had poor Reynard by the jaw. The trap is not fastened, but only encumbered with a clog, and is all the more sure in its hold by yielding to every effort of the animal to extricate himself.

When Reynard sees his captor approaching, he would fain drop into a mousehole to render himself invisible. He crouches to the ground and remains perfectly motionless until he perceives himself discovered, when he makes one desperate and final effort to escape, but ceases all struggling as you come up, and behaves in a manner that stamps him a very timid warrior, — cowering to the earth with a mingled look of shame, guilt, and humiliation. A young farmer told me of tracing one with his trap to the border of a wood, where he discovered the cunning rogue trying to hide by embracing a small tree. Most animals, when taken in a trap, show fight; but Reynard has more faith in the nimbleness of his feet than in the terror of his teeth.

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I once spent a summer month in a mountainous district in the State of New York, where, from its earliest settlement, the red fox has been the standing prize for skill in the use of the trap and gun. At the house where I was stopping were two foxhounds, and a neighbor half a mile distant had a third. There were many others in the township, and in season they were well employed, too; but the three spoken of, attended by their owners, held high carnival on the mountains in the immediate vicinity. And many were the foxes that, winter after winter, fell before them, twenty-five having been shot, the season before my visit, on one small range alone. And yet the foxes were apparently never more abundant than they were that summer, and never bolder, coming at night within a few rods of the house and of the unchained, alert hounds, and making havoc among the poultry.

One morning a large, fat goose was found minus her head and otherwise mangled. Both hounds had disappeared, and, as they did not come back till near night, it was inferred that they had cut short Reynard's repast, and given him a good chase into the bargain. But next night he was back again, and this time got safely off with the goose. A couple of nights after he must have come with recruits, for next morning three large goslings were reported missing. The silly geese now got it through their noddles that there was danger about, and every night thereafter came close up to the house to roost.

A brood of turkeys, the old one tied to a tree a few rods to the rear of the house, were the next objects of

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attack. The predaceous rascal came, as usual, in the latter half of the night. I happened to be awake, and heard the helpless turkey cry, "Quit, quit," with great emphasis. Another sleeper, on the floor above me, who, it seems, had been sleeping with one ear awake for several nights in apprehension for the safety of his turkeys, heard the sound also, and instantly divined its cause. I heard the window open and a voice summon the dogs. A loud bellow was the response, which caused Reynard to take himself off in a hurry. A moment more, and the mother turkey would have shared the fate of the geese. There she lay at the end of her tether, with extended wings, bitten and rumped. The young ones roosted in a row on the fence near by, and had taken flight on the first alarm.

Turkeys, retaining many of their wild instincts, are less easily captured by the fox than any other of our domestic fowls. On the slightest show of danger they take to wing, and it is not unusual, in the locality of which I speak, to find them in the morning perched in the most unwonted places, as on the peak of the barn or hay shed, or on the tops of the apple-trees, their tails spread and their manners showing much excitement. Perchance one turkey is minus her tail, the fox having succeeded in getting only a mouthful of quills.

As the brood grows and their wings develop, they wander far from the house in quest of grasshoppers. At such times they are all watchfulness and suspicion. Crossing the fields one day, attended by a dog that much resembled a fox, I came suddenly upon a brood about one third grown, which were feeding in a pasture just

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beyond a wood. It so happened that they caught sight of the dog without seeing me, when instantly, with the celerity of wild game, they launched into the air, and, while the old one perched upon a tree-top, as if to keep an eye on the supposed enemy, the young went sailing over the trees toward home.

The two hounds before referred to, accompanied by a cur dog, whose business it was to mind the farm, but who took as much delight in running away from prosy duty as if he had been a schoolboy, would frequently steal off and have a good hunt all by themselves, just for the fun of the thing, I suppose. I more than half suspect that it was as a kind of taunt or retaliation that Reynard came and took the geese from under their very noses. One morning they went off and stayed till the afternoon of the next day; they ran the fox all day and all night, the hounds baying at every jump, the cur dog silent and tenacious. When the trio returned they came dragging themselves along, stiff, foot-sore, gaunt, and hungry. For a day or two afterward they lay about the kennels, seeming to dread nothing so much as the having to move. The stolen hunt was their "spree," and of course they must take time to get over it.

Some old hunters think the fox enjoys the chase as much as the hound, especially when the latter runs slowly, as the best hounds do. The fox will wait for the hound, will sit down and listen, or play about, crossing and re-crossing and doubling upon his track, as if enjoying a mischievous consciousness of the perplexity he would presently cause his pursuer. It is evident, however, that the fox does not always have his share of the fun: before

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a swift dog, or in a deep snow, or on a wet day when his tail get sheavy, he must put his best foot forward. As a last resort he "holes up." Sometimes he resorts to numerous devices to mislead and escape the dog altogether. He will walk in the bed of a small creek or on a rail fence. I heard of an instance of a fox, hard and long pressed, that took to a rail fence, and, after walking some distance, leaped to one side to a hollow stump, in the cavity of which he snugly stowed himself. The ruse succeeded, and the dogs lost the trail; but the hunter, coming up, passed by chance near the stump, when out bounded the fox, his cunning availing him less than he deserved. On another occasion the fox took to the public road, and stepped with great care and precision into a sleigh track. The hard, polished snow took no imprint of the light foot, and the scent was no doubt less than it would have been on a rougher surface. Maybe, also, the rogue had considered the chances of another sleigh coming along, before the hound, and obliterating the trail entirely.

Audubon tells of a fox, which, when started by the hounds, always managed to elude them at a certain point. Finally the hunter concealed himself in the locality, to discover, if possible, the trick. Presently along came the fox, and, making a leap to one side, ran up the trunk of a fallen tree which had lodged some feet from the ground, and concealed himself in the top. In a few minutes the hounds came up, and in their eagerness passed some distance beyond the point, and then went still farther, looking for the lost trail. Then the fox hastened down, and, taking his back track, fooled the dogs completely.

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I was told of a silver gray fox in northern New York which, when pursued by the hounds, would run till it had hunted up another fox, or the fresh trail of one, when it would so manœuvre that the hound would invariably be switched off on the second track.

In cold, dry weather the fox will sometimes elude the hound, at least delay him much, by taking to a bare plowed field. The hard, dry earth seems not to retain a particle of the scent, and the hound gives a loud, long, peculiar bark, to signify he has trouble. It is now his turn to show his wit, which he often does by passing completely around the field, and resuming the trail again where it crosses the fence or a strip of snow.

The fact that any dry, hard surface is unfavorable to the hound suggests, in a measure, the explanation of the wonderful faculty that all dogs in a degree possess of tracking an animal by the scent of the foot alone. Did you ever think why a dog's nose is always wet? Examine the nose of a foxhound, for instance; how very moist and sensitive! Cause this moisture to dry up, and the dog would be as powerless to track an animal as you are! The nose of the cat, you may observe, is but a little moist, and, as you know, her sense of smell is far inferior to that of the dog. Moisten your own nostrils and lips, and this sense is plainly sharpened. The sweat of a dog's nose, therefore, is no doubt a vital element in its power, and, without taking a very long logical stride, we may infer how a damp, rough surface aids him in tracking game.

A still hunt rarely brings you in sight of a fox, as his ears are much sharper than yours, and his tread much

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lighter. But if the fox is mousing in the fields, and you discover him before he does you, you may, the wind favoring, call him within a few paces of you. Secrete yourself behind the fence, or some other object, and squeak as nearly like a mouse as possible. Reynard will hear the sound at an incredible distance. Pricking up his ears, he gets the direction, and comes trotting along as unsuspiciously as can be. I have never had an opportunity to try the experiment, but I know perfectly reliable persons who have. One man, in the pasture getting his cows, called a fox which was too busy mousing to get the first sight, till it jumped upon the wall just over where he sat secreted. He then sprang up, giving a loud whoop at the same time, and the fox, I suspect, came as near being frightened out of his skin as a fox ever was.

I have never been able to see clearly why the mother fox generally selects a burrow or hole in the open field in which to have her young, except it be, as some hunters maintain, for better security. The young foxes are wont to come out on a warm day, and play like puppies in front of the den. The view being unobstructed on all sides by trees or bushes, in the cover of which danger might approach, they are less liable to surprise and capture. On the slightest sound they disappear in the hole. Those who have watched the gambols of the young foxes speak of them as very amusing, even more arch and playful than those of kittens, while a spirit profoundly wise and cunning seems to look out of their young eyes. The parent fox can never be caught in the den with them, but is hovering near the woods, which

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are always at hand, and by her warning cry or bark telling them when to be on their guard. She usually has at least three dens, at no great distance apart, and moves stealthily in the night with her charge from one to the other, so as to mislead her enemies. Many a party of boys, and of men, too, discovering the whereabouts of a litter, have gone with shovels and picks, and, after digging away vigorously for several hours, have found only an empty hole for their pains. The old fox, finding her secret had been found out, had waited for darkness, in the cover of which to transfer her household to new quarters; or else some old fox-hunter, jealous of the preservation of his game, and getting word of the intended destruction of the litter, had gone at dusk the night before, and made some disturbance about the den, perhaps flashed some powder in its mouth, — a hint which the shrewd animal knew how to interpret.

The fox nearly always takes his nap during the day in the open fields, along the sides of the ridges, or under the mountain, where he can look down upon the busy farms beneath and hear their many sounds, — the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle, the cackling of hens, the voices of men and boys, or the sound of travel upon the highway. It is on that side, too, that he keeps the sharpest lookout, and the appearance of the hunter above and behind him is always a surprise.

Foxes, unlike wolves, never go in packs or companies, but hunt singly. Many of the ways and manners of the fox, when tamed, are like the dog's. I once saw a young red fox exposed for sale in the market in Washington. A colored man had him, and said he had caught him out

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in Virginia. He led him by a small chain, as he would a puppy, and the innocent young rascal would lie on his side and bask and sleep in the sunshine, amid all the noise and chaffering around him, precisely like a dog. He was about the size of a full-grown cat, and there was a bewitching beauty about him that I could hardly resist. On another occasion, I saw a gray fox, about two thirds grown, playing with a dog about the same size, and by nothing in the manners of either could you tell which was the dog and which was the fox.

HOW THE COWBOYS CROSSED THE BIG BOGGY

By Andy Adams

IN spite of any effort on our part, the length of the days made long drives the rule. The cattle could be depended on to leave the bed ground at dawn, and before the outfit could breakfast, secure mounts, and overtake the herd, they would often have grazed forward two or three miles. Often we never threw them on the trail at all, yet when it came time to bed them at night, we had covered twenty miles. They were long, monotonous days; for we were always sixteen to eighteen hours in the saddle, while in emergencies we got the benefit of the limit. We frequently saw mirages, though we were never led astray by shady groves of timber or tempting lakes of water, but always kept within a mile or two of the trail.

The evening of the third day after Forrest left us, he returned as we were bedding down the cattle at dusk, and resumed his place with the herd. He had not even reached the Solomon River, but had stopped with a herd of Millet's on Big Boggy. This creek he reported as bottomless, and the Millet herd as having lost between forty and fifty head of cattle in attempting to force it at the regular crossing the day before his arrival. They had scouted the creek both up and down since without find-

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ing a safe crossing. It seemed that there had been unusually heavy June rains through that section, which accounted for Boggy's being in its dangerous condition. Millet's foreman had not considered it necessary to test such an insignificant stream until he got a couple of hundred head of cattle floundering in the mire. They had saved the greater portion of the mired cattle, but quite a number were trampled to death by the others, and now the regular crossing was not approachable for the stench of dead cattle. Flood knew the stream, and so did a number of our outfit, but none of them had any idea that it could get into such an impassable condition as Forrest reported.

The next morning Flood started to the east and Priest to the west to look out a crossing, for we were then within half a day's drive of the creek. Big Boggy paralleled the Solomon River in our front, the two not being more than five miles apart. The confluence was far below in some settlements, and we must keep to the westward of all immigration, on account of the growing crops in the fertile valley of the Solomon. On the westward, had a favorable crossing been found, we should almost have had to turn our herd backward, for we were already within the half-circle which this creek described in our front. So after the two men left us, we allowed the herd to graze forward, keeping several miles to the westward of the trail in order to get the benefit of the best grazing. Our herd, when left to itself, would graze from a mile to a mile and a half an hour, and by the middle of the forenoon the timber on Big Boggy and the Solomon beyond was sighted. On reaching this last divide, some one

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sighted a herd about five or six miles to the eastward and nearly parallel with us. As they were three or four miles beyond the trail, we could easily see that they were grazing along like ourselves, and Forrest was appealed to to know if it was the Millet herd. He said not, and pointed out to the northeast about the location of the Millet cattle, probably five miles in advance of the stranger on our right. When we overtook our wagon at noon, McCann, who had never left the trail, reported having seen the herd. They looked to him like heavy beef cattle, and had two yoke of oxen to their chuck wagon, which served further to proclaim them as strangers.

Neither Priest nor Flood returned during the noon hour, and when the herd refused to lie down and rest longer, we grazed them forward till the fringe of timber which grew along the stream loomed up not a mile distant in our front. From the course we were traveling, we would strike the creek several miles above the regular crossing, and as Forrest reported that Millet was holding below the old crossing on a small rivulet, all we could do was to hold our wagon in the rear, and await the return of our men out on scout for a ford. Priest was the first to return, with word that he had ridden the creek out for twenty-five miles and had found no crossing that would be safe for a mud turtle. On hearing this, we left two men with the herd, and the rest of the outfit took the wagon, went on to Boggy, and made camp. It was a deceptive-looking stream, not over fifty or sixty feet wide. In places the current barely moved, shallowing and deepening, from a few inches in places to several feet in others, with an occasional pool that would swim a horse.

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We probed it with poles until we were satisfied that we were up against a proposition different from anything we had yet encountered. While we were discussing the situation, a stranger rode up on a fine roan horse, and inquired for our foreman. Forrest informed him that our boss was away looking for a crossing; but we were expecting his return at any time; and invited the stranger to dismount. He did so, and threw himself down in the shade of our wagon. He was a small, boyish-looking fellow, of sandy complexion, not much, if any, over twenty years old, and smiled continuously.

"My name is Pete Slaughter," said he, by way of introduction, "and I've got a herd of twenty-eight hundred beef steers, beyond the trail and a few miles back. I've been riding since daybreak down the creek, and I'm prepared to state that the chance of crossing is as good right here as anywhere. I wanted to see your foreman, and if he'll help, we'll bridge her. I've been down to see this other outfit, but they ridicule the idea, though I think they'll come around all right. I borrowed their axe, and to-morrow morning you'll see me with my outfit cutting timber to bridge Big Boggy. That's right, boys; it's the only thing to do. The trouble is I've only got eight men all told. I don't aim to travel over eight or ten miles a day, so I don't need a big outfit. You say your foreman's name is Flood? Well, if he don't return before I go, some of you tell him that he's wasting good time looking for a ford, for there ain't none."

In the conversation which followed, we learned that Slaughter was driving for his brother Lum, a widely

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known cowman and drover, whom we had seen in Dodge. He had started with the grass from north Texas, and by the time he reached the Platte, many of his herd would be fit to ship to market, and what were not would be in good demand as feeders in the corn belt of eastern Nebraska. He asked if we had seen his herd during the morning, and on hearing we had, got up and asked McCann to let him see our axe. This he gave a critical examination, before he mounted his horse to go, and on leaving said, —

“If your foreman don’t want to help build a bridge, I want to borrow that axe of yours. But you fellows talk to him. If any of you boys has ever been over on the Chisholm trail, you will remember the bridge on Rush Creek, south of the Washita River. I built that bridge in a day with an outfit of ten men. Why, shucks! if these outfits would pull together, we could cross tomorrow evening. Lots of these old foremen don’t like to listen to a cub like me, but, holy snakes! I’ve been over the trail oftener than any of them. Why, when I was n’t big enough to make a hand with the herd, — only ten years old, — in the days when we drove to Abilene, they used to send me in the lead with an old cylinder gun to shoot at the buffalo and scare them off the trail. And I’ve made the trip every year since. So you tell Flood when he comes in, that Pete Slaughter was here, and that he’s going to build a bridge, and would like to have him and his outfit help.”

Had it not been for his youth and perpetual smile, we might have taken young Slaughter more seriously, for both Quince Forrest and The Rebel remembered the

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bridge on Rush Creek over on the Chisholm. Still there was an air of confident assurance in the young fellow; and the fact that he was the trusted foreman of Lum Slaughter, in charge of a valuable herd of cattle, carried weight with those who knew that drover. The most unwelcome thought in the project was that it required the swinging of an axe to fell trees and to cut them into the necessary lengths, and, as I have said before, the Texan never took kindly to manual labor. But Priest looked favorably on the suggestion, and so enlisted my support, and even pointed out a spot where timber was most abundant as a suitable place to build the bridge.

"Hell's fire!" said Joe Stallings, with infinite contempt, "There 's thousands of places to build a bridge, and the timber 's there, but the idea is to cut it." And his sentiments found a hearty approval in the majority of the outfit.

Flood returned late that evening, having ridden as far down the creek as the first settlement. The Rebel, somewhat antagonized by the attitude of the majority, reported the visit and message left for him by young Slaughter. Our foreman knew him by general reputation amongst trail bosses, and when Priest vouched for him as the builder of the Rush Creek bridge on the Chisholm trail, Flood said, "Why, I crossed my herd four years ago on that Rush Creek bridge within a week after it was built, and wondered who it could be that had the nerve to undertake that task. Rush is n't over half as wide a bayou as Boggy, but she 's a true little sister to this miry slough. So he 's going to build a bridge anyhow, is he?"

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The next morning young Slaughter was at our camp before sunrise, and never once mentioning his business or waiting for the formality of an invitation, proceeded to pour out a tin cup of coffee and otherwise provide himself with a substantial breakfast. There was something amusing in the audacity of the fellow which all of us liked, though he was fifteen years the junior of our foreman.

McCann pointed out Flood to him, and taking his well-loaded plate, he went over and sat down by our foreman, and while he ate talked rapidly, to enlist our outfit in the building of the bridge. During breakfast the outfit listened to the two bosses as they discussed the feasibility of the project, — Slaughter enthusiastic, Flood reserved, and asking all sorts of questions as to the mode of procedure. Young Pete met every question with promptness, and assured our foreman that the building of bridges was his long suit. After breakfast, the two foremen rode off down the creek together, and within half an hour Slaughter's wagon and *remuda* pulled up within sight of the regular crossing, and shortly afterwards our foreman returned, and ordered our wagon to pull down to a clump of cottonwoods which grew about half a mile below our camp. Two men were detailed to look after our herd during the day, and the remainder of us returned with our foreman to the site selected for the bridge. On our arrival three axes were swinging against as many cottonwoods, and there was no doubt in any one's mind that we were going to be under a new foreman for that day at least. Slaughter had a big negro cook who swung an axe in a manner which bespoke him

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a job for the day, and McCann was instructed to provide dinner for the extra outfit.

The site chosen for the bridge was a miry bottom over which oozed three or four inches of water, where the width of the stream was about sixty feet, with solid banks on either side. To get a good foundation was the most important matter, but the brush from the trees would supply the material for that; and within an hour brush began to arrive, dragged from the pommels of saddles, and was piled into the stream. About this time a call went out for a volunteer who could drive oxen, for the darky was too good an axeman to be recalled. As I had driven oxen as a boy, I was going to offer my services, when Joe Stallings eagerly volunteered in order to avoid using an axe. Slaughter had some extra chain, and our four mules were pressed into service as an extra team in snaking logs. As McCann was to provide for the inner man, the mule team fell to me; and putting my saddle on the nigh wheeler, I rode jauntily past Mr. Stallings as he trudged alongside his two yoke of oxen.

About ten o'clock in the morning, George Jacklin, the foreman of the Millet herd, rode up with several of his men, and seeing the bridge taking shape, turned in and assisted in dragging brush for the foundation. By the time all hands knocked off for dinner, we had a foundation of brush twenty feet wide and four feet high, to say nothing about what had sunk in the mire. The logs were cut about fourteen feet long, and old Joe and I had snaked them up as fast as the axemen could get them ready. Jacklin returned to his wagon for dinner and a change of horses, though Slaughter, with plenty of as-

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surance, had invited him to eat with us, and when he declined had remarked, with no less confidence, "Well, then, you 'll be back right after dinner. And say, bring all the men you can spare; and if you 've got any gunny sacks or old tarpaulins, bring them; and by all means don't forget your spade."

Pete Slaughter was a harsh master, considering he was working volunteer labor; but then we all felt a common interest in the bridge, for if Slaughter's beeves could cross, ours could, and so could Millet's. All the men dragging brush changed horses during dinner, for there was to be no pause in piling in a good foundation as long as the material was at hand. Jacklin and his outfit returned, ten strong, and, with thirty men at work, the bridge grew. They began laying the logs on the brush after dinner, and the work of sodding the bridge went forward at the same time. The bridge stood about two feet above the water in the creek, but when near the middle of the stream was reached, the foundation gave way, and for an hour ten horses were kept busy dragging brush to fill that sink hole until it would bear the weight of the logs. We had used all the acceptable timber on our side of the stream for half a mile either way, and yet there were not enough logs to complete the bridge. When we lacked only some ten or twelve logs, Slaughter had the boys sod a narrow strip across the remaining brush, and the horsemen led their mounts across to the farthest side. Then the axemen crossed, felled the nearest trees, and the last logs were dragged up from the pommels of our saddles.

It now only remained to sod over and dirt the bridge

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thoroughly. With only three spades the work was slow, but we cut sod with axes, and after several hours' work had it finished. The two yoke of oxen were driven across and back for a test, and the bridge stood it nobly. Slaughter then brought up his *remuda*, and while the work of dirting the bridge was still going on, crossed and recrossed his band of saddle horses twenty times. When the bridge looked completed to every one else, young Pete advised laying stringers across on either side; so a number of small trees were felled and guard rails strung across the ends of the logs and staked. Then more dirt was carried in on tarpaulins and in gunny sacks, and every chink and crevice filled with sod and dirt. It was now getting rather late in the afternoon, but during the finishing touches, young Slaughter had dispatched his outfit to bring up his herd; and at the same time Flood had sent a number of our outfit to bring up our cattle. Now Slaughter and the rest of us took the oxen, which we had unyoked, and went out about a quarter of a mile to meet his herd coming up. Turning the oxen in the lead, young Pete took one point and Flood the other, and pointed in the lead cattle for the bridge. On reaching it the cattle hesitated for a moment, and it looked as though they were going to balk, but finally one of the oxen took the lead, and they began to cross in almost Indian file. They were big four and five year old beeves, and too many of them on the bridge at one time might have sunk it, but Slaughter rode back down the line of cattle and called to the men to hold them back.

"Don't crowd the cattle," he shouted. "Give them

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all the time they want. We 're in no hurry now: there 's lots of time."

They were a full half-hour in crossing, the chain of cattle taking the bridge never for a moment being broken. Once all were over, his men rode to the lead and turned the herd up Boggy, in order to have it well out of the way of ours, which were then looming up in sight. Slaughter asked Flood if he wanted the oxen; and as our cattle had never seen a bridge in their lives, the foreman decided to use them; so we brought them back and met the herd, now strung out nearly a mile. Our cattle were naturally wild, but we turned the oxen in the lead, and the two bosses again taking the points, moved the herd up to the bridge. The oxen were again slow to lead out in crossing, and several hundred head of cattle had congested in front of the new bridge, making us all rather nervous, when a big white ox led off, his mate following, and the herd began timidly to follow. Our cattle required careful handling, and not a word was spoken as we nursed them forward, or rode through them to scatter large bunches. A number of times we cut the train of cattle off entirely, as they were congesting at the bridge entrance, and, in crossing, shied and crowded so that several were forced off the bridge into the mire. Our herd crossed in considerably less time than did Slaughter's beeves, but we had five head to pull out; this, however, was considered nothing, as they were light, and the mire was as thin as soup. Our wagon and saddle horses crossed while we were pulling out the bogged cattle, and about half the outfit, taking the herd, drifted them forward towards the Solomon. Since

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Millet intended crossing that evening, herds were likely to be too thick for safety at night. The sun was hardly an hour high when the last herd came up to cross. The oxen were put in the lead, as with ours, and all four of the oxen took the bridge, but when the cattle reached the bridge, they made a decided balk and refused to follow the oxen. Not a hoof of the herd would even set foot on the bridge. The oxen were brought back several times, but in spite of all coaxing and nursing, and our best endeavors and devices, they would not risk it. We worked with them until dusk, when all three of the foremen decided it was useless to try longer, but both Slaughter and Flood promised to bring back part of their outfits in the morning and make another effort.

McCann's camp-fire piloted us to our wagon, at least three miles from the bridge, for he had laid in a good supply of wood during the day; and on our arrival our night horses were tied up, and everything made ready for the night. The next morning we started the herd, but Flood took four of us with him and went back to Big Boggy. The Millet herd was nearly two miles back from the bridge, where we found Slaughter at Jacklin's wagon; and several more of his men were, we learned, coming over with the oxen at about ten o'clock. That hour was considered soon enough by the bosses, as the heat of the day would be on the herd by that time, which would make them lazy. When the oxen arrived at the bridge, we rode out twenty strong and lined the cattle up for another trial. They had grazed until they were full and sleepy, but the memory of some of them was too vivid of the hours they had spent in the slimy ooze of

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Big Boggy once on a time, and they began milling on sight of the stream. We took them back and brought them up a second time with the same results. We then brought them around in a circle a mile in diameter, and as the rear end of the herd was passing, we turned the last hundred, and throwing the oxen into their lead, started them for the bridge; but they too sulked and would have none of it. It was now high noon, so we turned the herd and allowed them to graze back while we went to dinner. Millet's foreman was rather discouraged with the outlook, but Slaughter said they must be crossed if he had to lay over a week and help. After dinner, Jacklin asked us if we wanted a change of horses, and as we could see a twenty-mile ride ahead of us in overtaking our herd, Flood accepted.

When all was ready to start, Slaughter made a suggestion. "Let 's go out," he said, "and bring them up slowly in a solid body, and when we get them opposite the bridge, round them in gradually as if we were going to bed them down. I 'll take a long lariat to my white wheeler, and when they have quieted down perfectly, I 'll lead old Blanco through them and across the bridge, and possibly they 'll follow. There 's no use crowding them, for that only excites them, and if you ever start them milling, the jig 's up. They 're nice, gentle cattle, but they 've been balked once and they have n't forgotten it."

What we needed right then was a leader, for we were all ready to catch at a straw, and Slaughter's suggestion was welcome, for he had established himself in our good graces until we preferred him to either of the other

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foremen as a leader. Riding out to the herd, which were lying down, we roused and started them back towards Boggy. While drifting them back, we covered a front a quarter of a mile in width, and as we neared the bridge we gave them perfect freedom. Slaughter had caught out his white ox, and we gradually worked them into a body, covering perhaps ten acres, in front of the bridge. Several small bunches attempted to mill, but some of us rode in and split them up, and after about half an hour's wait, they quieted down. Then Slaughter rode in whistling and leading his white ox at the end of a thirty-five-foot lariat, and as he rode through them they were so logy that he had to quirt them out of the way. When he came to the bridge, he stopped the white wheeler until everything had quieted down; then he led old Blanco on again, but giving him all the time he needed and stopping every few feet. We held our breath, as one or two of the herd started to follow him, but they shied and turned back, and our hopes of the moment were crushed. Slaughter detained the ox on the bridge for several minutes, but seeing it was useless, he dismounted and drove him back into the herd. Again and again he tried the same ruse, but it was of no avail. Then we threw the herd back about half a mile, and on Flood's suggestion cut off possibly two hundred head, a bunch which with our numbers we ought to handle readily in spite of their will, and by putting their *remuda* of over a hundred saddle horses in the immediate lead, made the experiment of forcing them. We took the saddle horses down and crossed and recrossed the bridge several times with them, and as the cattle came up turned the horses into

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the lead and headed for the bridge. With a cordon of twenty riders around them, no animal could turn back, and the horses crossed the bridge on a trot, but the cattle turned tail and positively refused to have anything to do with it. We held them like a block in a vise, so compactly that they could not even mill, but they would not cross the bridge. When it became evident that it was a fruitless effort, Jacklin, usually a very quiet man, gave vent to a fit of profanity which would have put the army in Flanders to shame. Slaughter—somewhat to our amusement—reproved him. “Don’t fret, man; this is nothing,—I balked a herd once in crossing a railroad track, and after trying for two days to cross them, had to drive ten miles and put them under a culvert. You want to cultivate patience, young fellow, when you’re handling dumb brutes.”

If Slaughter’s darky cook had been thereabouts then, and suggested a means of getting that herd to take the bridge, his suggestion would have been welcomed, for the bosses were at their wits’ ends. Jacklin swore that he would bed that herd at the entrance, and hold them there until they starved to death or crossed, before he would let an animal turn back. But cooler heads were present, and The Rebel mentioned a certain adage, to the effect that when a bird or a girl, he did n’t know which, could sing and would n’t, she or it ought to be made to sing. He suggested that we hold the four oxen on the bridge, cut off fifteen head of cattle, and give them such a running start, they would n’t know which end their heads were on when they reached the bridge. Millet’s foreman approved of the idea, for he was nursing his

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wrath. The four oxen were accordingly cut out, and Slaughter and one of his men, taking them, started for the bridge with instructions to hold them on the middle. The rest of us took about a dozen head of light cattle, brought them within a hundred yards of the bridge, then with a yell started them on a run from which they could not turn back. They struck the entrance squarely, and we had our first cattle on the bridge. Two men held the entrance, and we brought up another bunch in the same manner, which filled the bridge. Now, we thought, if the herd could be brought up slowly, and this bridgeful let off in their lead, they might follow. To june a herd of cattle across in this manner would have been shameful, and the foreman of the herd knew it as well as any one present; but no one protested, so we left men to hold the entrance securely and went back after the herd. When we got them within a quarter of a mile of the creek, we cut off about two hundred head of the leaders and brought them around to the rear, for amongst these leaders were certain to be the ones which had been bogged, and we wanted to have new leaders in this trial. Slaughter was on the farther end of the bridge, and could be depended on to let the oxen lead off at the opportune moment. We brought them up cautiously, and when the herd came within a few rods of the creek the cattle on the bridge lowed to their mates in the herd, and Slaughter, considering the time favorable, opened out and allowed them to leave the bridge on the farther side. As soon as the cattle started leaving on the farther side, we dropped back, and the leaders of the herd to the number of a dozen, after smelling the fresh dirt and

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seeing the others crossing, walked cautiously up on the bridge. It was a moment of extreme anxiety. None of us spoke a word, but the cattle crowding off the bridge at the farther end set it vibrating. That was enough; they turned as if panic-stricken and rushed back to the body of the herd. I was almost afraid to look at Jacklin. He could scarcely speak, but he rode over to me, ashen with rage, and kept repeating, "Well, would n't that beat hell!"

Slaughter rode back across the bridge, and the men came up and gathered around Jacklin. We seemed to have run the full length of our rope. No one even had a suggestion to offer, and if any one had had, it needed to be a plausible one to find approval, for hope seemed to have vanished. While discussing the situation, a one-eyed, pox-marked fellow belonging to Slaughter's outfit galloped up from the rear, and said almost breathlessly, "Say, fellows, I see a cow and calf in the herd. Let's rope the calf, and the cow is sure to follow. Get the rope around the calf's neck, and when it chokes him, he's liable to bellow, and that will call the steers. And if you never let up on the choking till you get on the other side of the bridge, I think it'll work. Let's try it, anyhow."

We all approved, for we knew that next to the smell of blood, nothing will stir range cattle like the bellowing of a calf. At the mere suggestion, Jacklin's men scattered into the herd, and within a few minutes we had a rope round the neck of the calf. As the roper came through the herd leading the calf, the frantic mother followed, with a train of excited steers at her heels. And as the calf was dragged bellowing across the bridge, it was

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followed by excited, struggling steers who never knew whether they were walking on a bridge or on *terra firma*. The excitement spread through the herd, and they thickened around the entrance until it was necessary to hold them back, and only let enough pass to keep the chain unbroken.

They were nearly a half-hour in crossing, for it was fully as large a herd as ours; and when the last animal had crossed, Pete Slaughter stood up in his stirrups and led the long yell. The sun went down that day on nobody's wrath, for Jacklin was so tickled that he offered to kill the fattest beef in his herd if we would stay overnight with him. All three of the herds were now over, but had not this herd balked on us the evening before, over nine thousand cattle would have crossed Slaughter's bridge the day it was built.

OUR RURAL DIVINITY

By John Burroughs

I WONDER that Wilson Flagg did not include the cow among his "Picturesque Animals," for that is where she belongs. She has not the classic beauty of the horse, but in picture-making qualities she is far ahead of him. Her shaggy, loose-jointed body; her irregular, sketchy outlines, like those of the landscape, — the hollows and ridges, the slopes and prominences; her tossing horns, her bushy tail, her swinging gait, her tranquil, ruminating habits, all tend to make her an object upon which the artist eye loves to dwell. The artists are forever putting her into pictures, too. In rural landscape scenes she is an important feature. Behold her grazing in the pastures and on the hillsides, or along banks of streams, or ruminating under wide-spreading trees, or standing belly-deep in the creek or pond, or lying upon the smooth places in the quiet summer afternoon, the day's grazing done, and waiting to be summoned home to be milked; and again in the twilight lying upon the level summit of the hill, or where the sward is thickest and softest; or in winter a herd of them filing along toward the spring to drink, or being "foddered" from the stack in the field upon the new snow, — surely the cow is a picturesque animal, and all her goings and comings are pleasant to behold.

The first of these is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one, but a
 complex one, involving many factors
 which are not yet fully understood.
 The second is the fact that the
 system is not a simple one, but a
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makes this sound in the morning, specially in the spring, as she goes forth to graze.

One of our rural poets, Myron Benton, whose verse often has the flavor of sweet cream, has written some lines called "Rumination," in which the cow is the principal figure, and with which I am permitted to adorn my theme. The poet first gives his attention to a little brook that "breaks its shallow gossip" at his feet and "drowns the oriole's voice:" —

"But moveth not that wise and ancient cow,
Who chews her juicy cud so languid now
Beneath her favorite elm, whose drooping bough
Lulls all but inward vision fast asleep:
But still, her tireless tail a pendulum sweep
Mysterious clock-work guides, and some hid pulley
Her drowsy cud, each moment, raises duly.

"Of this great, wondrous world she has seen more
Than you, my little brook, and cropped its store
Of succulent grass on many a mead and lawn;
And strayed to distant uplands in the dawn,
And she has had some dark experience
Of graceless man's ingratitude; and hence
Her ways have not been ways of pleasantness,
Nor all her paths of peace. But her distress
And grief she has lived past; your giddy round
Disturbs her not, for she is learned profound
In deep brahminical philosophy.
She chews the cud of sweetest reverie
Above your wordly prattle, brooklet merry,
Oblivious of all things sublunary."

The cow figures in Grecian mythology, and in the Oriental literature is treated as a sacred animal. "The clouds are cows and the rain milk." I remember what Herodotus says of the Egyptians' worship of heifers and

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steers; and in the traditions of the Celtic nations the cow is regarded as a divinity. In Norse mythology the milk of the cow Andhumbla afforded nourishment to the Frost giants, and it was she that licked into being and into shape a god, the father of Odin. If anything could lick a god into shape, certainly the cow could do it. You may see her perform this office for young Taurus any spring. She licks him out of the fogs and bewilderments and uncertainties in which he finds himself on first landing upon these shores, and up on to his feet in an incredibly short time. Indeed, that potent tongue of hers can almost make the dead alive any day, and the creative lick of the old Scandinavian mother cow is only a large-lettered rendering of the commonest facts.

The horse belongs to the fiery god Mars. He favors war, and is one of its oldest, most available, and most formidable engines. The steed is clothed with thunder, and smells the battle from afar; but the cattle upon a thousand hills denote that peace and plenty bear sway in the land. The neighing of the horse is a call to battle; but the lowing of old Brockleface in the valley brings the golden age again. The savage tribes are never without the horse; the Scythians are all mounted; but the cow would tame and humanize them. When the Indians will cultivate the cow, I shall think their civilization fairly begun. Recently, when the horses were sick with the epizootic, and the oxen came to the city and helped to do their work, what an Arcadian air again filled the streets! But the dear old oxen, — how awkward and distressed they looked! Juno wept in the face of every one of them. The horse is a true citizen, and is entirely

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at home in the paved streets; but the ox — what a complete embodiment of all rustic and rural things! Slow, deliberate, thick-skinned, powerful, hulky, ruminating, fragrant-breathed, when he came to town the spirit and suggestion of all Georgics and Bucolics came with him. O citizen, was it only a plodding, unsightly brute that went by? Was there no chord in your bosom, long silent, that sweetly vibrated at the sight of that patient, Herculean couple? Did you smell no hay or cropped herbage, see no summer pastures with circles of cool shade, hear no voice of herds among the hills? They were very likely the only horses your grandfather ever had. Not much trouble to harness and unharness them. Not much vanity on the road in those days. They did all the work on the early pioneer farm. They were the gods whose rude strength first broke the soil. They could live where the moose and the deer could. If there was no clover or timothy to be had, then the twigs of the basswood and birch would do. Before there were yet fields given up to grass, they found ample pasturage in the woods. Their wide-spreading horns gleamed in the duskiness, and their paths and the paths of the cows became the future roads and highways, or even the streets of great cities.

All the descendants of Odin show a bovine trace, and cherish and cultivate the cow. In Norway she is a great feature. Professor Boyesen describes what he calls the *sæter*, the spring migration of the dairy and dairymaids, with all the appurtenances of butter and cheese making, from the valleys to the distant plains upon the mountains, where the grass keeps fresh and tender till fall.

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It is the great event of the year in all the rural districts. Nearly the whole family go with the cattle and remain with them. At evening the cows are summoned home with a long horn, called the *loor*, in the hands of the milk-maid. The whole herd comes winding down the mountain side toward the *sæter* in obedience to the mellow blast.

What were those old Vikings but thick-hided bulls that delighted in nothing so much as goring each other? And has not the charge of beefiness been brought much nearer home to us than that? But about all the northern races there is something that is kindred to cattle in the best sense, — something in their art and literature that is essentially pastoral, sweet-breathed, continent, dispassionate, ruminating, wide-eyed, soft-voiced, — a charm of kine, the virtue of brutes.

The cow belongs more especially to the northern peoples, to the region of the good, green grass. She is the true *grazing* animal. That broad, smooth, always dewy nose of hers is just the suggestion of greensward. She caresses the grass; she sweeps off the ends of the leaves; she reaps it with the soft sickle of her tongue. She crops close, but she does not bruise or devour the turf like the horse. She is the sward's best friend, and will make it thick and smooth as a carpet.

“The turfy mountains where live the nibbling sheep”

are not for her. Her muzzle is too blunt; then she does not *bite* as do the sheep; she has not upper teeth, she *crops*. But on the lower slopes and margins and rich bottoms, she is at home. Where the daisy and the butter-

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cup and clover bloom and where corn will grow, is her proper domain. The agriculture of no country can long thrive without her. Not only a large part of the real, but much of the potential, wealth of the land is wrapped up in her.

Then the cow has given us some good words and hints. How could we get along without the parable of the cow that gave a good pail of milk and then kicked it over? One could hardly keep house without it. Or the parable of the cream and the skimmed milk, or of the buttered bread? We know, too, through her aid, what the horns of the dilemma mean, and what comfort there is in the juicy cud of reverie.

I have said the cow has not been of much service to the poets, and yet I remember that Jean Ingelow could hardly have managed her "High Tide" without "White-foot" and "Lightfoot" and "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling;" or Trowbridge his "Evening at the Farm," in which the real call of the American farm-boy of "Co', boss! Co', boss! Co', Co'," makes a very musical refrain.

Tennyson's charming "Milking Song" is another flower of poesy that has sprung up in my divinity's footsteps.

What a variety of individualities a herd of cows presents when you have come to know them all, not only in form and color, but in manners and disposition! Some are timid and awkward, and the butt of the whole herd. Some remind you of deer. Some have an expression in the face like certain persons you have known. A petted and well-fed cow has a benevolent and gracious look; an

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ill-used and poorly fed one, a pitiful and forlorn look. Some cows have a masculine or ox expression; others are extremely feminine. The latter are the ones for milk. Some cows will kick like a horse; some jump fences like deer. Every herd has its ringleader, its unruly spirit, — one that plans all the mischief, and leads the rest through the fences into the grain or into the orchard. This one is usually quite different from the master spirit, the “boss of the yard.” The latter is generally the most peaceful and law-abiding cow in the lot, and the least bullying and quarrelsome. But she is not to be trifled with; her will is law; the whole herd give way before her, those that have crossed horns with her and those that have not, but yielded their allegiance without crossing. I remember such a one among my father’s milkers when I was a boy, a slender-horned, deep-shouldered, large-uddered, dewlapped old cow that we always put first in the long stable, so she could not have a cow on each side of her to forage upon; for the master is yielded to no less in the stanchions than in the yard. She always had the first place anywhere. She had her choice of standing-room in the milking-yard, and when she wanted to lie down there or in the fields the best and softest spot was hers. When the herd were foddered from the stack or barn, or fed with pumpkins in the fall, she was always first served. Her demeanor was quiet but impressive. She never bullied or gored her mates, but literally ruled them with the breath of her nostrils. If any newcomer or ambitious younger cow, however, chafed under her supremacy, she was ever ready to make good her claims. And with what spirit she would fight when openly challenged!

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She was a whirlwind of pluck and valor; and not after one defeat or two defeats would she yield the championship. The boss cow, when overcome, seems to brood over her disgrace, and day after day will meet her rival in fierce combat.

A friend of mine, a pastoral philosopher, whom I have consulted in regard to the master cow, thinks it is seldom the case that one rules all the herd, if it number many, but that there is often one that will rule nearly all. "Curiously enough," he says, "a case like this will often occur: No. 1 will whip No. 2; No. 2 whips No. 3; and No. 3 whips No. 1; so around in a circle. This is not a mistake; it is often the case. I remember," he continued, "we once had feeding out of a large bin in the centre of the yard six oxen who mastered right through in succession from No. 1 to No. 6; *but No. 6 paid off the score by whipping No. 1.* I often watched them when they were all trying to feed out of the box, and of course trying, dog-in-the-manger fashion, each to prevent any others he could. They would often get in the order to do it very systematically, since they could keep rotating about the box till the chain happened to get broken somewhere, when there would be confusion. Their mastership, you know, like that between nations, is constantly changing. But there are always Napoleons who hold their own through many vicissitudes; but the ordinary cow is continually liable to lose her foothold. Some cow she has always despised, and has often sent tossing across the yard at her horns' ends, some pleasant morning will return the compliment and pay off old scores."

But my own observation has been that, in herds in

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which there have been no important changes for several years, the question of might gets pretty well settled, and some one cow becomes the acknowledged ruler.

The bully of the yard is never the master, but usually a second or third rate pusher that never loses an opportunity to hook those beneath her, or to gore the masters if she can get them in a tight place. If such a one can get loose in the stable, she is quite certain to do mischief. She delights to pause in the open bars and turn and keep those at bay behind her till she sees a pair of threatening horns pressing towards her, when she quickly passes on. As one cow masters all, so there is one cow that is mastered by all. These are the two extremes of the herd, the head and the tail. Between them are all grades of authority, with none so poor but hath some poorer to do her reverence.

The cow has evidently come down to us from a wild or semi-wild state; perhaps is a descendant of those wild, shaggy cattle of which a small band is still preserved in some nobleman's park in Scotland. Cuvier seems to have been of this opinion. One of the ways in which her wild instincts still crop out is the disposition she shows in spring to hide her calf, — a common practice among the wild herds. Her wild nature would be likely to come to the surface at this crisis if ever; and I have known cows that practiced great secrecy in dropping their calves. As their time approached they grew restless, a wild and excited look was upon them; and if left free, they generally set out for the woods, or for some other secluded spot. After the calf is several hours old, and has got upon its feet and had its first meal, the dam by

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some sign commands it to lie down and remain quiet while she goes forth to feed. If the calf is approached at such time, it plays "possum," pretends to be dead or asleep, till, on finding this ruse does not succeed, it mounts to its feet, bleats loudly and fiercely, and charges desperately upon the intruder. But it recovers from this wild scare in a little while, and never shows signs of it again.

The habit of the cow, also, in eating the placenta, looks to me like a vestige of her former wild instincts, — the instinct to remove everything that would give the wild beasts a clew or a scent, and so attract them to her helpless young.

How wise and sagacious the cows become that run upon the street, or pick their living along the highway! The mystery of gates and bars is at last solved to them. They ponder over them by night, they lurk about them by day, till they acquire a new sense, — till they become *en rapport* with them and know when they are open and unguarded. The garden gate, if it open into the highway at any point, is never out of the mind of these roadsters, or out of their calculations. They calculate upon the chances of its being left open a certain number of times in the season; and if it be but once, and only for five minutes, your cabbage and sweet corn suffer. What villager, or countryman either, has not been awakened at night by the squeaking and crunching of those piratical jaws under the window, or in the direction of the vegetable patch? I have had the cows, after they had eaten up my garden, break into the stable where my own milcher was tied, and gore her and devour her meal.

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Yes, life presents but one absorbing problem to the street cow, and that is how to get into your garden. She catches glimpses of it over the fence or through the pickets, and her imagination or epigastrium is inflamed. When the spot is surrounded by a high board fence, I think I have seen her peeping at the cabbages through a knothole. At last she learns to open the gate. It is a great triumph of bovine wit. She does it with her horn or her nose, or may be with her ever-ready tongue. I doubt if she has ever yet penetrated the mystery of the newer patent fastenings; but the old-fashioned thumb-latch she can see through, give her time enough.

A large, lank, muley or polled cow used to annoy me in this way when I was a dweller in a certain pastoral city. I more than half suspected she was turned in by some one; so one day I watched. Presently I heard the gate latch rattle; the gate swung open, and in walked the old buffalo. On seeing me she turned and ran like a horse. I then fastened the gate on the inside and watched again. After long waiting the old cow came quickly round the corner and approached the gate. She lifted the latch with her nose. Then, as the gate did not move, she lifted it again and again. Then she gently nudged it. Then, the obtuse gate not taking the hint, she butted it gently, then harder and still harder, till it rattled again. At this juncture I emerged from my hiding-place, when the old villain scampered off with great precipitation. She knew she was trespassing, and she had learned that there were usually some swift penalties attached to this pastime.

I have owned but three cows, and loved but one.

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That was the first one, Chloe, a bright red, curly-pated, golden-skinned Devonshire cow, that an ocean steamer landed for me upon the banks of the Potomac one bright May Day many clover summers ago. She came from the North, from the pastoral regions of the Catskills, to graze upon the broad commons of the national capital. I was then the fortunate and happy lessee of an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. Behind a high but aged and decrepit board fence I indulged my rural and unclerical tastes. I could look up from my homely tasks and cast a potato almost in the midst of that cataract of marble steps that flows out of the north wing of the patriotic pile. Ah! when that creaking and sagging back gate closed behind me in the evening, I was happy; and when it opened for my egress thence in the morning, I was not happy. Inside that gate was a miniature farm redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens, and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high, vacant mahogany desk of a government clerk. In that ancient inclosure I took an earth bath twice a day. I planted myself as deep in the soil as I could, to restore the normal tone and freshness of my system, impaired by the above-mentioned government mahogany. I have found there is nothing like the earth to draw the various social distempers out of one. The blue devils take flight at once if they see you mean to bury them and make compost of

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them. Emerson intimates that the scholar had better not try to have two gardens; but I could never spend an hour hoeing up dock and redroot and twitch grass without in some way getting rid of many weeds and fungi, — unwholesome growths that a petty indoors life was forever fostering in my own moral and intellectual nature.

But the finishing touch was not given till Chloe came. She was the jewel for which this homely setting waited. My agriculture had some object then. The old gate never opened with such alacrity as when she paused before it. How we waited for her coming! Should I send Drewer, the colored patriarch, for her? No; the master of the house himself should receive Juno at the capital.

“One cask for you,” said the clerk, referring to the steamer bill of lading.

“Then I hope it ’s a cask of milk,” I said. “I expected a cow.”

“One cask, it says here.”

“Well, let ’s see it; I ’ll warrant it has horns and is tied by a rope;” which proved to be the case, for there stood the only object that bore my name, chewing its cud, on the forward deck. How she liked the voyage I could not find out; but she seemed to relish so much the feeling of solid ground beneath her feet once more, that she led me a lively step all the way home. She cut capers in front of the White House, and tried twice to wind me up in the rope as we passed the Treasury. She kicked up her heels on the broad avenue, and became very coltish as she came under the walls of the Capitol. But that night the long-vacant stall in the old stable

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was filled, and the next morning the coffee had met with a change of heart. I had to go out twice with the lantern and survey my treasure before I went to bed. Did she not come from the delectable mountains, and did I not have a sort of filial regard for her as toward my foster-mother?

This was during the Arcadian age at the capital, before the easy-going Southern ways had gone out and the prim new Northern ways had come in, and when the domestic animals were treated with distinguished consideration and granted the freedom of the city. There was a charm of cattle in the street and upon the commons: goats cropped your rosebushes through the pickets and nooned on your front porch; and pigs dreamed Arcadian dreams under your garden fence, or languidly frescoed it with pigments from the nearest pool. It was a time of peace; it was the poor man's golden age. Your cow or your goat or your pig led a vagrant, wandering life, and picked up a subsistence like the bees, wherever it could, which was almost everywhere. Your cow went forth in the morning and came home fraught with milk at night, and you never troubled yourself where she went or how far she roamed.

Chloe took very naturally to this kind of life. At first I had to go with her a few times and pilot her to the nearest commons, and then left her to her own wit, which never failed her. What adventures she had, what acquaintances she made, how far she wandered, I never knew. I never came across her in my walks or rambles. Indeed, on several occasions I thought I would look her up and see her feeding in national pastures, but I never

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could find her. There were plenty of cows, but they were all strangers. But punctually, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, her white horns would be seen tossing above the gate and her impatient low be heard. Sometimes, when I turned her forth in the morning, she would pause and apparently consider which way she should go. Should she go toward Kendall Green to-day, or follow the Tiber, or over by the Big Spring, or out around Lincoln Hospital? She seldom reached a conclusion till she had stretched forth her neck and blown a blast on her trumpet that awoke the echoes in the very lantern on the dome of the Capitol. Then, after one or two licks, she would disappear around the corner. Later in the season, when the grass was parched or poor on the commons, and the corn and cabbage tempting in the garden, Chloe was loath to depart in the morning, and her deliberations were longer than ever, and very often I had to aid her in coming to a decision.

For two summers she was a wellspring of pleasure and profit in my farm of one acre, when, in an evil moment, I resolved to part with her and try another. In an evil moment, I say, for from that time my luck in cattle left me. The goddess never forgave me the execution of that rash and cruel resolve.

The day is indelibly stamped on my memory when I exposed my Chloe for sale in the public market-place. It was in November, a bright, dreamy, Indian summer day. A sadness oppressed me, not unmixed with guilt and remorse. An old Irishwoman came to the market also with her pets to sell, a sow and five pigs, and took up a position next me. We condoled with each other; we

bewailed the fate of our darlings together; we berated in chorus the white-aproned but blood-stained fraternity who prowled about us. When she went away for a moment I minded the pigs, and when I strolled about she minded my cow. How shy the innocent beast was of those carnal marketmen! How she would shrink away from them! When they put out a hand to feel her condition she would "scrooch" down her back, or bend this way or that, as if the hand were a branding-iron. So long as I stood by her head she felt safe — deluded creature! — and chewed the cud of sweet content; but the moment I left her side she seemed filled with apprehension, and followed me with her eyes, lowing softly and entreatingly till I returned.

At last the money was counted out for her, and her rope surrendered to the hand of another. How that last look of alarm and incredulity, which I caught as I turned for a parting glance, went to my heart!

Her stall was soon filled, or partly filled, and this time with a native, — a specimen of what may be called the cornstalk breed of Virginia: a slender, furtive, long-eared heifer just verging on cowhood, that in spite of my best efforts would wear a pinched and hungry look. She evidently inherited a humped back. It was a family trait, and evidence of the purity of her blood. For the native blooded cow of Virginia, from shivering over half-rations of cornstalks in the open air during those bleak and windy winters, and roaming over those parched fields in summer, has come to have some marked features. For one thing, her pedal extremities seem lengthened; for another, her udder does not impede her traveling; for a third, her

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backbone inclines strongly to the curve; then, she despiseth hay. This last is a sure test. Offer a thoroughbred Virginia cow hay, and she will laugh in your face; but rattle the husks or shucks, and she knows you to be her friend.

The newcomer even declined corn meal at first. She eyed it furtively, then sniffed it suspiciously, but finally discovered that it bore some relation to her native "shucks," when she fell to eagerly.

I cherish the memory of this cow, however, as the most affectionate brute I ever knew. Being deprived of her calf, she transferred her affections to her master, and would fain have made a calf of him, lowing in the most piteous and inconsolable manner when he was out of her sight, hardly forgetting her grief long enough to eat her meal, and entirely neglecting her beloved husks. Often in the middle of the night she would set up that sonorous lamentation, and continue it till sleep was chased from every eye in the household. This generally had the effect of bringing the object of her affection before her, but in a mood anything but filial or comforting. Still, at such times a kick seemed a comfort to her, and she would gladly have kissed the rod that was the instrument of my midnight wrath.

But her tender star was destined soon to a fatal eclipse. Being tied with too long a rope on one occasion during my temporary absence, she got her head into the meal barrel, and stopped not till she had devoured nearly half a bushel of dry meal. The singularly placid and benevolent look that beamed from the meal-besmeared face when I discovered her was something to be remembered.

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For the first time, also, her spinal column came near assuming a horizontal line.

But the grist proved too much for her frail mill, and her demise took place on the third day, not of course without some attempt to relieve her on my part. I gave her, as is usual in such emergencies, everything I "could think of," and everything my neighbors could think of, besides some fearful prescriptions which I obtained from a German veterinary surgeon, but to no purpose. I imagined her poor maw distended and inflamed with the baking sodden mass which no physic could penetrate or enliven.

Thus ended my second venture in live stock. My third, which followed sharp upon the heels of this disaster, was scarcely more of a success. This time I led to the altar a buffalo cow, as they call the "muley" down South, — a large, spotted, creamy-skinned cow, with a fine udder, that I persuaded a Jew drover to part with for ninety dollars. "Pag like a dish rack (rag)," said he, pointing to her udder after she had been milked. "You vill come pack and gif me the udder ten tollar" (for he had demanded an even hundred), he continued, "after you have had her a gouple of days." True, I felt like returning to him after a "gouple of days," but not to pay the other ten dollars. The cow proved to be as blind as a bat, though capable of counterfeiting the act of seeing to perfection. For did she not lift up her head and follow with her eyes a dog that scaled the fence and ran through the other end of the lot, and the next moment dash my hopes thus raised by trying to walk over a locust tree thirty feet high? And when I set the bucket

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before her containing her first mess of meal, she missed it by several inches, and her nose brought up against the ground. Was it a kind of far-sightedness and near-blindness? That was it, I think; she had genius, but not talent; she could see the man in the moon, but was quite oblivious to the man immediately in her front. Her eyes were telescopic and required a long range.

As long as I kept her in the stall or confined to the inclosure, this strange eclipse of her sight was of little consequence. But when spring came, and it was time for her to go forth and seek her livelihood in the city's waste places, I was embarrassed. Into what remote corners or into what *terra incognita* might she not wander! There was little doubt but she would drift around home in the course of the summer, or perhaps as often as every week or two; but could she be trusted to find her way back every night? Perhaps she could be taught. Perhaps her other senses were acute enough to compensate her in a measure for her defective vision. So I gave her lessons in the topography of the country. I led her forth to graze for a few hours each day and led her home again. Then I left her to come home alone, which feat she accomplished very encouragingly. She came feeling her way along, stepping very high, but apparently a most diligent and interested sight-seer. But she was not sure of the right house when she got to it, though she stared at it very hard.

Again I turned her forth, and again she came back, her telescopic eyes apparently of some service to her. On the third day, there was a fierce thunderstorm late in the afternoon, and old buffalo did not come home.

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It had evidently scattered and bewildered what little wit she had. Being barely able to navigate those streets on a calm day, what could she be expected to do in a tempest?

After the storm had passed, and near sundown, I set out in quest of her, but could get no clew. I heard that two cows had been struck by lightning about a mile out on the commons. My conscience instantly told me that one of them was mine. It would be a fit closing of the third act of this pastoral drama. Thitherward I bent my steps, and there upon the smooth plain I beheld the scorched and swollen forms of two cows slain by thunderbolts, but neither of them had ever been mine.

The next day I continued the search, and the next, and the next. Finally I hoisted an umbrella over my head, for the weather had become hot, and set out deliberately and systematically to explore every foot of open common on Capitol Hill. I tramped many miles, and found every man's cow but my own, — some twelve or fifteen hundred, I should think. I saw many vagrant boys and Irish and colored women, nearly all of whom had seen a buffalo cow that very day that answered exactly to my description, but in such diverse and widely separate places that I knew it was no cow of mine. And it was astonishing how many times I was myself deceived; how many rumps or heads or line backs or white flanks I saw peeping over knolls, or from behind fences or other objects, that could belong to no cow but mine!

Finally I gave up the search, concluded the cow had been stolen, and advertised her, offering a reward. But days passed, and no tidings were obtained. Hope began

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to burn pretty low, — was indeed on the point of going out altogether, — when one afternoon, as I was strolling over the commons (for in my walks I still hovered about the scenes of my lost milcher), I saw the rump of a cow, over a grassy knoll, that looked familiar. Coming nearer, the beast lifted up her head; and, behold! it was she! only a few squares from home, where doubtless she had been most of the time. I had overshot the mark in my search. I had ransacked the far-off, and had neglected the near-at-hand, as we are so apt to do. But she was ruined as a milcher, and her history thenceforward was brief and touching!

WHEN CLARA MORRIS FIRST MET GARFIELD

By Clara Morris

UNCLE HARRY, as the younger Mr. Freeman was generally called, one day loaned me a book. I was delighted beyond words, and even when I went outdoors, for a week I carried the book with me. The sap was running in the maple-trees, snow covered but thinly the ground and patched the great gray boulders. The joy of the sugar camp was at hand. I had moulded maple sugar in teacups, in little patty pans, in egg-shells, in everything I could think of. I had, one bright morning, two fingers bandaged on one hand and a thumb on the other because of sugar burns, while a bright new patch on my old frock told of yet another burn, and the wrath of my mother having been turned against me on account of these accumulated mishaps, I had been forbidden the pleasure of the camp. Therefore I had taken my book and a large cake of maple sugar, and calling upon Judy the elastic, and Roy the stiff, to follow, I had gone forth to kill time as best I could.

After a wild race that ended with the hound far ahead, me in second place, and Roy well behind the field, I conversed with them on various topics, they nearly wearing their tails out in excited approval of my ideas. Then noticing the extreme whiteness of Judy's teeth, which

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she almost wholly exposed in her doggish smile, I remarked, "You should have been called Sweetlips instead of Judy; and Roy, if you had not been too old I bet you a penny, Uncle Harry would have called you Garfield — for that's the name of the man he's always talking about, whenever anybody comes here. It's just Garfield — canal, and Garfield — man, and Garfield — speech, and Garfield — oh, you beast!" for Roy had thrust his nose into my apron pocket and grabbed the cake of sugar. But his stiff old legs gave out quickly. I rescued the sugar and with the calm indifference of childhood wiped it off with my apron and returned it to my pocket. But when Judy began to nose it violently I felt that discretion was the better part of valor, and looking about vainly for another place of safety, I held my book under my chin, while I climbed up to the top of a high rail fence. There I turned laboriously, tucked my red calico dress under me to mitigate the severity of that top rail, and seated myself, straightened my hood, opened my book, and with a dog on hind legs on each side of me, I fairly shared the sugar with them while between bites I read a harrowing story of slavery. I had been there some time, for the cake of sugar had become a mere crumbly bit, so hard to divide into three portions that I yielded to the urgent pleading of a pair of dim brown eyes on one side of me and a pair of brilliant topaz ones on the other, and broke the fragment in two pieces; and as they were crunched to powder by sharp white teeth, from up the rough and rutty road, there came the loudly cried "Gee — gee haw!" that announced the approach of an ox team.

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Instantly six interested eyes, blue, brown, and yellow, turned in that direction, for under some circumstances even a passing load of wood is worthy of attention.

Presently there turned into the road from a cross lane a pair of red and white oxen, swaying patiently beneath their heavy yoke, whose guide, tall and broad, did a great deal of shouting, but almost no goading, for which I liked the man whose face I had not yet seen. Both dogs left me at once and hastened to inquire into the treatment and general condition of the steers and to look under the wagon to see if there might be a dog there, as country etiquette required, and finding an ancient brindled watchdog, there followed a great waving of tails and a general exchange of salutations, and Judy being but a scatter-brained, flighty young thing at best, spat her hands with lightning quickness before him and invited the newcomer to race her, but he only pressed closer to the off steer, looking him over anxiously and pretending not to have heard her embarrassing invitation — the young are so thoughtless at times. Later on, he and Roy, who was his contemporary, found a dry and sunny spot where they sat down and talked of the wonderful tenacity of rheumatism when it settled in a dog's shoulder.

Meantime the man, approaching, called loudly, "Hal-loo! halloo!" toward the house. No answer coming, he halted his steers and stood still, looking doubtfully over toward the barn. He was in dress the typical country-man, big and broad-shouldered, his trousers' legs tucked into his boot tops, his thick coat fastened close about his middle with a leather strap never meant for a belt, an

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enormous pair of grayish-blue mittens on his hands, a comforter of amazing length and fighting-mad colors wound about his throat, and a cap with ear tabs on his head, a cap whose dark brown color accentuated the yellowish blondness of his hair — all that was countryman. But in the big, ruddy, full-moon face, with the wide, eager blue eyes, the bold, well-formed nose, the kindly smiling lips, all seeming to radiate vitality and energy, there was no country stolidity — far from it. As his wandering eye returned from the barn, the dogs, clambering back to me again, drew his attention to where, like a red woodpecker, I perched on the fence.

“Oh!” he exclaimed. “Say, little girl, is Freeman at home?”

I looked at him and gravely asked, “Which one — Jedediah or Uncle Harry?”

The ruddy face quivered for a moment, then the answer came, “Uncle Harry.”

I shook my head regretfully. “He ’s away — I wish he was n’t!” Then I continued, “Mr. Jedediah Freeman ’s home” — with a sigh — “I wish he was n’t.”

What a shout of laughter came from the stranger’s great throat! The wind fluttered over the leaves of my story just then and the laugh ended abruptly; the big, blue eyes sparkled.

“I—is that a book?” he asked. “Are you reading it?”

“Of course I am,” I replied with offended dignity.

“Oh!” he exclaimed. “What is it about, eh? is it good?”

“Well,” I replied with a critical twist of my hooded

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head, "n-no — it 's not so very good." Then hurriedly, "Of course, all books are some good. This is called *Dred, or the Dismal Swamp*, and it 's kind of shuddery, you know; but it 's not like my two best books."

He came quite close to me and asked in the most interested manner, "Which are they — your two best books, Sissy?"

And I answered swiftly, "*Jane Eyre* and *Robinson Crusoe*."

He lifted up his voice again in hearty laughter, while he smote the rail a blow with his fist that set Judy frantic with excitement, and then he cried, —

"Good! Good for you, little girl! I back your judgment in books. But who are you, any way? You can't be a country child?" He looked toward the house and then suddenly answered his own question: "Why, I guess you must be the daughter of old Jedediah's house-keeper — that 's who you are."

"Well," I returned rather testily, "I can guess too, and I guess you are my Uncle Harry's Mr. Garfield — that is, if you ever make speeches."

He caught my face between his big mittened hands and laughed as he rocked me so from side to side. "I tell you what, little one, if I had a faster team here, I think I 'd run you off."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Oh!" he answered, "to some place chock full of books. Would you go?"

And being a miniature woman, I shook my head violently, while smiling a distinct consent.

He glanced up at the farmer's clock, the sun, caught

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up his goad and started up his oxen. The brindle broke off his conversation with Roy to make a swift investigation of the soles of my shoes and the condition of our barnyard gate before hastening to take his proper position under his wagon. Then I demurely remarked, "You did n't want me to tell Uncle Harry anything, then, did you?"

"Good Lord!" cried the driver, "I clean forgot! Please tell Freeman not to fail Garfield at the meeting to-morrow night, at Aurora! Remember, little girl, *Aurora* — not at the schoolhouse, that 's too small! *Aurora!* Good-by!" And with much creaking and rumbling the wagon moved in response to the efforts of the red and white steers, who swayed and shambled and gee'd and haw'd in patient obedience to the big, kind voice that directed them. Once he turned and looking back saw me standing on the fence ready to jump, while the dogs wildly leaping up in front of me made the jump impossible. And so with a last Homeric burst of laughter, the young Garfield of the farmer period passed out of my life, to enter it again years later, through the doors of a Washington drawing-room.

THE RISKS OF A FIREMAN'S LIFE

By Charles T. Hill

THE risks and dangers that firemen face in the discharge of their duty are known to very few. The outside world — the public at large — hears little or nothing of them. Fires, in a large city like New York, are of such common occurrence that the newspapers rarely give them more than a paragraphic notice; and, in fact, all accounts of fires to-day are condensed so as to occupy the smallest possible space. Of course, conflagrations of any magnitude receive their share of recognition in the columns of the daily papers; and the papers are never stinting in the praise they give the firemen for the brave and skillful work that they perform; but the fire departments throughout all our large cities are so perfectly organized to-day that the "large fire" does not often occur, and detailed accounts are, therefore, seldom found in the papers.

When we see a fire company dashing on its way in answer to an alarm, we stop to admire the stirring picture that it presents. Instinctively we look in the direction in which it is proceeding for the appearance of smoke, if it be daytime, or the glare of the flames, if it be at night, to indicate the location of the fire. We perhaps see none, and pass on our way; and in the whirl of city life this incident is soon forgotten. And yet this

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company may return with many of its members bruised and sore, while others are perhaps conveyed to near-by hospitals, mortally wounded. It is not always the fire that makes the biggest show that is the hardest to fight. The fire that goes roaring through the roof of a building, lighting up the city for miles around, is sometimes much more easily subdued than the dull, smoky cellar or sub-cellar fire that forces the men to face the severest kind of "punishment," the effects of which are felt for weeks afterward, before it is controlled.

At a sub-cellar fire that occurred one night, a few years ago, on lower Broadway, I saw over a dozen men laid out on the sidewalk, overcome by the smoke. A gruesome sight it was, too, with the dim figures of the ambulance surgeons, lanterns in hand, working over them, and the thick smoke for a background.

These were brave fellows who had dashed in with the lines of hose, only to be dragged out afterward by their comrades, nearly suffocated by the thick, stifling smoke that poured in volumes from every opening in the basement. Over one hundred and fifty feet of "dead-lights," or grating, over the sidewalk had to be broken in that night before the cellars were relieved sufficiently of the smoke with which they were charged to allow the men to go in and extinguish the fire. This required the combined work of the crews of five hook-and-ladder companies, who broke in the ironwork with the butt ends of their axes, — the hardest kind of work. But the newspapers the following morning gave this fire only a ten or twelve line notice, mentioning the location and the estimated loss, and adding that "it was a severe

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fire to subdue." No word of the punishment and suffering the men were forced to face before this fire was under control; no mention of the dash after dash into the cellar with the heavy line of hose, only to be driven back to the street by the smoke, or to be dragged out afterward nearly unconscious; nor of the thud after thud with the heavy axes on the thick iron grating that required twenty or thirty blows before any impression could be made on it. This was muscle-straining, lung-taxing work that the average man has to face only once in a lifetime; but the firemen in a large city have it always before them; and each tap on the telegraph may mean the signal to summon them to a task that requires the utmost strength and nerve.

While speaking of cellar fires, let me relate an incident that happened to some companies in the down-town district at a fire of this description. It occurred in Barclay street, in the sub-cellar of a crockery and glass warehouse, amid the straw used to pack the glassware. It sent forth a dense, stifling smoke, and was an ugly fire to fight. I will relate it in the rather characteristic way in which it was told me by a fireman in one of the companies that were summoned to subdue it. The story gives an idea of what the fireman in the business part of a big city may have to face at any time.

"The station came in one night at 11.30. We rolled, and found the fire in Barclay street, in a crockery warehouse, — burning straw, jute, excelsior, and all that sort of stuff in the sub-cellar. Smoke? I never saw such smoke since I've been in the business. We went through the building, and found the fire had n't got above the

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cellar. We tried to get the line down the cellar stairs, but it was no use. No one could live on that stairway for a minute. The chief then divided us up, sent out a second [a second alarm], and we sailed in to drown it out; 27 engine got the rear; 7 engine the stairway, to keep it from coming up; and our company, 29, got the front. We pried open the iron cellar doors on the pavement, only to find that the elevator, used to carry freight to the bottom, had been run up to the top. Here were four inches of Georgia pine to cut through! And phew! *such* work in *such* smoke! Well, we got through this, opened it up, and — out it all came! No flames, just smoke, and with force enough to suffocate a man in a second. We backed out to the gutter and got a little fresh air in our lungs, and went at it again. We brought a thirty-five-foot ladder over from the truck and lowered it through this opening, and found we *could n't touch bottom!* A forty-five-foot ladder was put down, and only three rungs remained above the sidewalk; this showed that there was over forty feet of cellar and sub-cellar! And down in this place we had to go with the line. Well, the sooner we got at it the sooner it was over; so, shifting the line over the top rung of the ladder, so it would n't get caught, down we started. It was only forty feet, but I can tell you it seemed like three hundred and forty before we got to the bottom. Of course, when we got there it was n't so bad; the smoke lifted, and gave us a corner in the cellar shaft where we could work, and we soon drove the fire away to the rear and out; but going down we got a dose of smoke we'll all remember to our last days."

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The company working in the rear fared even worse than the other. They had to descend into a narrow court only four feet wide, about twenty-five feet long (the width of the building), and forty feet deep, merely a shaft to give light and air to the cellar and sub-cellar. When the company in the front got to work, they drove the fire to the rear with such violence that this company was compelled to ascend rapidly to the street floor to save their lives.

Next to a dangerous cellar fire nothing is more dreaded by the men than what is known in their own language as the "back-draft." This is a sudden veering of the flames, usually caused by the burning away of some portion of the building that gives the fire renewed draft, and changes its course completely.

The firemen arrive and find the whole second or third floor of a building in flames. Axes in hand, they smash open the doors, and with the hose dash up the stairway. This is all afire, and the flames are rolling above like a red pall. With the engine at work and good pressure on the line, the battle between the two elements, fire and water, begins. Inch by inch the men fight their way up the stairway, now to retreat as the fire gains upon them, and now to advance as it rolls away for a moment. The encouraging words of the commanding officer are heard behind them urging them on: "Now get in, boys! That's it — get in — get in! Make the next landing! Hit it up, boys!" and all the other words of encouragement that he usually gives.

They finally reach the landing. They are on the floor with the fire. It rolls away from them. They drive it

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farther back. Encouraged by their seeming victory, they drag up more of the heavy hose to make a final dash at it, when suddenly something falls in at the rear of the fire and gives it renewed draft. It rolls toward them, an impenetrable wall of fire — the deadly back-draft! Their only chance of escape is to throw themselves upon their faces, in hope that it may roll over them, or to hurl themselves down the stairs up which they have so gallantly fought their way. Better a broken leg or arm than death by roasting; and the water of fifty engines could never stay the progress of that awful wave of flame.

Many a brave fellow has lost his life in this manner; and very often all the members of a company return with their eyebrows, hair, and beard singed off, bearing evidence that they have been “ketched,” as they express it, by a less terrible form of this deadly draft.

Another kind of back-draft that is greatly dreaded takes the form of an explosion, and is usually met with in fires in storage houses and large warehouses that have been closed up tight for some time. A fire breaks out in such a building, and, as a rule, has been smoldering for some time before it is discovered. The firemen are summoned, and, raising a ladder, they pry open an iron shutter or break in a door to get at the fire. The combustion going on within the building has generated a gas; and the moment the air gets to this, through the breaking open of the door or window, the mixture ignites. An explosion follows, and a portion or the whole of the front of the building is destroyed. Several accidents of this kind have occurred in New York, —

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one in a storage warehouse in West Thirty-ninth street a few years ago, when the whole front was blown out, hurling the firemen from the ladders, and severely injuring a large number. Another accident of the same nature occurred shortly after this, in a large wholesale flour warehouse down town. In this case it was supposed that particles of flour in the air inside the warehouse became ignited and exploded; but it was practically another case of the back-draft. Several firemen were maimed and injured in this case.

Now much greater caution is exercised in "opening up" buildings of this kind when a fire breaks out in them; and to-day the back-draft is of rare occurrence, though any alarm may bring the firemen face to face with it.

The falling wall is another danger with which the firemen have to contend in fighting a fire, although it can truly be said that, like the big fire, this difficulty is not often met with to-day. Modern buildings do not crumble away as some used to in the fires of ten or fifteen years ago, and the up-to-date fireproof building may be entirely gutted inside while the walls remain intact. It may seem strange to speak of a fireproof building being burned out, but experience has taught the firemen not to put too much confidence in such structures, for it has been shown that many of them are really not so "fireproof" as their builders had imagined.

There are several kinds of falling walls, and the fireman of experience knows them well, and what to expect from each. There is one kind that breaks first at the bottom and comes down almost straight, somewhat

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like a curtain. This makes a big noise, but is not very much to be dreaded. Then there is another that bulges or "buckles" in the middle at first, and makes a sort of curve as it descends. This is always more serious than the first, and has caused many fatalities. Then there is one that breaks at the bottom and comes straight out, reaching clear across the street, and remaining almost solid until it strikes; and, as an old-time fireman once remarked, "That 's the kind you want to dodge."

This kind of "falling wall" has caused more of the deaths in the department than any other danger the firemen have to contend with. It has killed horses as well as men, and destroyed apparatus; and it falls so rapidly, and covers so much space, that to escape it the men have to be quick indeed.

Fires in warehouses filled with drugs and paints always mean grave danger to the firemen. Fires occur in them quite frequently, usually caused by spontaneous combustion or through the vaporization of some of the many oils or chemicals stored in the buildings. They make dangerous fires to fight, the carboys of different acids being packed in salt hay or straw that makes a dense smoke; and this smoke is sometimes charged with the fumes of some acid, the combination forming a most deadly mixture to breathe. Still, fires of this kind must be fought as bravely as fires amid less dangerous surroundings, for the very nature of the contents makes it imperative that the fire be extinguished as soon as possible; and the greatest personal risk is sometimes taken in getting these fires under control.

The firemen often work in the cellars of these buildings

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surrounded on every hand by cases or barrels of oils and chemicals of the most inflammable kind, fighting the fire back, inch by inch, until it is finally conquered. Sometimes they can remain in such situations for only a few moments at a time; and then the exhausted men retreat to the street, while a fresh squad or company take their places.

They cannot afford to give the fire a chance to gain the slightest headway, for should it reach the dangerous material around them an explosion would follow, probably killing every one in the cellar. So it is fought stubbornly and persistently until under control; but none but men of indomitable courage will face such risks, and the heroes who engage in this perilous work receive scant recognition of their bravery. Outside of their companions little is known of their deeds of valor, and they themselves scarcely give them a second thought, for in the routine of their work risks are taken in every fire, and the fact that the risks have been greater in a fire of this kind does not impress them especially, — they know they have been in a perilous position, have faced death in a terrible form, have made a good fight of it and come out victors — there it ends.

It is not alone in saving lives from fire that the firemen show of what heroic stuff they are made; in the simple discharge of their daily duty they are often forced to risk life over and over again in deeds of daring about which we hear little, — deeds that are repeated at almost every serious fire to which they are called.

The advent of winter brings with it additional dangers and hardships for the firemen. Fires are much more

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numerous during extremely cold weather, and fire duty is usually very trying throughout the winter months. This excess of fires can be traced to overheated furnaces and stoves, fires being built carelessly and in places not much used, and attempts made to warm apartments that perhaps it would not be necessary to heat at any other time. The fire record during an unusually cold spell rises to from twenty-five to forty fires per day in New York city, and this keeps the firemen ever "on the jump."

All the serious fires seem to occur on bitterly cold days or nights, and the suffering of the men working at such fires is very great. To work out-of-doors in a freezing temperature is not very pleasant under any circumstances; but to work *in water* and *with water* while exposed to the bitter cold is more than disagreeable.

To stand upon the peak of a ladder at perhaps the third or fourth story of a building, directing the stream of water at the blazing interior, while the thermometer is at about its lowest point, is not a comfortable task. Perhaps another stream is playing over your head, and you stand in an icy spray. Icicles hang from every point of your fire hat, while the rubber coat is frozen to your back; and the water that is falling about you freezes as fast as it falls. Every movement upon the ladder is fraught with danger, for it is so incrustated with ice that it is almost impossible to get a solid foothold, and a misstep would hurl you to the ground, forty feet below.

Such is the experience of nearly every fireman during the winter months; and although "ladder work" has been done away with to some extent of late years in the big cities, still the men are likely to be called upon to

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perform such work at almost any severe fire, should the construction of the building require it.

The firemen find it difficult to get any sort of gloves that will protect their hands in the extreme winter weather. A woolen glove of any description is saturated with water almost immediately and freezes stiff; while one made of leather soon gets into a condition nearly as bad, and when dry becomes as hard as iron. They are, therefore, forced to handle the hose with bare hands, no matter how bitter the weather, and "picking up," or stowing the hose away in the hose wagons after a fire is over, becomes most painful work. The different lengths of hose have to be dragged up to the wagon through an icy slush, and sometimes they freeze perfectly stiff the instant the water is turned off at the engine. To get them stowed away in the new hose wagons (where they are folded and laid in lengths) or wound upon the reels in the hose carriages, exposes the men to the severest kind of punishment. Their hands become completely numb and helpless from handling the ice-clad pipe; and the metal connections, cold to many degrees below freezing, almost sear their fingers in "breaking" or disconnecting the different lengths. The least severe part of fighting a winter fire may be said to be the fire itself, for the aftermath — collecting the hose, packing it upon the wagon in shipshape order, and the long ride home in an icy breeze and in water-soaked clothing — is an experience that few would care to encounter; yet it is the usual sequel to every winter fire.

Broken glass and melted lead are among the other

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dangers that firemen are compelled to face at bad fires. The former occurs at almost every fire, and is caused by the flames bursting through the windows, or by the efforts of the men to make an opening in the building. The latter is caused by the burning away of metal cornices and ornamental ironwork at the top of buildings, in which an immense amount of solder is used to hold parts together. When the roaring flames pour out of the top-story windows of a building and curl up against this metal work with the force of a blast furnace, a perfect rain of molten metal pours down, with an occasional piece of red-hot tin or zinc, for variety. Men working upon ladders or on fire-escapes underneath have to stand this red-hot shower while it burns great holes in their rubber coats, or protect themselves as best they can by crouching inside the window frames. "Top-story fires" may not have the disadvantages and discomforts that result from the smoke of a cellar fire, but they make up for it by the numerous petty dangers of other kinds.

There is scarcely a fire at which some one is not injured by the broken glass, sometimes seriously. There are scores of men in the New York department to-day bearing the marks of cuts by glass; and many have been maimed in this manner. They usually receive their injuries while standing on or going up the ladders. A window bursts open, or some one will break it open with an axe or with a hook, and large pieces of glass come sliding down the ladder, and, if the men are not quick, will cut them across the back of the hand. Many have been severely injured in this manner, the muscles that

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control the fingers being severed, virtually maiming them for life.

There is something weird, and at the same time exciting, in watching the men make a night attack upon a smoky fire. The hoarse shouts and commands of the officers are heard; while the dim figures of the men, some carrying lanterns, others dragging the lines of hose into position, dash in and out. Within can be heard the dull chung, chung of the heavy axe making an opening through some door or partition that keeps the men from the seat of the fire. The thick smoke rolls down at times and shuts everything from view, only to lift the next moment and clear away as if the fire had suddenly stopped. The next instant it settles down again, forming an inky pall through which it is impossible to see clearly for more than a foot away. In the midst of this there comes a crash from above, and a perfect avalanche of glass descends: a window has been broken by the heat, or by men within to give themselves air. Those working beneath who are unable to escape this shower, stand perfectly still with their hands drawn closely to their sides, while pieces rattle around them. The thick leather fire hat, with its broad, protecting leaf at the back, saves them from injury. This is a characteristic position that the men take when in the midst of falling débris; and the leather hat, with its stout ridges or "spines" on the top, protects their heads from many a serious cut or bruise.

When entering a strange building filled with smoke, the officers' first thought (and the men's as well) is how to escape should anything happen while they are work-

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ing within. More correctly speaking, this is a supposed rule, not written down, that is observed by the men for their own protection. But in the excitement and hurry of making an attack upon a fire it is seldom regarded, and men often find themselves lost in a building, groping about, searching for some way of escape, while the smoke gets so thick that their lanterns are extinguished. Their only hope in this case is to find the line of hose that has been brought in, and, on finding it, to follow it along to the street. By keeping their faces low down, close to the hose, they will usually find a current of fresh air, especially if the line is charged with water, and this will perhaps save them from suffocation.

At the school of instruction the firemen are taught, before they enter the service, how to use their hooks as a means of self-protection when in smoky fires. The instructor tells them that by pushing the hook ahead of them as they are advancing in a strange building, it will give warning of their approach to open hatchways, partitions, etc. Falls through open bulkheads and open hatchways when working in thick, heavy smoke are quite frequent, and form another of the many dangers the firemen have to encounter.

To move about quickly and with safety in the dark through a building that one is thoroughly acquainted with is difficult enough; but when we combine a heavy smoke with the darkness, and imagine a fireman to be in a building that he knows nothing about, it can be seen that the task of the exploring fireman is anything but an easy one.

Falls from roofs and extensions of buildings occur

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frequently, and form another menace of the calling. When walking on slippery roofs, sometimes covered with ice and snow, getting the lines of hose into position, or raising ladders to get at taller buildings, the firemen work under great difficulties; and it is remarkable that there are not more accidents than do occur. The water that they are using only adds to the dangerous condition of the roofs, sometimes forming a sheet of ice in cold weather; and as everything is done in a hurry, the escapes that they sometimes have are little short of miraculous.

Though their life is full of uncertainties and risks, the firemen find their own amusement and pleasure in the very dangers that they have to face. There is scarcely a serious fire that does not have a humorous side to it; and they often laugh and joke afterward at the discomforts and trials that they have just gone through; or if not at their own, then at those of some fellow-member who has been in a particularly disagreeable position.

An incident that happened at a large cotton fire in the lower part of New York, some years ago, had its comic side, and was the means of the firemen discovering the main body of the fire, which for some time they had been endeavoring in vain to locate.

The smoke was pouring out of nearly every part of the building, and although several entrances had been made, it had been impossible to find the seat of the fire. The chief in charge ordered some windows on the third floor to be "opened up," and a ladder was accordingly raised, and a fireman ascended. With the aid of a hook

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he pried open the iron shutters, and, lamp in hand, stepped in and — disappeared! His companion upon the ladder, wondering why he had so suddenly vanished from sight, peered in, and found that he had stepped into the elevator shaft, which was directly under this window, and had fallen through to the basement. Hastily descending, he alarmed the others, and forcing an entrance, they made their way to the cellar. Here they found their comrade in a sitting position upon a bale of cotton, partly stunned and dazed from the shock of the fall, but otherwise uninjured. In his hand he still held the wire handle of his lamp, — all that remained of it, — while in front of him, farther in the basement, blazing merrily, was the fire they had been endeavoring to find. His fall had led him directly to it. On afterward examining the hatchway, or shaft, through which he had fallen, they found that it had bars running diagonally across at each floor, and in some marvelous way he had escaped each one on his downward flight.

In relating his experience afterward, he seemed to think his fall an especially good joke, and that it was particularly funny his not getting a “bump” from the crossbars on his way down; though I must confess I could not see anything so very amusing in falling four floors through a burning building, and bringing up right in the heart of a fire.

Considering the exposure that men in this business have to endure, — jumping out of a warm bed on a bitter cold night to answer an alarm; tearing through the streets, in the face of a biting wind, bareheaded and coatless, finishing their dressing as they dash along;

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working in water-soaked clothing in a freezing temperature; and having many hours of exhausting work at a time, — considering all these, the mortality among the firemen is very light. They are usually of strong build physically, and able to stand exposures that would kill the ordinary man in private life two or three times over, if such a thing were possible. As a rule, they are fond of their calling; and the true fireman is as enthusiastic about his work, and as full of spirit in executing it, as the soldier or sailor. The very dangers and uncertainties of which his life is so full add a kind of fascinating interest to it, and he is always ready for the unexpected — which usually happens.

A BATTLE WITH A CANNON

By Victor Hugo

ALL the gunners came running up, beside themselves with terror.

A frightful thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass runs along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball; it rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops, seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates. It is a ram battering a wall at its own pleasure. Moreover, the battering-ram is iron, the wall is wood. It is matter set free; one might say that this eternal slave is wreaking its vengeance; it would seem as though the evil in what we call inanimate objects had found vent and suddenly burst forth; it has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge; nothing is so inexorable as the rage of the in-

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animate. The mad mass leaps like a panther; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of the ox; it takes one by surprise, like the surge of the sea; it flashes like lightning; it is deaf as the tomb; it weighs ten thousand pounds, and it bounds like a child's ball; it whirls as it advances, and the circles it describes are intersected by right angles. And what help is there? How can it be overcome? A calm succeeds the tempest, a cyclone passes over, a wind dies away, we replace the broken mass, we check the leak, we extinguish the fire; but what is to be done with this enormous bronze beast? How can it be subdued? You can reason with a mastiff, take a bull by surprise, fascinate a snake, frighten a tiger, mollify a lion; but there is no resource with the monster known as a loosened gun. You cannot kill it, — it is already dead, and yet it lives. It breathes a sinister life bestowed on it by the Infinite. The plank beneath sways it to and fro; it is moved by the ship; the sea lifts the ship, and the wind keeps the sea in motion. This destroyer is a toy. Its terrible vitality is fed by the ship, the waves, and the wind, each lending its aid. What is to be done with this complication? How fetter this monstrous mechanism of shipwreck? How foresee its comings and goings, its recoils, its halts, its shocks? Any one of those blows may stave in the side of the vessel. How can one guard against these terrible gyrations? One has to do with a projectile that reflects, that has ideas, and changes its direction at any moment. How can one arrest an object in its course, whose onslaught must be avoided? The dreadful cannon rushes about, advances, recedes, strikes

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to right and to left, flies here and there, baffles their attempts at capture, sweeps away obstacles, crushing men like flies.

The extreme danger of the situation comes from the unsteadiness of the deck. How is one to cope with the caprices of an inclined plane? The ship had within its depths, so to speak, imprisoned lightning struggling for escape; something like the rumbling of thunder during an earthquake. In an instant the crew was on its feet. It was the chief gunner's fault, who had neglected to fasten the screw nut of the breeching chain, and had not thoroughly chocked the four trucks of the carronade, which allowed play to the frame and bottom of the gun carriage, thereby disarranging the two platforms and parting the breeching. The lashings were broken, so that the gun was no longer firm on its carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents the recoil was not in use at that time. As a wave struck the ship's side the cannon, insufficiently secured, had receded, and having broken its chain, began to wander threateningly over the deck. In order to get an idea of this strange sliding, fancy a drop of water sliding down a pane of glass.

When the fastening broke, the gunners were in the battery, singly and in groups, clearing the ship for action. The carronade, thrown forward by the pitching, dashed into a group of men, killing four of them at the first blow; then, hurled back by the rolling, it cut in two an unfortunate fifth man, and struck and dismounted one of the guns of the larboard battery. Hence the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed to the ladder. The gun deck was empty in the twinkling of an eye.

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The monstrous gun was left to itself. It was its own mistress, and mistress of the ship. It could do with it whatsoever it wished. This crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, now trembled. It would be impossible to describe their terror.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant la Vieuville, brave men though they were, paused at the top of the ladder, silent, pale, and undecided, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow, and descended. It was their passenger,—the peasant,—the man about whom they were talking a moment ago.

Having reached the bottom of the ladder he halted.

The cannon was rolling to and fro on the deck. It might have been called the living chariot of the Apocalypse. A dim wavering of lights and shadows was added to this spectacle by the marine lantern, swinging under the deck. The outlines of the cannon were indistinguishable, by reason of the rapidity of its motion; sometimes it looked black when the light shone upon it, then again it would cast pale, glimmering reflections in the darkness.

It was still pursuing its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and made two breaches in the ship's side, fortunately above the water-line, but which would leak in case of rough weather. It rushed frantically against the timbers; the stout riders resisted, — curved timbers have great strength; but one could hear them crack under this tremendous assault brought to bear simultaneously on every side, with a certain omnipresence truly appalling.

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A bullet shaken in a bottle could not produce sharper or more rapid sounds. The four wheels were passing and repassing over the dead bodies, cutting and tearing them to pieces, and the five corpses had become five trunks rolling hither and thither; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood flowed over the deck, following the motion of the ship. The ceiling, damaged in several places, had begun to give way. The whole ship was filled with a dreadful tumult.

The captain, who had rapidly recovered his self-possession, had given orders to throw down the hatchway all that could abate the rage and check the mad onslaught of this infuriated gun; mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, the bags of the crew, and bales of false assignats, with which the corvette was laden, — that infamous stratagem of English origin being considered a fair trick in war.

But what availed these rags? No one dared to go down to arrange them, and in a few moments they were reduced to lint.

There was just sea enough to render this accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been welcome. It might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air, it could easily have been mastered. Meanwhile the havoc increased. There were even incisions and fractures in the masts, that stood like pillars grounded firmly in the keel, and piercing the several decks of the vessel. The mizzenmast was split, and even the mainmast was damaged by the convulsive blows of the cannon. The destruction of the battery still went on. Ten out of the thirty pieces were useless. The

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fractures in the side increased, and the corvette began to leak.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like one carved in stone as he stood motionless at the foot of the stairs and glanced sternly over the devastation. It would have been impossible to move a step upon the deck.

Each bound of the liberated carronade seemed to threaten the destruction of the ship. But a few moments longer, and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must either overcome this calamity or perish; some decisive action must be taken. But what?

What a combatant was this carronade!

Here was this mad creature to be arrested, this flash of lightning to be seized, this thunderbolt to be crushed. Boisberthelot said to Vieuvville, —

“Do you believe in God, chevalier?”

“Yes and no — sometimes I do!” replied La Vieuvville.

“In a tempest?”

“Yes, and in moments like these.”

“Truly God alone can save us,” said Boisberthelot.

All were silent, leaving the carronade to its horrible uproar.

The waves beating the ship from without answered the blows of the cannon within, very much like a couple of hammers striking in turn.

Suddenly in the midst of this inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon was tossing from side to side, a man appeared, grasping an iron bar. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, whose criminal negligence had caused the accident, — the captain of the gun.

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Having brought about the evil, his intention was to repair it. Holding a handspike in one hand, and in the other a tiller rope with the slip-noose in it, he had jumped through the hatchway to the deck below.

Then began a terrible struggle; a titanic spectacle; a combat between cannon and cannoneer; a contest between mind and matter; a duel between man and the inanimate. The man stood in one corner in an attitude of expectancy, leaning on the rider and holding in his hands the bar and the rope; calm, livid, and tragic, he stood firmly on his legs, that were like two pillars of steel.

He was waiting for the cannon to approach him.

The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as though it must know him. They had lived together a long time. How often had he put his hand in its mouth! It was his domestic monster. He began to talk to it as he would to a dog. "Come," said he. Possibly he loved it.

He seemed to wish for its coming, and yet its approach meant sure destruction for him. How to avoid being crushed was the question. All looked on in terror.

Not a breath was drawn freely, except perhaps by the old man, who remained on the gun deck gazing sternly on the two combatants.

He himself was in danger of being crushed by the piece; still he did not move.

Beneath them the blind sea had command of the battle. When, in the act of accepting this awful hand-to-hand struggle, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, it happened that the surging sea held the gun motionless for an instant, as though stupefied. "Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

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Suddenly it leaped towards him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began, — a contest unheard of; the fragile wrestling with the invulnerable; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast; blind force on the one side, soul on the other.

All this was in the shadow. It was like an indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul! — strangely enough it seemed as if a soul existed within the cannon, but one consumed with hate and rage. The blind thing seemed to have eyes. It appeared as though the monster were watching the man. There was, or at least one might have supposed it, cunning in this mass. It also chose its opportunity. It was as though a gigantic insect of iron was endowed with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all fours, rush upon the man. He — supple, agile, adroit — writhed like a serpent before these lighting movements. He avoided encounters; but the blows from which he escaped fell with destructive force upon the vessel. A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carrounade. This bit of chain had twisted in some incomprehensible way around the breech button.

One end of the chain was fastened to the gun carriage; the other end thrashed wildly around, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon. The screw held it as in a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun, — a lash of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the combat.

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Despite all this, the man fought. He even attacked the cannon at times, crawling along by the side of the ship and clutching his handspike and the rope; the cannon seemed to understand his movements, and fled as though suspecting a trap. The man, nothing daunted, pursued his chase.

Such a struggle must necessarily be brief. Suddenly the cannon seemed to say to itself, Now, then, there must be an end to this. And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. The cannon, as if in suspense, seemed to meditate, or — for to all intents and purposes it was a living creature — it really did meditate, some furious design. All at once it rushed on the gunner, who sprang aside with a laugh, crying out, "Try it again!" as the cannon passed him. The gun in its fury smashed one of the larboard carronades; then, by the invisible sling in which it seemed to be held, it was thrown to the starboard, towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades were crushed by its onslaught; then, as though blind and beside itself, it turned from the man, and rolled from stern to stem, splintering the latter, and causing a breach in the walls of the prow. The gunner took refuge at the foot of the ladder, a short distance from the old man, who stood watching. He held his handspike in readiness. The cannon seemed aware of it, and without taking the trouble to turn, it rushed backward on the man, as swift as the blow of an axe. The gunner, if driven up against the side of the ship, would be lost.

One cry arose from the crew.

The old passenger — who until this moment had stood motionless — sprang forward more swiftly than all

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those mad whirls. He had seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade. This decisive and perilous manœuvre could not have been executed with more precision and adroitness by an adept in all the exercises given in the work of Durosels's "Manual of Naval Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may block a log; a branch sometimes changes the course of an avalanche. The carronade stumbled, and the gunner, availing himself of the perilous opportunity, thrust his iron bar between the spokes of the back wheels. Pitching forward, the cannon stopped; and the man, using his bar for a lever, rocked it backward and forward. The heavy mass upset, with the resonant sound of a bell that crashes in its fall. The man, reeking with perspiration, threw himself upon it, and passed the slip-noose of the tiller rope around the neck of the defeated monster.

The combat was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had overcome the mastodon; the pygmy had imprisoned the thunderbolt.

The soldiers and sailors applauded.

The crew rushed forward with chains and cables, and in an instant the cannon was secured.

Saluting the passenger, the gunner exclaimed, —

"Sir, you have saved my life!"

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and made no reply.

The man had conquered; but it might be affirmed that the cannon also had gained a victory. Immediate shipwreck was averted; but the corvette was still in dan-

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ger. The injuries the ship had sustained seemed irreparable. There were five breaches in the sides, one of them — a very large one — in the bow, and twenty carronades out of thirty lay shattered in their frames. The recaptured gun, which had been secured by a chain, was itself disabled. The screw of the breech button being wrenched, it would consequently be impossible to level the cannon. The battery was reduced to nine guns; there was a leakage in the hold. All these damages must be repaired without loss of time, and the pumps set in operation. Now that the gun deck had become visible, it was frightful to look upon. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more thoroughly devastated. However important it might be for the corvette to avoid observation, the care for its immediate safety was still more imperative. They were obliged to light the deck with lanterns placed at intervals along the sides.

In the meantime, while this tragic entertainment had lasted, the crew, entirely absorbed by a question of life and death, had not noticed what was going on outside of the ship. The fog had thickened, the weather had changed, the wind had driven the vessel at will; they were out of their course, in full sight of Jersey and Guernsey, much farther to the south than they ought to have been, and confronting a tumultuous sea. The big waves kissed the wounded sides of the corvette with kisses that savored of danger. The heaving of the sea grew threatening; the wind had risen to a gale; a squall, perhaps a tempest, was brewing. One could not see four oars' length before one.

While the crew made haste with their temporary

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repairs on the gun deck, stopping the leaks and setting up the cannons that had escaped uninjured, the old passenger returned to the deck.

He stood leaning against the mainmast.

He had taken no notice of what was going on in the ship. The Chevalier de la Vieuville had drawn up the marines on either side of the mainmast, and at a signal whistle of the boatswain the sailors, who had been busy in the rigging, stood up on the yards. Count Boisberthelot approached the passenger. The captain was followed by a man who, haggard and panting, with his dress in disorder, still wore on his countenance an expression of content.

It was the gunner who had so opportunely displayed his power as a tamer of monsters, and gained the victory over the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the old man in the peasant garb, and said to him, —

“Here is the man, general.”

The gunner, with downcast eyes, stood erect in a military attitude.

“General,” resumed Count Boisberthelot, “considering what this man has done, do you not think that his superiors have a duty to perform?”

“I think so,” replied the old man.

“Be so good as to give your orders,” resumed Boisberthelot.

“It is for you to give them; you are the captain.”

“But you are the general,” answered Boisberthelot. The old man looked at the gunner.

“Step forward,” he said.

A BATTLE WITH A CANNON

The gunner advanced a step.

Turning to Count Boisberthelot, the old man removed the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's breast, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner. The sailors cheered, and the marines presented arms.

Then pointing to the bewildered gunner he added, —
"Now let the man be shot!"

Stupor took the place of applause.

Then, amid a tomb-like silence, the old man, raising his voice, said, —

"The ship has been endangered by an act of carelessness, and may even yet be lost. It is all the same whether one be at sea or face to face with the enemy. A ship at sea is like an army in battle. The tempest, though unseen, is ever present; the sea is an ambush. Death is the fit penalty for every fault committed when facing the enemy. There is no fault that can be retrieved. Courage must be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly and gravely, with a certain implacable rhythm, like the strokes of the axe upon an oak-tree. Looking at the soldiers, the old man added, —

"Do your duty!"

The man on whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head, and at a sign of Count Boisberthelot two sailors went down to the gun deck, and presently returned bringing the hammock-shroud; the two sailors were accompanied by the ship's chaplain, who since the departure had been engaged in saying prayers in the officers' quarters. A sergeant detached from the ranks twelve soldiers, whom he arranged in

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two rows, six men in a row. The gunner placed himself between the two lines. The chaplain, holding a crucifix, advanced and took his place beside the man. "March!" came from the lips of the sergeant; and the platoon slowly moved towards the bow, followed by two sailors carrying the shroud.

A gloomy silence fell on the corvette. In the distance a hurricane was blowing. A few moments later, a report echoed through the gloom; one flash, and all was still. Then came the splash of a body falling into the water.

CAPTURING GUILLEMOTS AND PUFFINS IN ICELAND

By George Webbe Dasent

PUFFINS and guillemots, those are the best birds in Faroe. They give life and they take it; many are fed by them, and by them many have lost life and limb. As for the guillemots, some folk call them stupid, and so they are in some things, but in others they are wise enough. One would think, now, that breeding as they do all along the ledges of the steep cliffs, thousands of them together without a nest, no guillemot could know its own egg, and yet in 1859 I saw how they know their eggs and love them too. Then I saw two of them fighting, and in the scuffle one pushed the other's egg and it began to roll down the steep ledge. In a moment it would have slipped over into the sea, but all at once the fight was stayed, and the guillemot to whom the egg belonged shuffled along till it got before it, stayed it with its long bill, and then rolled it up again to its old place. What makes it come on land to breed year after year to a day? and what makes the cock and hen take the young guillemot between them, each holding the tip of a wing in its beak, if the cliff be not steep enough for it to plunge right down into the water? On the 29th of July, St. Olaf's Mass, all the guillemots are gone south, and we see nothing more of them as a body till Paul's Mass,

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the 29th of January. What do we take them for? For their flesh and feathers; the flesh is good enough, and what we cannot eat fresh we salt. We catch about fifty-five thousand guillemots in a year, and they yield about fifteen or sixteen hundredweight of feathers. How do we take them? In three or four ways. Sometimes four men will go in a boat under the cliffs, where the young birds who have not yet begun to breed sit on the lower ledges, and then with nets at the end of long poles, two of the crew catch the birds either as they sit or as they fly past. If they are too high to reach with the poles, we frighten them up and catch them as they fly, as they always do, for the water; but then the boat must not be too near to the cliffs, for your guillemot is a heavy bird as he gets on the wing, and he makes a bow as he comes down on the water; but that is a wasteful way, for the guillemot gets scared away from his breeding-place by the noise you make, and besides in his fright he sets the eggs rolling and they are broken. The most common way is the most dangerous, — that is what we call *figling*; we don't set about it till the young guillemots are hatched, say about the middle of June. Then we go into the guillemot's own kingdom, and catch him on his roost. Sometimes we attack him from above, sometimes from below. From above we get at him by a rope often more than one hundred fathoms long, and about two inches and a half thick. The fowler is bound to it by bands, which go down both thighs, and by shoulder straps, which keep the rope fast to his chest, so that the cragsman sits as comfortably as though he were in an arm-chair, and has his feet and hands free. There are two



THE CLIFFS ARE SO HIGH THAT ONE HUNDRED FATHOMS OF ROPE ARE NOT ENOUGH, SO THE FOWLER IS LOWERED DOWN TO A LANDING PLACE IN THE CLIFFS, AND THEN ANOTHER ROPE IS MADE FAST BY A BATCH OF MEN, WHO HAVE THEMSELVES BEEN LET DOWN FOR THE PURPOSE, AND HE GOES TO HIS WORK BY STAGES. THEY SEND LADS WHERE MEN CAN'T GET AT THE EGGS.

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things which disgrace a good fowler: first, he must never clutch the rope with his hands; secondly, he must so use his legs that his back never turns to the face of the cliff. Five men are enough to hold and mind the rope above, and one watches the fowler's signals if he wishes to be let down lower or drawn higher up. There is little fear for a man on the rope, except from stones falling down on him from above, but a good cragsman will take care to send down all the loose stones as he goes; the rope itself is made fast to a stake above, if there is room or earth enough to drive it in. If not, the ablest man sits down with the end of the rope round his loins. If the edge of the rock is round and smooth, the rope runs over it nicely. If it be rough and jagged, rollers of wood are used. Sometimes the cliffs are so high that one hundred fathoms, six hundred feet, of rope are not enough, so the fowler is lowered down to a landing-place in the cliffs, and then another rope is made fast by a batch of men who have themselves been let down for the purpose, and he goes to his work by stages. Are they ever afraid? Well, boys are afraid sometimes. They send the lads of twelve or fourteen years to places where men can't get at the eggs, for we take the eggs too. They are lighter on the rope, and cleverer in climbing. The boy likes it well enough till the time comes for him to go over the "edge" for the first time, and then his heart fails him, and it takes a good deal to make him go over the cliff, but go he must, as his father before him. As soon as he is landed all goes well, for there is really no danger. It is a strange feeling, nothing more; facing you is the steep bare rock, the blue sky above you, and below you the still bluer

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tumbling sea; between the two you swing to and fro like a pendulum. But I never heard of a man losing either his head or heart on the rope. When he comes to a ledge where the guillemots breed he unbinds himself from the rope, keeping his slings on his thighs and shoulders; but he must take care to tie the end of the rope fast near him, for the cliff often trends in, and if the end of the rope flies away from you, you would be in a great scrape, as a man once was whom I knew. He had gone down alone on the rope, and was careless enough to let the rope slip away after he had got off it. It flew away farther than he could reach by a foot or two, and there he was left on the ledge. But his heart was good, — he sprung out, caught the line both with his hands and feet, and so clung to it till he was drawn up.

As soon as the fowler is free from the rope he sets to work. In the spring the birds are wild and shy, they do not sit tamely on the ledges as they do in the breeding-time, but get into holes and clefts and crannies. The fowler must then creep along the ledge to the holes, and catch the birds as they fly out in the net on the end of his pole. When it is full he draws it to him, kills the birds, and binds them by the bills in pairs which he hangs on the rope. In the breeding-time, the birds are much tamer; then they sit on the ledges in thousands, and as a rule they do not stir except just about where he is busy with his net. So he begins at one end and goes all along the ledge. By the time he has got to the farther end the birds have settled down again at the other, and so he goes backwards and forwards till the ledge is cleared. If the ledge has not been visited for years the birds may

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be taken in the hand,—they are not the least shy, and hop upon his back as soon as he sits down. A wise fowler will not take more old birds off a ledge than he leaves young ones. He must beware, too, of taking too many from the middle of the ledge, for if the birds are killed out in any one part they will not breed just there again, even though they be crowded at each end. Above all things the ledge must not be stained with blood, for that frightens guillemots more than anything else. A handy fowler will “figla” a thousand guillemots in a day, and he can carry up about a hundred with him at a time, but it must be a good rope that will bear many more. If there are too many to be got up by the rope, they must be thrown over the cliff and picked up in boats, but that is not so good for the feathers.

But sometimes the birds breed on “dongs” and needles, on those sharp rocks that stand out of the sea. Then the fowler cannot get at the birds from above, but must climb up to them. This is the most dangerous work of all. Then we go in pairs. The lowest down helps and pushes the uppermost on by aid of his fowling pole, in which is an iron crook which catches him by the waistband; all the while the uppermost makes the most of his hands and feet. When the foremost has come to a resting-place or breeding-place, he lowers down a short rope to his comrade, and so he too is drawn up; going down they slide down the rope, which is made fast by a noose to a stone or rock, but it is very ticklish work for the last man, who must so fasten the rope that it will slip off the fastening by a jerk. I knew a man who, finding the rope would not yield, climbed up again and

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fastened it less strongly, for he said he could not afford to lose the rope, though if it had slipped while he was going down he must have lost his life. Worst of all is passing from ledge to ledge sideways; then one fowler sits and holds the rope while the other climbs and crawls along. If the climber slips the other must be ready to pull him back, but I have known cases where both were dragged over the cliff and killed. Once, too, two men whom I knew went up a drong with only their fowling-poles. By ill luck one dropped his pole into the sea. It seemed hopeless to get down without it. "Thou hast wife and children," said the younger, who was unmarried. "None will weep for me at home,—take my pole; maybe the Lord will help me down without one." And the Lord helped them both.

But the bird of birds after all in Faroe is the puffin, *Fratercula Arctica*. We take about two hundred and thirty-five thousand of them in a year. He comes to us about Lady Day, but is not common till our first summer day, the 14th of April. As soon as they come they set to work clearing the holes among the long soft grass, in which they love to breed, of earth and stones which the winter rain has washed into them. If the hole is not water-tight the puffin digs it deeper; if in digging he meets a stone he gives up the work and digs another. In this hole, on a sort of nest of dry grass, the puffin lays her single egg. We find the young first about the end of May. The cocks and hens sit on the egg by turns, and as soon as the young are hatched the old bird feeds them with sand eels, *Ammodytes*. Our fowlers say that a puffin will fly back to the nest with fifty sand

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eels in his beak at once, and I once scared one "eel-bearer," as we call the old bird when so employed, and he let fall eighteen sand eels which I found, besides many more which I could not find. He is a strange sight the puffin, with all these wriggling eels close packed in his big beak, hanging down on each side like a beard. I'm sure I can't tell how he manages to keep so many fish in his beak and still catch more; but the sand eels swim in shoals, and as soon as he sees a shoal down he goes, and always comes up with his beak full. I suppose he holds them against his upper mandible with his great tongue, for he is not like the cormorant or scarf, who has such a mite of a tongue that some think he has none at all, and so when a child is noisy we frighten it by asking, "Qvuj veâr Skarvur tunguleisur?" "Why is the skarf tongueless?" and then go on with the answer, "Tuj han seje Ravenum fra qveâr Eàvan atti," "Because he told the raven where the eider duck's nest was." But to come back to the puffin, while he holds the fish tight against the upper mandible with his tongue, he swims along gaping and catches more and more. But anyway he seems never to miss his prey, and comes back again and again to his nest with his mouth full. A strange thing about them is that they are often found ever so many in a hole, and it is true that if there be eight puffins in a hole and seven are taken, the eighth will sit on the egg and hatch it. This looks as if the puffin was not so clever as the guillemot. We begin to catch them with nets on the wing much in the same way as the young guillemots. The "eel-bearers," or breeding birds, we always spare. But till the breeding-time is past we have work enough

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with the last year's birds who have not begun to breed. It is hard work and skilled work, for if you hold your net in a puffin's way on the wing he will go through it like a shot. This is how we catch them: the fowler takes his seat on the edge of a cliff past which the puffins fly, and then when there is a good breeze along the shore the puffin goes out for his fly about 10 or 11 A.M., and flies till 3 or 4 P.M., and then he takes a rest on the sea. If the day is very good he will fly an hour or two more in the evening, but between the hours named he flies like clockwork round and round; first a little along the shore, and then out a little, and so back. There are such clouds of them that they darken the sun. At one of these favorite spots the fowler takes his seat, and as the puffin passes him he gives his pole a twist up from below and catches the bird in the net from behind. It needs great strength and skill to do this well, and your arm feels very tired the day after, but while the sport lasts it is great fun. A good hand will catch in this way nine hundred puffins in a day. After the work is over, the fowler binds his birds together, and a hundred are thought a good load for a man; and so they are, for the path is often over spots where a man can scarce pass with no load at all.

But often the puffin breeds on grassy slopes halfway down our cliffs, and then we have to use the rope to get at him, just like the guillemot, only these slope swards are often so large that it takes more than a day to work them out, sometimes more than a week. So puffin-catching is more of a business than guillemot-catching. The weather we hope will be good, for there are no roofs to shelter us down there; nay, the ground when we are

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there is often so steep that one must tie one's self at night to a stone, lest one should turn in one's sleep and roll over. Fuel and fire, meat and drink, we carry with us. Now we are well down over the edge, and have gained our footing; it is delightful. The long, soft grass, the boundless sea, the white surf, the fishing-boats far away, the guillemots and tysties sitting like dolls along the ledges, and though last not least, the puffin standing at the mouth of his hole.

We break in on the story to say that the puffin looks like a respectable butler at his master's door, in a black coat and white waistcoat, with a Roman nose red at the tip with many a bottle of port, but the Syssemand heeds us not and goes on.

So we set to work with our poles and nets, and soon have each a goodly pile. In a day or two boats come below to carry off the spoil, which we bind in bundles and throw down to them; we hear news from home, and throw along with the birds many a stalk of angelica (qvanner) for friends at home. Up above our wives and friends come to the edge day by day to see that we are all safe, and count us. If the cliff be not too high, they can hear us shout to them that we are all well, but we seldom can hear their voices, for sound travels better up than down. But so long as we are on the cliff it is always a weary time at home till we come back. A little while ago I was by when the men were let down six hundred feet to a "puffin-land" which was a thousand feet above the sea. No one had been down for thirty years, for the "land"

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had a bad name, and the last man who went down had his brains dashed out by a falling stone. At the edge the sight was touching. Each man was kissed and blessed as he was made fast to the rope, and an old man of seventy-five had walked five miles to the edge, that he might sit by the rope and guide it as it was lowered. On the rope was his only son, and as he saw him glide down out of sight, the father threw himself flat on his face and burst into tears.

About the middle of August the puffin goes away with his wife and bairns, and we never see one of them again till the end of March. In this he differs from the guillemot, for some of them, late birds and stragglers, stay the whole year through; but from the puffin we have a saw of a man one seldom sees, "We see no more of him than we do of a puffin at Yule." The puffin has other foes besides man. The raven, that thief, is worst of all, and then the great skua gull. But the puffin knows how to hold his own with his strong beak, and sometimes he catches the raven by the throat when he looks into his hole after his eggs. What the puffin once holds he clings to, and this the raven soon knows. Now it is his turn to cry out, but the puffin never leaves him till they both fall into the sea. There the puffin is at home, and the raven pays for his thefts with his life. But it takes much to kill a raven,—he is a long-lived carl. We say here, one horse outlives three dogs, one man three horses, one crow three men, but one raven seven crows.

ARE THERE PEOPLE IN THE MOON?

By Sir Robert Stawell Ball

ASTRONOMERS are often asked whether any animals can be living on the moon. No observations we can make with the telescope can answer that question directly. There are great plains to be seen on the moon, of course, but even if there were elephants tramping over those plains, our telescopes could not show them. Nor will our instruments pronounce at once whether plants or trees flourish on the moon. The mammoth trees of California are so big that a tunnel has been cut through the trunk of one large enough to give passage for a carriage and pair. Even if there were trees as big as this on the moon, they would not be visible from the most famous observatories.

Let us think what we should ourselves experience if we could in some marvelous manner be transferred from the earth to its satellite, and tried to explore that new and wonderful country. Alas, we should find it utterly impossible to live there for an hour, or even for a minute! Troops of difficulties would immediately beset us. The very first would be the want of air. Ponder for a moment on the invariable presence of air around our own globe. Even if you climb to the top of a high mountain, or if you take a lofty voyage in a balloon

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you are all the time bathed in air. It is air which supports the balloon, just as a cork is buoyed up by water. In all circumstances, we must have air to breathe. In that air is oxygen gas, and we must have oxygen incessantly supplied to our lungs to reinvigorate our blood. We require, too, that this oxygen shall be diluted with a much larger amount of nitrogen gas, for our lungs and system of circulation are adapted for abode in that particular mixture of gases which we find here. The atmosphere becomes more and more rarefied the higher we ascend, and apparently terminates altogether some two or three hundred miles over our heads. Beyond the limits of the atmosphere it seems as if empty space would be met with all the way from the earth to the moon. We could not procure a single breath of air, and life would be, of course, impossible. Even at a height of three or four miles, respiration becomes difficult, and doubtless life could not possibly be sustained at a height of ten miles.

It is therefore plain that for a voyage to the moon we should require an ample supply of air, or, at least, of life-giving oxygen, which in some way or other was to be inhaled during the progress of the journey. When at length two hundred and forty thousand miles had been traversed, and we were about to land on the moon, we would first of all ascertain whether it was surrounded with a coating of air. Most of the globes through space are, so far as we can learn, covered and warmed with an enveloping atmosphere of some kind; but, unhappily, the poor moon has been left entirely, or almost entirely, without any such clothing. She is quite bare of atmo-

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sphere at all comparable in density or in volume to that which surrounds us, though possibly we do now and then perceive some traces of air, or of some kind of gas, in small quantities in the lunar valleys.

I am sure each intelligent boy or girl will want to know how we are able to tell all this. We have never been at the moon, and how then can we say that it is nearly destitute of air? Nor can our telescope answer this question immediately, for you could hardly expect to see air, even if it were there. How then are we able to make such assertions? There are many different ways in which we have learned the absence of air from the moon. I will tell you one of the easiest and the most certain of these methods. First let me say that air is not perfectly transparent. No doubt I can see you, and you can see me, though a good many feet of air may lie between us; but when we deal with distances much greater, there is a very simple way in which we can show that air is not quite transparent. In the evening, when the sun is setting and the sky is clear, you can look at it without discomfort; but in the middle of the day you know that it is impossible to look at the sun without shading your eyes with smoked glass or protecting them by some similar contrivance. The reason is, that when the sun is either setting or rising we look at it through an immense thickness of air, which, not being perfectly transparent, stops some of the light. Thus it is that the sun in these circumstances loses its dazzling brilliancy, and we can view it without discomfort.

At the seaside you can notice the same effect in a

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different manner. Go out on a fine and clear night, when the stars in their thousands are glittering overhead, and then look down gradually towards the horizon, and you will find the stars becoming fainter and fainter. Indeed, even the brightest star cannot be seen when it is at the horizon, because an immense thickness of the atmosphere is not transparent.

We can now state the argument by which we may prove that there is little or no air on our satellite. The moon will frequently pass between the earth and a star, and when the star is a really bright one the observations that can be made are of great interest. Let me first describe what we actually see. The star is shining brightly until the moment when the moon eclipses it. Generally speaking, its disappearance is instantaneous. But this would not be the case if the moon were encircled with an atmosphere. If the moon were coated with air, the light from the star would not be extinguished *instantly*; it would gradually decline, according as it had to pass through more and more of the moon's atmosphere. Thus you would find that the star dwindled down in brightness before the solid body of the moon had advanced far enough to shut it out. The sudden extinction of the stars demonstrates the airless state of our satellite.

There would be another insuperable difficulty in adopting the moon as a residence, even supposing that you could get there. Water is absent from its surface. We have examined every part of it, and we find no evidences of seas or of oceans, of lakes or rivers; we never see anything like clouds or mists, which are, of course,

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only water in the vaporous form. We are, therefore, assured that, so far as water is concerned, the moon is an absolute desert. This is, perhaps, the most striking contrast between the aspect of the earth and the aspect of the moon. Were an astronomer on the moon to look at our earth he would find most of its surface concealed beneath clouds, and through the openings in these clouds he would see that by far the greater part of this globe was covered by the expanse of ocean; in fact, when the lunar astronomer had realized the prevalence of water upon this earth, either in the form of ocean or cloud, I feel sure he would come to the conclusion that nothing could live here except seals or other amphibious animals.

Owing to the absence of air and water, the moon would be totally disqualified for the support of life of those types in which we know it. For air and water are necessary to every animal, from the humblest animalcule up to whales or elephants. Air and water are necessary for every form of vegetable life, from the lichen which grows on a stone up to the noble old oak of the forest. But even supposing that we could land on the moon, bearing with us an ample supply of oxygen to breathe and of water to drink, we should find ourselves perplexed and embarrassed, to say the very least of it, by an extraordinary difference that would immediately attract our notice. That familiar experience of gravity, or the weights of things, which we have acquired in our residence on a great globe like the earth, would seem ludicrously altered when we began to walk about on a little globe like the moon. We should be astonished at the transformation by which the weight of everything

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was much lessened; when you pulled out your watch you would hardly feel it at the end of the chain; it would seem like a mere shell; but yet the watch is all right, it is going as well as ever. Nothing has altered about it except its weight. A big stone attracts your notice, and, to your amazement, you find that it does not weigh so much as a piece of wood of the same size would weigh down here. A stone that you could hardly stir on the earth, you can carry about on the moon. Nor is this to be explained by any peculiarity in the constitution of the lunar stone. Most probably it will be not very dissimilar to some of the rocks on the earth. The relative lightness of a lunar stone is not due to its being formed of some very special material; we must seek for some other explanation. Every object on the moon would be found only one sixth as heavy as the same object on the earth. A sturdy laborer at one of the docks can carry one sack of corn on his back here, and he finds that this load is as much as is convenient. He would, however, discover, were he placed on the moon, that his load had suddenly become lightened to one sixth part. The laborer would find that he could carry six sacks of corn on the moon without making a greater effort than the support of a single sack on the earth cost him. He imagines that it is the weight of the corn, and the corn alone, which produces that pressure on his shoulders which he knows so well. But that is not exactly the manner in which the philosopher will look at the same question. What the laborer does actually feel when on the earth is the attraction between the earth beneath his feet and the corn on his back. It is this force which produces the

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pressure on his shoulders. Its magnitude no doubt depends upon the quantity of corn in the sack, but it also depends on the quantity of matter on the earth beneath his feet. In fact, the force between two attracting bodies depends upon the masses of both the attracting bodies. When the laborer is transferred to the moon, of which the mass is so much less than that of the earth, the attraction is less there than it is here, even though the corn is the same in the two cases.

Many odd instances could be given of the extraordinary consequences of life on a world where all weights are reduced to a sixth part. One occurred to me the other day when I saw a postman going his rounds with an amazing load of Christmas presents and parcels. I thought, how much happier must be the lot of a postman on the moon, if such functionaries are wanted there! All the presents of toys or more substantial donations might be the same as before; the only alteration would be that they would not feel nearly so heavy. A box which contains a pound of chocolate bonbons might still contain exactly the same quantity of sweetmeat on the moon, but the exertion of carrying it would be reduced to one sixth. It would only weigh as much as two or three ounces do on the earth. Our streets provide another admirable illustration of the drawbacks of our life here as compared with the facilities offered by life on the moon. I feel quite confident that no perambulators can be necessary there. I cannot indeed say that there are babies to be found on the moon, but of this I am certain, that even if the lunar babies were as plump and as sturdy as ours, they must still only weigh

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about a sixth as much as ours do. A lunar nurse would scorn to use a perambulator, even for a pair of twins; she might take them both out on her arm for an airing, and even then only bear one third of the load that her terrestrial sister must sustain if she is carrying but a single child.

The lightness of bodies on the moon would entirely transform many of our most familiar games. In cricket, for instance, I don't think the bowling would be so much affected, but the hits on the moon would be truly terrific. I believe an exceptionally good throw of the cricket-ball here is about a hundred yards, but the same man, using the same ball and applying the same force to it, would send the ball six hundred yards on the moon. So, too, every hit would in the lunar game carry the ball to six times the distance it does here. Football would show a striking development in lunar play; a good kick would not only send the ball over the cross-bar, but it would go soaring over the houses, and perhaps drop in the next parish.

Our own bodies would, of course, participate in the general buoyancy, so that, while muscular power remained unabated, we should be almost able to run and jump as if we had on the famous seven-league boots. I have seen an athlete in a circus jump over ten horses placed side by side. The same athlete, making the same effort, would jump over sixty horses on the moon.

A run with a pack of lunar foxhounds would indeed be a marvelous spectacle. There need be no looking round by timid horsemen to find open roads or easy gaps. The five-barred gate itself would be utterly

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despised by a huntsman who could easily clear a hayrick. It would hardly be worth taking a serious jump to clear a canal unless there was a road and a railway or so, which could be disposed of at the same time.

To illustrate this subject of gravitation in another way, suppose that we were to be transferred from this earth to some globe much greater than the earth — to a globe, for instance, as large and massive as the sun. We can then show that the weight of every object would be increased. Indeed, everything would weigh about twenty-seven times as much as we find it does here. To pull out your watch would be to hoist a weight of about five or six pounds out of your pocket. Indeed, I do not see how you could draw out your watch, for even to raise your arm would be impossible; it would feel heavier by far than if it were made of solid lead. It is, perhaps, conceivable that you might stand upright for a moment, particularly if you had a wall to lean up against; but of this I feel certain, that if you once got down on the ground, it would be utterly out of your power to rise again.

These illustrations will at least answer one purpose: they will show how difficult it is for us to form any opinion as to the presence or the absence of life on the other globes in space. We are just adapted in every way for a residence on this particular earth of a particular size and climate, and with atmosphere of a particular composition. Within certain slender limits our vital powers can become accommodated to change, but the conditions of other worlds seem to be so utterly different from those we find here, that it would probably be quite

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impossible for beings constituted as we are to remain alive for five minutes on any other globe in space.

It is, however, quite another question as to whether there may not be inhabitants of some kind on many of the other splendid globes. We have through the wide extent of space inconceivable myriads of worlds, presenting, no doubt, every variety of size and climate, of atmosphere and soil. It seems quite preposterous to imagine that among all these globes ours alone should be the abode of life. The most reasonable conclusion for us to come to is that these bodies may be endowed with life of types which are just as appropriate to the physical conditions around them as is the life, both animal and vegetable, on this globe to the special circumstances in which it is placed.

NO STEAM

By Henry Frith

WHAT could possibly happen? The line was clear, the night was fine, the Polyphemus in splendid fettle, ready to stop in a few moments; only the automatic brake was not on the goods wagons, and that of course, made a difference.

But the driver, as an old hand, knew quite well that skill, fine weather, and signals all set "off," did not always obviate danger. The mistake would not lie at his door if there were any mistake, but this he did not anticipate. He knew that signalmen and shunters and lads had a (sometimes fatal) habit of thinking, without reasoning out chances. He knew that a man had once sent a "special" to destruction, because he did not change his tail-lights on the siding as he should have done, but on the main line; and that the signalman, seeing white lights, inferred that the goods was safe inside the points, and permitted the "special" to run through the station, at the farther side of which it struck the shunting "goods," and played havoc with both trains and engines. Eldred knew that many such incidents do occur, and that the newspapers call them "accidents," and pity the poor people concerned. But the goods brakesman knew how the "special" was wrecked, and if he had been asked about the lamps at the inquest, he

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must have either condemned himself or have committed perjury. He was not questioned on this point, and the signalman was the sufferer.

So it is quite possible for a man to be killed or wounded, and his train wrecked, while everything is in his favor. Skill, signals, and steadiness will not avail if there is a weak hand outside the engine.

Now long ago, on the Great Northern, an experienced driver was killed by a shunting train as he was oiling his engine at King's Cross station. The space he or his mate had allowed between the converging rails when they pulled up was not sufficient to allow him to stand between the lines. He was leaning over to oil the "motion," the passing train caught his legs, and killed him on the spot. . . .

On Polyphemus, as I have said, both men were anxious, but neither guessed that there was any real cause for alarm. At the top of the incline the pilot slackened speed, and then stopped at the station. There was some shunting to be performed, and as the Polyphemus was buckled to the wagons, it was, of course, included in the business. A stop was necessary, for the mail was due; so when the train was put back, and white tail-lights shown, the points were opened for the mail. It came, and passed, and then the ordinary shunting and "picking up" began.

The up and down signals being put "on," the line was blocked for through traffic. A ground light suddenly shifted from red to white. Then the driver whistled, and began to move as soon as the goods guard signaled, which he did by moving his lamp from side to side *white*,

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which meant "come back to main line." The Polyphemus and the pilot quickly ran the train out, and when it was all again on the main line, a *green* light waved *sideways* sent it backwards into the points opposite, where three wagons were left, and then some empties picked up. So quite ten minutes were consumed there.

The signal to be off was soon given, and with a tug the pilot started. There is a steep hill on the eastern side of the station, a long hill, and a considerable pull is necessary. With such a heavy train the engines were well in steam, and Eldred then was pleased to think that Ben was his pilot, for he knew he could not have kept time up the bank with such a load, and his fire was not very good. It was rather too heavy, there was too much coal, and the steam did not generate rapidly.

"Thou 'st about choked it, Dick. Thou should n't think so much of the mother! Suppose we 'd been without a pilot, we 'd 'a stuck for steam on this bank: danged if we would n't!"

After a few stronger observations the angry driver looked to the fire himself. It had not been improved by the shunting apparently; it wanted more air, but just then it was best let alone.

Ames took his scolding gently. He knew that he had blundered; but he could hardly remedy the error then. The engine was dragging a little; but the summit of the bank was nearly reached, and on the down grade the fire might recover. But, horror of horrors! as Eldred and his mate were looking ahead, wishing for the top of the incline, they were panic-stricken to perceive the pilot

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break loose, and dart off at increased speed over the top of the bank!

Polyphemus uttered a wild shriek of recall, but it was of no use. The pilot sped away down the hill at an uncontrollable pace, and Eldred and his mate looked at each other in dismay. They were on a steep incline with a partly disabled engine and a heavy load of trucks!

Besides this danger, the South Express was due behind them in ten minutes, when they ought to be safe at the next station but one! What was to be done?

"We shall never do it!" cried Eldred. "Dick, lad, thou mayst give up thy mother now. We can't top this bank, and we can't separate the wagons."

"Shove on the steam, can't you?" said the young fireman. "It's blowing off, right enough."

"No use," muttered Eldred,—"we're going back a'ready. The trucks is pulling us down again. Sound the brake whistle, thou booby; and catch her up with the sand and the brakes hard."

Dick, thoroughly alarmed, did as he was bidden: the guards put on their brakes too, but the momentum was slowly — surely — increasing. In vain Polyphemus slipped and puffed; in vain the sand poured out in a white shower on the greasy rails; the engine had lost its hold, — the steam was not sufficient to pull the load!

"Whistle again, mate; consume thee!"

Eldred was very angry: he had no time to be nervous. He must act, not think. He hoped that the guards would get out and apply the brakes to the wagons and trucks, but they did not dare to stir. The train had by this time acquired some speed.

NO STEAM

"Thou canst run?" exclaimed Eldred to his miserable fireman. "Get thee down, and let go the brakes of all the wagons thou canst reach; thou 'rt no good here. Run on to the points."

Dick Ames at once leaped from the step, and running rapidly along the train, had actually succeeded in letting go three of the truck brakes — no mean task — when a flashing light ahead attracted Eldred's attention, and he muttered, —

"The fast goods down, I s'pose: he may help us, and warn the express behind us."

Then he whistled sharply, to call the attention of the driver of the approaching engine. To his surprise, it proved to be a "light" engine, and Eldred at once recognized it as his quondam "pilot."

"Warn the express, and open the siding!" roared Eldred. "I can't check the load!"

A whistle was the only reply, and the pilot disappeared in the darkness. Eldred hoped that Dick might perhaps reach the points before the lumbering train, which he and the alarmed guards were doing all they could to hold in check meantime. If Ames could only reach that upper siding's points in time, and throw them open, all would be well. They were not moved from the box there, but worked by a switch handle. The light engine could warn the signalman, whose box was beyond the station, some distance off on the opposite incline.

Ames had run like a deer to the points when he found that he could not let go any more of the brakes. Polyphemus continued to drop down, pulled to destruction by the trucks and wagons, in the darkness. Eldred did

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all he could, but the weight and the grade together were too much for our Polyphemus, who thus early in his life had a terrible struggle for existence. He strained every nerve to resist the threatened danger, but in vain!

Down — down went the train, pulling Polyphemus relentlessly to his death! It was lamentable to see that splendid giant dragged, panting, backwards; struggling to overcome the aggregated puny efforts of the common vehicles he had led! It was as if a wearied Samson were being played with by a posse of Philistine children, who were taking advantage of his weakness.

Driver Eldred gave up the battle; personally he could do no more. His brakes were on, and the steam was also on, but not yielding sufficient power. One of the guards had already leaped down — the front man still clung to his brake; but the collision with the express, or with the blocking buffers in the siding, was a prospect too grim for the rear guard, who leaped out.

The head-light of the express was now visible behind the trucks, and unless Ben could manage to warn the train, it must dash into the goods somewhere. All this takes much longer to describe than it took in reality. In fact, many things happen simultaneously, — on paper they must be described consecutively. But just as Eldred had made up his mind to jump, there came a crashing sound through the darkness: the light engine had passed on, but the trucks were off the line, and Eldred was thrown from his engine by the shock of the colliding wagons.

Just below the points is a bridge over a highway, and near where the trucks derailed is an archway over a

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field, — a right of way which was quickly closed by falling trucks and their contents. The engine remained on the rails. Polyphemus was steady, but Eldred was bruised by his sudden fall on the line.

Nevertheless, he scrambled up, and managed to “take stock” of the affair, as he subsequently said. His own words will give the best idea of the calamity which negligence had brought about. This is the substance of his description: —

“In all your days you never saw such a smash! Half of the trucks were in the field, and of the rest, some was off the metals, some on, and some half on. Barrels had burst and sent a shower of flour over some trucks, and it was a mercy as the oil in the cans near them did n’t explode. There was every chance of a blow-up then, for there was a powder wagon near, and it might have burst. Some wagons were not damaged at all, whole trucks were piled up on each other, and all kinds of merchandise scattered on the line, the siding, and in the field below. My ingin was all right; but when I came to find the cause of the smash, I found young Dick lying mangled on the ballast! Then I came to understand, without any tellin’, that he ’d been overtaken and knocked over by the ‘light’ ingin goin’ to stop the express: he must ha’ been runnin’ on the down line, and knocked clear off the road between the trucks, and his dead body caused the accident! Poor young Dick! no wonder he had that queer feeling. He was ‘fey,’ sir; doomed; and he knew it! The express? Oh, she was detained, and the traffic run on the down road.”

The reasons for the accident were perfectly clear: a

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ailing coupling; a choked fire, and consequent want of steam; and the hasty but well-meant effort of Ben Carless, who, having got across the points on top of the bank near the quarry sidings, had run back to warn the express. Ben in consequence was not reprimanded severely, but Eldred was heavily fined, though not degraded. The express worked up on the down line after a long delay.

The line was speedily cleared, as most of the wreck lay on the off side; Polyphemus was again set going, and the crushed body of the youthful fireman was picked up to await the inquest, at which a verdict of "accidental death" was returned. Poor lad! He died on duty through the lack of knowledge of firing an engine properly. Eldred was responsible too, and for many a day the "accident" weighed heavily upon him. Ben was equally culpable in his way for not seeing to his couplings.

But enough has been said to indicate the hidden dangers from which enginemen may suffer.

HOW TO TRAIN A LION

By Frank C. Bostock

AN animal learns by association. Though it is a common belief, fear is not the reason for his obedience to the trainer's commands. Habit and ignorance are what cause the animal to become an apt pupil in the hands of the trainer. The animal becomes accustomed to the same way of doing the same things at much the same time, and ignorance of his own power keeps him in this state of subjection.

This habit is developed in the animal by a laborious and patient process, and it requires an intimate knowledge of animal nature to perfect it. The easiest animal to train is one that is born in his native haunts and new to captivity. The reason is obvious. The one bred in captivity has nothing to fear from man, and knows his own strength and the fear he inspires. Accustomed from earliest infancy to the greatest care and coddling, he arrives one day at the stage of growth where he realizes the value of his own claws, for the use of them has shown him that human beings do not like to be scratched. Some attendant, who has, perhaps, been playing with him day by day, admiring his pretty, innocent-looking little face, soft furry body, and velvety paws while he is still a mere cub, drops him suddenly one day when he feels the deep prick of the claws hidden in those paws.

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The next time some one comes along, the cub may not be in the mood for handling; he remembers his past experience, that scratching means "let go," and he puts this into practice. His liberty is promptly secured, and he lies in peace in his cage.

The next man who comes may get a deeper scratch, and he lets the cub alone even more severely, a fact that the cub notes and remembers the next time, for he is generally acquiring a deeper disrespect for man and his puerile ways; he is beginning to know the value of those little knives he carries sheathed in those paws, and he is very soon autocratic in his independence. He accepts his food as tribute and his care as homage due, and regards man simply as another and much weaker animal.

Such an animal is difficult to train. The only method that may be pursued at all is severe letting alone for several years. All that time he holds himself more and more aloof. He is, in a way, congratulating himself on his success, and man in time becomes a shadowy being who periodically brings his food, and who, in some inexplicable way, keeps him in that oblong box for people to stare at.

He does not mind the people, nor does he mind the cage very much, for he has never known anything else; but deep in him — so deep that he barely realizes its existence — slumbers a desire for freedom and an unutterable longing for the blue sky and the free air. Man, in some way, is to blame for that intangible "something" that he wants, and scarcely knows that he wants; and man has shown him that he is afraid of his claws,

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and, therefore, the animal hates and despises man and all belonging to him.

The cub grows insolent in his haughtiness; then his undefined desire for freedom decreases somewhat, becomes more and more vague, and his existence is finally comprised in just two sensations: eating and sleeping. The disturbance of either is an insult, and any one who disturbs either, an enemy. Man allows both to continue, and so the cub in his arrogance tolerates him.

The cub passes beyond his days of cubhood, and acquires almost the years and stature of a full-grown lion. He has few of the qualities of the newly captured animal. He does not fear man; he knows his own power. He regards man as an inferior, with an attitude of disdain and silent hauteur.

When it is considered that his memory of the days when scratching insured independence has faded, his training is begun. He meets it with a reserved majesty and silent indifference, as though he had a dumb realization of his wrongs.

He has probably been in a large cage. This is changed to a smaller one that has movable bars. The bars are fitted in this way for a definite purpose. Until now the lion has kept in the rear of his cage, as far as possible from the man who feeds him, grabbing his meat and retreating with a sullen growl. It is desired to bring him into closer relationship with his would-be trainer.

The bars are moved day by day. Soon the cage is small enough to permit a fairly long stick to reach from the front to the back. Such a stick, in the hands of a man, is introduced and allowed to remain several hours.

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The lion may take no notice of it; he may growl and he may grab it. Whatever he does, the stick is kept there and replaced if destroyed. When he has grown accustomed to the stick, it is gently rubbed along his neck and back. Though he snaps at it at first, when once he finds that the stroking is a pleasure, he soon allows it to be done without any protest.

Sometimes a piece of meat is put at the end of the stick by the trainer, and this is found to act as an inducement to allow the stick to come close to the animal. Very often the lion will crunch the stick to splinters, and this the trainer allows, as he wishes to prove to the animal that he has nothing to fear from the stick itself. In a very short time he takes the meat quietly, without even growling at the stick; and when this stage of the proceeding is reached, the stick is made shorter each day, until finally it is not much longer than the hand.

As a rule, when once the stick trick has been accomplished with an animal, it is comparatively easy to get on a little farther, for by that time the animal not only has no objection to the presence of the trainer, but appears to look for him and expect him. His objections, suspicions, and resentment disappear, and very soon the fingers replace the stick in the stroking process, and, being softer and more soothing than the stick, seem to give greater pleasure than the wood. This is a great step taken, for one of the most difficult things is to get any wild animal to allow himself to be touched with the human hand.

With a lion that comes straight from Africa or Asia, the case is different. Lions are usually trained when be-

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tween two and three years of age. A two-year-old of fine physique and restless nature has been brought straight from his native haunts. There he has been actually the monarch of the jungle. His life has been free and fearless.

Suddenly, in the midst of his regal existence, he falls into a hidden pit or is snared in the woods. His desperate struggles, his rage and gnashing of teeth, all the force of his tremendous strength, are ineffectual in breaking the bonds of his captivity.

After his first supreme efforts are over and he has thoroughly exhausted himself, he proves himself a very king of beasts in his haughty disdain. He apparently realizes his helplessness and submits to everything in sullen, dignified silence.

The lion comes to the trainer from the jungle, after having been subjected to abuse and gross indignities. From the time of his capture by natives who have neither feeling nor consideration for the poor animal, until he reaches his final quarters, his treatment, as a rule, is such as to terrify him and render him nervous in the extreme.

He has been kept in cramped quarters, cruelly joggled and crushed in a narrow box, while on his way to the coast from the interior, his bedding left unchanged, and the poor food with which he has been provided thrown carelessly into the refuse and offal which surround him. Clean and fastidious, as the lion always is about his food and person, he often refuses to eat, and this, added sometimes to seasickness, makes his suffering terrible.

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The finest health and strength will not stand such a strain for long, and by the time the journey is ended, the lion is disgusted with man and his ways. In many cases he arrives in Europe or America sick and weak, and appears only too ready to die and get rid of his troubles. The only passion he has in this state is a genuine hatred for man, and this hate seems to be the only thing which arouses him at all.

It frequently happens that wild animals kill themselves in frenzies of fear during transportation. Everything in their surroundings is new and strange to them. They have lost their freedom and the fresh air; they are cramped and half stifled in close quarters, surrounded by dirt and unwholesomeness, and cannot even keep their bodies still for two seconds, owing to the perpetual motion which goes on, and which, perhaps, terrifies them more than anything else. Therefore, when a wild animal is first turned over to the trainer, he is practically mad with his experiences and terrors.

Then begins the training. One man, and one man only, has him in care, and it is always essential in these cases to choose a quiet trainer. This is one of the reasons why Captain Bonavita has made such a success in training lions. He is always quiet and self-possessed, even in times of extreme peril; and this quietness has more effect on wild animals, particularly lions, than anything else. In some way it seems to communicate itself to them and allays their fears. Often a lion rushing round and round a cage will be calmed down by a gentle, "Whoa, whoa!" spoken in a soothing manner.

The first thing which is done is to attend to the ani-

HOW TO TRAIN A LION

mal's bodily comfort. In place of dirt and unwholesomeness is cleanliness; in place of the filthy, reeking bed is a fresh, sweet one of dry straw; and fresh food and water are brought to him, always by the same trainer, who invariably speaks a few soothing words in a quiet voice when Leo begins to race wildly round the cage in the vain effort to get out. A very large cage is never given at first, but the one provided is a great improvement on his old cramped quarters. Were it too large, the animal would destroy or seriously injure himself in trying to escape. It is generally just large enough for him to turn round in comfortably, but not high enough to spring about in too much.

The feeding of the animal is the first step in his training. The trainer takes him about six pounds of fresh beef or mutton, with a piece of bone, once a day, and fresh, clear water three times a day. No one but the trainer is permitted to go near him or to look at him. He must become acquainted with the trainer's personality, and must be made to realize that his food and drink come from the trainer only. He must also be made clearly to understand that the trainer means him no harm, but does everything for his comfort.

The meat is usually put upon the end of a long iron fork, and passed to him through the bars. He has come a little way forward to take the meat, and gradually, without thinking about it, he comes close to the trainer. At first the water-pan is tied to the edge of the cage, because in trying to draw the pan toward him, the animal would upset it and make the cage wet and uncomfortable. There would be also the difficulty of get-

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ting it out again with a stick, which might arouse the animal's anger.

When the lion and his trainer have once become acquainted, he is transferred to another cage; and here again, for two weeks, he is fed, watered, and taken care of by the same trainer, until the animal not only gets accustomed to him, but looks forward to his presence, because it invariably means something pleasant to himself. In about six weeks' time a loose collar is slipped around the lion's neck when he is asleep. Attached to this collar is a chain, long enough for the animal to move about, but just short enough to keep him from reaching the end of the cage.

The next step is for the trainer to put a chair inside the cage. Instantly the lion springs for it, but, being kept in check by the chain, finds he cannot reach it, and retires to a corner, growling sulkily at the intruder. After casting vindictive glances at it, with occasional growls, he becomes accustomed to its presence and takes no further notice of it. Then the trainer, after opening the door of the cage once or twice and looking in, finally walks calmly in himself and sits on the chair. He is just out of reach of the lion, and when the animal has growled and resented it, as he did the chair, he again subsides into indifference.

Then comes the time when the lion is released from the chain, when the trainer takes his life in his hands, and when he knows that the moment of extreme danger has arrived. No matter how quiet and docile the lion may have appeared to be when chained, he is likely to develop suddenly a ferocious savagery when released.

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At this stage Captain Bonavita always carries two stout oak sticks, one in the right hand and one in the left. The one in the right he keeps for immediate use, and when once punished with this stick, the lion, not knowing the purpose of the stick in the left hand, comes to fear that also and backs away from it. If possible, the sticks are used to stroke the lion, if he will permit it; for the condition of a wild animal is one of receptivity, — he is willing to welcome anything that will give him pleasure. But it is rarely, indeed, at this stage of the proceedings that he will allow this.

In the first place, the lion is generally a little frightened or nervous himself, and alarm begets wrath. It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. It is not the growling lion that is to be feared most, nor does the lashing tail, as so many suppose, indicate danger. Not anger, but good humor, comes from such indications. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat.

When the tail becomes stiff in this manner, it is generally a pretty sure indication that the animal is going to spring. When the trainer sees that tail become like an iron bar, he tries to slip out at the door; sometimes he knows he will never have the opportunity. Before the lion springs he glances aside carelessly, growling quietly, and the next instant, with open mouth and all four paws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his tense body rigid with passion, and his five hundred pounds of sinew and muscle ready to descend on the intruder.

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The man who will not have foreseen that terrific onslaught, holding himself in readiness for it, has no business with wild animals, and will, in all probability, never again attempt any dealings with them, because he will never have the chance. The agility which is one of the requisite qualities for a trainer must come into play, and upon it depends his life.

It is here that the chair, which plays no small part in an animal's education, comes into use again. That chair was not brought into the cage merely for comfort. It is the best defense possible against the lion's spring. Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the spring has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him, the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them.

Here is another problem for the lion. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly a deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier; perhaps he has plumped into it and has felt the blows from its dull prongs. Then out from behind it springs a stick — the same stick of his pleasant memories, but turned to base uses now, for it flicks him smartly on the tip of his nose, just where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feelings.

Again it lands; and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with rage and discomfiture, the lion ceases to claw the chair and retires to his corner, very crestfallen and extremely puzzled and bewildered. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange performance, the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind him.

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Now the lion may do one or all of several things, according to the depth of his emotions. He may glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and tear about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for the chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably); or he may settle down to think matters over calmly, possibly coming to the conclusion that it is unwise to attack any strange thing before finding out whether it can hurt in return.

Generally, after this chair incident, when the lion has got the worst of it, he calms down fairly soon, and on the reappearance of his trainer some time afterward has evidently forgotten the unpleasantness of it all, and remembers only that it is the trainer who brings him all he wants. In some cases he greets him with a gentle rubbing against the bars of his cage and a soft purr, for he is only a big cat, after all. The meat is taken with a slightly subdued air, he allows himself to be stroked and patted, — outside the bars, — and so another great step in his education has been taken and accomplished successfully.

The next stage in the training of a lion is for the trainer to enter the cage again with the chair and stick. No longer militant, but somewhat timid, the animal keeps in his corner, furtively watching the trainer. Little by little, the man edges the chair over until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little he decreases the distance still more, until, finally, he has his hand on the lion's shoulder and is patting him gently.

This is another great step in advance. The lion has

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learned to endure the touch of the human hand; although he murmurs sulkily, he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws, — a somewhat risky and ticklish trial, — and in the course of about two weeks after first entering the cage, if the animal be of fairly good temper, all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated, so accustomed has the animal become to the presence of this one man.

After this he is taught to back until he reaches the rear of the cage, and then made to lie down. After a time he is made to lie down and stand up, at either the word of command or at a certain cue, and after each act of obedience he is given a small piece of raw meat as a reward. If he does not obey, he gets no reward, and in time the habit becomes strong, and he does what is required of him, whether he gets anything for it or not.

Then comes another period of extreme danger for the trainer. This is when the animal first enters the arena. He finds himself in a place which seems vast after a cage, and becoming a little bewildered at the strange surroundings, behaves in an entirely different manner. Many animals who have been taught to perform in comparatively small cages have to be trained all over again when in the arena. In the big arena, therefore, the training of the animals has to be practically begun anew.

This is one reason why trainers are always so anxious to get their animals out of the training-schools and cages and into the arena as soon as possible. But they are

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liable to get them there too soon sometimes, which is extremely dangerous. I have already explained why a lion is first put into a small cage to begin with. If he goes into the arena too soon, he is more apt to spring at the trainer, because he has not yet become tractable and docile enough.

On first entering the arena, the lion runs round and round, seeking some place to escape, because his surroundings are strange. He is also rather frightened, for anything unusual or strange always makes a wild animal, especially a lion, nervous; but the trainer's quiet presence and voice generally soothe him after a while, and he soon gets used to it. An entire day is generally taken to accustom the lion to his new surroundings, and he is then put through several evolutions, just as in the smaller cage.

Beginning at this point, the training or education of an animal is simply the application to more advanced work of the principles already followed. It is progress beyond a kind of kindergarten, and learning by association has everything to do with it. The animal is becoming amenable to the mastery of man, and in doing so his own reason is being developed. From this time on he begins to take a new interest in life. That instinct of action, which he has inherited from his ancestors and which has been slumbering, is awakened, and he is learning to know and enjoy the cultivated exercise.

He works gradually into the harness, and soon becomes an adept at the work which he has been taught with so much painstaking patience. But he always remains an animal: his natural instincts are always para-

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mount, and though he may go through his performances meekly, and even with a certain amount of interest, there are always deep down in him an inborn distrust and fear of man.

The only trainer, therefore, who has any business in a cage with such animals is one who thoroughly understands their nature, who knows all their weaknesses and characteristics, and who fears their strength. If I ever hear a trainer make a remark to the effect that, after all, there is nothing to be afraid of when once an animal is trained, I know that man is unfit to be a trainer at all. The man who makes the best trainer is the one who realizes their treachery and knows that there is danger at all times and in all places with wild animals, no matter how well trained they may be. As I said before, no wild animal is ever tamed, only trained, and the best training in the world is nothing when once the animal feels inclined to give way to his natural savage instincts.

THE STEEPLE-CLIMBER

By Cleveland Moffett

I

IN WHICH WE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF "STEEPLE BOB"

DURING the summer months of 1900 — what blazing hot months, to be sure! — people on lower Broadway were constantly coming upon other people with chins in the air, staring up and exclaiming, "Dear me, is n't it wonderful!" or "There's that fellow again; I'm sure he'll break his neck!" Then they would pass on and give place to other wonderers.

The occasion of this general surprise and apprehension was a tall man dressed entirely in white, who appeared day after day swinging on a little seat far up the side of this or that church steeple, or right at the top, hugging the gold cross or weather-vane, or, higher still, working his way, with a queer, kicking, hitching movement, up various hundred-foot flagpoles that rise from the heaven-challenging office buildings down near Wall Street. At these perilous altitudes he would hang for hours, shifting his ropes occasionally, raising his swing or lowering it, but not doing anything that his sidewalk audience could see very well or clearly understand. Yet thousands watched him with fascination, and a kodak

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army descended upon neighboring housetops, and newspapers followed the movements of "Steeple Bob" in thrilling chronicle.

That is what he was called in large black letters at the head of columns, "Steeple Bob;" but I came to know him at his modest quarters on Lexington Avenue, where he was plain Mr. Merrill, a serious-mannered and unpretentious young man, very fond of his wife and his dog, very fond of spending evenings over books of adventure, and quite indifferent to his daytime notoriety. I call him a young man, yet in years of service, not in age, he is the oldest steeple-climber in the business, ever since his teacher, "Steeple Charlie," fell from his swing some years ago in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and died the steeple-climber's death.

I often saw books of the sea on Merrill's table, and accounts of whaling voyages; and he told me one evening (while through an open door came the snores of his weary partner) about his own adventurous boyhood, with three years' cruising in Uncle Sam's navy on the school-ships *Minnesota* and *Yantic* (he shipped at the age of twelve) and two years at whale-fishing in the North Sea. Quite ideal training, this, for a steeple-climber; he learned to handle ropes and make them fast so they would stay fast; he learned to climb and keep his head at the top of a swaying masthead; he learned to bear exposure as lads must who are washed on deck every morning with a hose, and stand for inspection, winter and summer, bare to the waist. And he gained strength of arm and back swinging at the oar while whale-lines strained on the sunk harpoon; and patience in long stern-chases; and

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nerve when some stricken monster lashed the water in agony and the boat danced on a reddened sea.

Merrill laughed about the climb up old Trinity's spire, the first climb when he carried up the hauling-rope and worked his way clear to the cross, with nothing to help him but the hands and feet he was born with, and did it coolly, while men on the street below turned away sickened with fear for him.

"I'm telling you the truth," said Steeple Bob, "when I say it was an easy climb; any fairly active man could do it if he'd forget the height. I'm not talking about all steeples, — some are hard and dangerous; but the one on Trinity, in spite of its three hundred-odd feet, has knobs of stone for ornament all the way up (they call them corbels), and all you have to do is to step from one to another."

"How much of a step?"

"Oh, when I stood on one the next one came to my breast, and then I could just touch the one above that."

He called this easy climbing!

"The only ticklish bit was just at the top, where two great stones, weighing about a ton apiece, swell out like an apple on a stick, and I had to crawl around and over that apple, which was four feet or so across. If it had n't been for grooves and scrollwork in the stone I could n't have done it, and even as it was I had two or three minutes of hard wriggling after I kicked off with my feet and began pulling myself up."

"You mean you hung by your hands from this big ball of stone?"

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"I hung mostly by my fingers; the scrolls weren't deep enough for my hands to go in."

"And you drew yourself slowly up and around and over that ball?"

"Certainly; that was the only way."

"And it was at the very top?"

"Yes, just under the cross. It was n't much, though; you could do it yourself."

I really think Merrill believed this. He honestly saw no particular danger in that climb, nor could I discover that he ever saw any particular danger in anything he had done. He always made the point that if he had really thought the thing dangerous he would n't have done it. And I conclude from this that being a steeple-climber depends quite as much upon how a man thinks as upon what he can do.

"A funny thing happened!" he added. "After I got over this hard place, I slid into a V-shaped space between the bulging stone and the steeple-shaft, and I lay there on my back for a minute or so, resting. But when I started to raise myself I found my weight had worked me down in the crotch and jammed me fast, and it was quite a bit of time before I could get free."

"How much time? A minute?"

"Yes, five minutes; and it seemed a good deal longer."

Five minutes struggling in a sort of stone trap, stretched out helpless at the very top of a steeple where one false move would mean destruction — that is what Merrill spoke of as a funny thing! Thanks, I thought, I will take my fun some other way, and lower down.

"You would be surprised," he went on, "to feel the

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movement of a steeple. It trembles all the time, and answers every jar on the street below. I guess old Trinity's steeple sways eighteen inches every time an elevated train passes. And St. Paul's is even worse. Why, she rocks like a beautifully balanced cradle; it would make some people seasick. Perhaps you don't know it, but the better a steeple is built the more she sways. You want to look out for the ones that stand rigid; there's something wrong with them — most likely they're out of plumb."

"Is n't there danger," I asked, "that a steeple may get swaying too much, say in a gale, and go clear over?"

"Gale or not," said Merrill, "a well-made steeple must rock in the wind, the same as a tree rocks. That is the way it takes the storm, by yielding to it. If it did n't yield it would probably break. Why, the great shaft of the Washington Monument sways four or five feet when the wind blows hard."

Then he explained that modern steeples are built with a steel backbone (if I may so call it) running down from the top many feet inside the stonework. At Trinity, for instance, this backbone (known as a dowel) is four inches thick and forty-five feet long, a great steel mast stretching down through the cross, down inside the heavy stones and ornaments, and ending in massive beams and braces where the steeple's greater width gives full security.

"What sort of work did you do on these steeples?" I asked.

"All kinds, — stone-mason's work, painter's work, blacksmith's work, carpenter's work. Why, a good

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steeple-climber has to know something about 'most every trade. It's painting flagpoles, and scraping off shale from a steeple's sides, and repairing loose stones and ornaments, and putting up lightning rods, and gilding crosses, and cleaning smoke-stacks so high that it makes you dizzy to look up, let alone looking down, and a dozen other things. Sometimes we have to take a whole steeple down, beginning at the top, stone by stone — unless it's a wooden steeple, and then we burn her down five or six feet at a time, with creosote painted around where you want the fire to stop; the creosote puts it out. Once I blew off the whole top of a steeple with dynamite; and, by the way, I'll tell you about that some time."

Conversing with a steeple-climber (when he feels like telling things) is like breathing oxygen; you find it overstimulating. In ten minutes' matter-of-fact talking he opens so many vistas of thrilling interest that you stand before them bewildered. He starts to answer one question, and you burn to interrupt him with ten others, each of which will lead you hopelessly away from the remaining nine.

"Did you ever have any experiences with lightning?" I asked Merrill, one day.

"Oh, a few," he said. "A thunderbolt struck the Trinity steeple the very day we finished our work. We had just taken down our tackle and staging after gilding the cross when — by the way, they say there's a hundred dollars in gold under that cross."

"Really?" I exclaimed. "How did it get there?"

"Somebody ordered it put there when the steeple was built. People often do queer things like that. I painted

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a flagpole on a barn up in Massachusetts where there was four hundred dollars in gold hidden under the weather-vane. Everybody knew it was there, because the farmer who put it there told everybody, and my partner was crazy to saw off the end of that pole some night and fool 'em, but of course I would n't have it."

Here was I quite off my thunderbolt trail, and although curious about that farmer, I came back to it resolutely.

"Well," resumed Merrill, "this lightning stroke came down the new rod all right until it reached the bell-deck, and there it circled round and round the steeple four or five times, wrapping my assistant in bluish-white flame. Then it took a long jump straight down Wall Street, smashed a flagpole to slivers, and vanished. Say, there are things about lightning I've never heard explained. I know of a steeple-climber, for instance, who was killed by lightning, — it must have been lightning, — although no one saw it strike. There were two of them working on a scaffolding when a thunderstorm came up, and this man's partner started for the ground, as climbers with any sense always do. But this fellow was lazy or out of sorts or something, and said he would n't go down, he'd stay on the steeple until the storm was over. And he did stay there, without getting any harm, so far as anybody on the ground could see, except a wetting. Just the same, when his partner went up again, he found him stretched out on the scaffolding dead."

"Frightened to death?" I suggested.

Merrill shook his head. "No, they said it was light-

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ning; but it's queer how lightning could kill a man without being seen, is n't it?"

Then Merrill gave an experience of his own with a thunderbolt. It was during this same busy summer of 1900, while he and his partner were scraping the great steel smoke-stack that rises from ground to roof along one side of the American Tract Society Building, that towering structure which looks down with contempt, no doubt, upon ordinary church steeples.

"We were in our saddles," Merrill explained, "swung down about two-thirds of the smoke-stack's length, when some black clouds warned us of danger, and we hauled ourselves up to the roof. My partner, Walter Tyghe, got off his saddle and stood there where my wife was waiting (she often goes to climbing-jobs with me — she's less anxious when she can watch me); but I thought the storm was passing over, and kept on scraping, sort of half resting on the cornice, half on my saddle. Suddenly a bolt shot down from a little pink cloud just overhead, and splintered a big flagpole I had just put halyards on, and then jumped past us all so close that it knocked Walter over, and made me sick and giddy, so that I fell back limp on my saddle-board and swung there helpless until my wife pulled the trip-rope that opens the lock-block and drew me in from the edge. That's not the first time she's been on deck at the right minute. Once she came up a steeple to tell me something, and found the hauling-line smoldering from my helper's cigarette. If that line had burned through it would have dropped me to the ground from the steeple-top, saddle, lock-block, and all. The man with the

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cigarette was so scared he quit smoking for good and all."

Here, in reply to my question, Merrill explained the working of a lock-block, which is simply a pulley that allows a rope to pass through it, but will not let it go back. With this block the steeple-climber can be hauled up easily, but cannot fall, even if the man hauling should let go the rope. When it is necessary to descend, a pull on the trip-rope releases a safety catch and the saddle goes down.

"Do steeple-climbers always work in pairs?" I asked him.

"Usually. It would be hard for one man to do a steeple alone. There are lots of places where you must have some one to fasten a rope or hold the end of a plank or pass you something. Besides, it would n't be good for a man's mind to be spending days and days upon steeples all alone. It's bad enough with a partner to talk to. That makes me think of poor old Dan O'Brien. If I had n't been up with him one day" — Merrill checked himself and changed the subject.

"I'll give you a case where a man alone could never have done the thing, I don't care how clever a steeple-climber he might be. It was on St. Paul's, New York, after we had finished the job and taken everything down. Then somebody noticed that the weather-vane on top of the ball was n't turning properly. I knew in a minute what the matter was; it was easy enough to fix it, but the thing was to reach the weather-vane. I don't mean that the climb up the steeple was anything; we had done that before; but if I tried to climb around that big ball

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again (it was the same sort of a wriggling business as that over the bulging stones at Trinity) I would be sure to scrape off a lot of the fine gilding we had just put on. And yet I could n't get at the weather-vane without getting over the ball. I studied quite a while on this little problem, and solved it with my partner's help. We both climbed the steeple as far as the ball; we went up the lightning-rod; then we roped ourselves on the steeple-shaft by life-lines, and then my partner, that was Joe Lawlor, stood on my shoulders and did the job. You see it was easy enough that way."

"Easy enough!" Think of it! Two men clinging to the point of a steeple. One of them braces himself with the toes of his rubber shoes in crannies of the stone, and the other, balancing on his shoulders like a circus performer, does a piece of work, no matter what, with a reeling abyss all around (what is looking over a precipice compared to this?), and all the time the spire swaying back and forth like a forest tree. And then you hear that, instead of getting a large sum for such an achievement, these men, taking it through the year, get scarcely more than ordinary workmen's wages.

II

HOW THEY BLEW OFF THE TOP OF A STEEPLE WITH DYNAMITE

Known over all Connecticut was the Congregational Church in Hartford, that stood for years on Pearl Street, and was famous alike for the burning words spoken

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beneath its roof, and the tall, straight spire that reached above it; two hundred and thirty-eight feet measured the drop from cross to pavement. But churches pass like other things, and near the century-end came the decision by landowners and lease interpreters that this graceful length of brownstone and the pile beneath it must move off the premises, which meant, of course, that the steeple must come down, the time appointed for this demolition being August, 1899.

Now, the taking down of a steeple two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, that rises on a closely built city street, is not so simple a proceeding as might at first appear. If you suggest pulling the steeple over, all the neighbors cry out. They wish to know where it is going to strike. Are you sure it won't smash down on their housetops? Can you make a steeple fall this way or that way, as woodmen make trees fall? How do you know you can? Besides, how are you going to hitch fast the rope that will pull it over? And who will climb with such a rope to the steeple-top? It must be said that there is usually some young man at hand, some dare-devil character of the vicinity, who is ready to try the thing and is positive he can succeed at it. But, luckily, he seldom gets a chance to try.

"It's queer," said Merrill, telling me the story, "how people ever built a steeple like this one without a window in it, or an air-passage, or anything for ventilation. Between the bell-deck and the cross there was n't a single opening from the inside out, so I had to break my way through up near the top. What a place for a man to work, squeezed in the point of a stifling funnel, with

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no swing for his hammer, and no air to breathe, and the scorch of an August sun! After fifteen minutes of it, my wrists and temples would be pounding so I'd have to come down and rest.

"Of course the purpose of this hole that I knocked through the steeple-top was to make fast ropes and pulleys, so my partner and I could hoist ourselves along the outside, and not have to climb up the inside cross-beams, which, I can tell you, is a lively bit of athletics. Well, we got our ropes fixed all right, about twenty-five feet below the top, and the "bosun's saddle" swung below for us to travel up and down in, and then we made fast another set of ropes and pulleys about fifteen feet higher up; this was for hoisting timber and stuff that we needed."

"How did you get up that fifteen feet?" I inquired.

"Worked up on the stirrups — that is, two nooses around the steeple, each ending in a loop, one for the right foot, one for the left. You stand in the right stirrup and work the left loop up, then you stand in the left stirrup and work the right loop up. Sometimes in hard places you have to throw your nooses around the shaft as a cowboy casts a rope. Come down some day and watch us work; you'll see the whole thing."

To this invitation I gave glad acceptance; I certainly wished to see this stirrup-climbing process.

"The next thing," continued Merrill, "was to make another hole in the steeple through a keystone a little below our first hole. In this hole we set a block of Norway pine resting on an iron jack. The block was about a foot square and twenty-two inches high, a big tough

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piece, you see, and by screwing up the jack we could make that part as solid as the keystone was. We made this hole on the east side of the steeple, which was the side we wanted her to fall on, the only side she could fall on without injuring something; and we had it figured out so close that we dug a trench on that side straight out from the steeple's base, ten feet wide and four feet deep, and told people we intended to have the whole top of that steeple, say a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of thirty-five tons, come off at one time and land right square in that trench and nowhere else. That's what we intended to do.

"Now began the hoisting of materials; first a lot of half-inch wire cable, enough for four turns around the steeple, then eight sixteen-foot timbers, two inches thick and a foot wide, then a lot of maple wedges. We bandaged the steeple with the cable and drew it tight with tackle. Then we lowered the timbers lengthwise inside the cable, which we could do because the steeple was an octagon with ornamented corners, and these left spaces where the wire rope was stretched around. Then we wedged fast the eight timbers so that they formed a sixteen-foot half-collar on the west side of the steeple, just opposite our hole where the jack was. In other words, we had the steeple shored in so that when we let her go no loose stones could fall on the west side; everything must fall to the east.

"Last of all, we widened our hole on the east side, stripping away stones until that whole side lay open in a half-circular mouth about four feet high. And in this mouth were two teeth, one might say, that held the

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stone jaws apart, the iron jack biting into the block of Norway pine. On those two now came the steeple's weight, or, anyhow, one half of it. To knock out one of these teeth would be to leave the east side of the steeple unsupported, with the result that it must topple over in that direction and fall to the ground. Any way, that was our reasoning, and it seemed sound enough; the only question was how we were going to knock out that block of Norway pine.

"Well, the day of the test came, and I guess five thousand people were there to see what would happen. Everybody was discussing it, and farmers had driven in for miles just as they do for a hanging. You understand I was under the orders of the contractor, and he had his own plan about getting the block out. He proposed to hitch a rope to it, drop this rope to a donkey-engine in the yard, and set the engine winding up the rope. He said the block would have to come out then and the steeple fall. I agreed that the block might come out, but was afraid it would tip up, through the strain coming at an angle, and throw the steeple over to the west, just the way we did n't want it to go. And if that steeple ever fell to the west, there was no telling how many people it would kill in the crowd, without counting damages to houses.

"However, the contractor was boss, and he stuck to it his way was right, so we hitched the engine to the block and set her going. She puffed and tugged a little, and then snapped the rope. We got another rope, and she broke that too. Then we got a stronger rope, and the engine just kicked herself around the yard and had

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lots of fun, but the block never budged. All that morning we tried one scheme after another to make that engine pull the block out, but we might as well have hitched a rope to the church; the steeple's weight was too much for us. And all the time the crowd was getting bigger and bigger, until the police could hardly manage it.

"Finally the contractor, being very mad and quite anxious, said he'd be hanged if he could get the block out, and for me to try my scheme, and do it quick, for some men were going about saying the thing was dangerous and ought to be stopped. He did n't have to speak twice before I was on my way up that steeple carrying an inch auger, a fifty-foot fuse, and a stick of dynamite — I'd had them ready for hours. It's queer how people get wind of a thing; the crowd seemed to know in a minute that I was going to use dynamite, and before I was twenty feet up the ladder a police officer was after me, ordering me down. I went right ahead, pretending not to hear, and when I got to the bell-deck he was puffing along ten yards below me. I swung into my 'bosun's saddle' and began pulling myself up outside the steeple, and I guess the whole five thousand people around the church bent back their heads to watch me.

"As soon as I began to rise in the saddle I knew I was all right, for I coiled up the hauling-line on my arm so the officer could n't follow me. All he could do was stand on the bell-deck and gape after me like the rest and growl.

"When I reached the block I bored a six-inch hole

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into her at a downward slant, and in this I put some crumbs of dynamite, — not much, only about half a teaspoonful, — and then I stuck in the fuse and tamped her solid with sand. Then I lit the other end, dropped it down inside the steeple, and slid down the rope as fast as I could, yelling to the officer that I'd touched her off. You ought to have seen him get out of that steeple! He never waited to arrest me or anything; he had pressing business on the ground!

“By the time I got down you could see a little trail of bluish smoke drifting away from the hole, and there was a hush over the crowd, except for the police trying to make them stand back behind the ropes. I don't know as I ever saw a bigger crowd; the street was jammed for blocks either way. Well, sir, that was a queer-acting fuse. It smoked and smoked for about ten minutes, and then the smoke stopped. The people began to laugh — they said it had gone out; and the contractor was nearly crazy; he was sure I had made another failure. I did n't know what to think; I just waited. We waited ten minutes, twelve minutes; it seemed like an hour, but nobody dared go up to see what the matter was. Then suddenly the explosion came, — no louder than a pistol-crack, for dynamite is n't noisy, but it stirred me more than a cannon.

“‘Start your engine!’ I shouted, and the little dummy had just time to wind up half a turn of the hitch-line when the old steeple-top swayed and broke clean in two, right where the block was, and the whole upper length fell like one piece, — fell to the east, just as we had planned it, and landed in the trench, every stone of



THE OLD STEEPLE SWAYED AND BROKE CLEAN IN TWO, RIGHT WHERE THE BLOCK WAS, AND THE WHOLE UPPER LENGTH FELL LIKE ONE PIECE, FELL TO THE EAST JUST AS WE HAD PLANNED IT

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it; there was n't a piece as big as your finger-nail, sir, outside that trench. And while she was falling I don't know how many kodaks were snapped in the hope of getting a picture; men and women with cameras had been waiting for hours on the roofs of high buildings, and two or three of them actually caught a picture of the steeple-top as it hung in the air for a fraction of a second at right angles to the base."

III

THE GREATEST DANGER TO A STEEPLE-CLIMBER LIES IN BEING STARTLED

It appears that professional steeple-climbers are quiet-mannered men, with a certain gentleness of voice (like deaf people) that impresses one far more than any strident boasting. This habit of silence they form from being silent so much aloft. And when they do speak it is in a low tone, because that is the least startling to a man as he swings over some reeling gulf. Next to an actual disaster (which usually kills outright and painlessly) what a steeple-climber most dreads is being startled. This was explained to me in one of our many talks by "Steeple Bob," famous over the land for daring feats, but never reckless ones. How plainly I call up his pale, serious face and the massive shoulders, somewhat bent, and the forearm with muscles to impress a prize-fighter! Pleasant to note that Merrill uses excellent English.

"Did you ever have an impulse to jump off a steeple?"

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I questioned, recalling the sensations of many people in looking down even from a housetop.

"I've kept pretty free from that," said he; "but there's no doubt climbing steeples does tell on a man's nerves. Now, there was Dan O'Brien; he had an impulse to jump off a steeple one day, and a strong impulse, too. He went mad on one of the tallest spires in Cincinnati; right at the top of it."

"Went mad?"

"Yes, sir, raving mad, and I was by him when it happened. I forget whether the church was Baptist or Presbyterian, but I know it stood on Sixth Street, near Vine, and there was a big hand on top of the steeple, with the forefinger pointing to heaven. We were putting fresh gilding on this hand. I was working on the thumb side and O'Brien on the little-finger side, both of us standing on tiny stagings about the size of a chair-seat, and both of us made fast to the steeple by life-lines under our arms. That's an absolute rule in climbing steeples, — never to do the smallest thing unless you're secured by a life-line. It was coming on dark, and I was hurrying to get the gold leaf on, because we'd given the hand a fresh coat of sizing that would be dry before morning. We had n't spoken for some time, when suddenly I heard a laugh from O'Brien's side that sent a shiver down my spine. Did you ever hear a crazy man laugh? Well, if ever you do, you'll remember it. I looked at him and saw by his face that something was wrong.

"What are you doing?" said I.

"He answered very polite and steady like, but his tone was queer, 'I'm trying to figure out how long

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it would take a man to get down if he went the fastest way.'

"I thought I had better keep him in a good humor, so I said, 'I'll tell you what, Dan, you brace up and get this gold on, and then we'll race to the ground in our saddles.'

"That's a fair idea,' said he in a shrill voice, 'but I've got a better one. We'll race down without any saddles; yes, sir, without any lines, without a blamed thing.'

"Don't be a fool, Dan. What you want to do is to get that gold on — quick.' I tried to speak sharp.

"No, sir; I'm going to jump, and so are you.'

"I caught his eye just then and saw it was n't any time to bother about gold leaf. I reached up and eased the hitch of my line around the hand so I could swing toward him. I knew if I once got my grip on him he would n't make any more trouble. But I'd never had a crazy man to deal with, and I did n't realize how tricky and quick they are. While I was working around to his side and thinking he did n't notice it, he was laying for me out of the corner of his eye, and the first thing I knew he had me by the throat and everything was turning black. I let go of the line and dropped back on my saddle-board helpless, and if it had n't been for blind luck I guess the people down below would have got their money's worth in about a minute. But my hand struck on the tool-box as he pressed me back, and I had just strength enough left to shut my fingers on the first tool I touched and strike at him with it. The tool happened to be a monkey-wrench, and when a man gets a clip on the head with

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a thing like that he's pretty apt to keep still for a while. And that's what O'Brien did. He keeled over and lay there, and I did too, until my head got steady. Even then I guess we'd both have fallen if it had n't been for the life-lines.

"The rest was simple enough after I got my senses back. Dan was unconscious, and all I had to do was fasten a rope to him and lower away. They took care of him down below until the ambulance came, and he spent that night in a hospital. And he's spent most of his years since then in an asylum, his mind all gone except for short periods, when he comes to himself again, and then he always starts out to put an end to me. That last impulse to destroy me has never left him."

It was after this that I learned about that other danger to steeple-climbers, of being startled. Merrill says that men of his craft, whether they realize it or not, work under constant nervous strain. However calm a steeple-climber may think himself, his body is always afraid, his muscles are always tense, his clutch on ropes and stones is always harder, two or three times harder, than the need is; his knees hug what comes between them so tightly that it hurts, even when they might safely be relaxed. That is the trouble: a steeple-climber cannot relax his body or control its instinctive shrinking. It is not looking down into the gulf around him that he minds (the climber who cannot do that with indifference is unfit for the business); what he sees he can cope with; it is what he cannot see that does the mischief, — what he fears vaguely. And a sudden noise; an unexpected movement may throw him into all but

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panic. So the veteran climber, swinging at the steeple-top opposite his partner, is careful to say in a low tone, "I'm going to lower my saddle," before he does lower it, or "I'm going to strike a match," before he strikes it.

Sometimes a new helper at the hauling-line down on the bell-deck will shift his place from weariness or thoughtlessness, and let the line move up an inch or two, which drops the saddle an inch or two far aloft — drops it suddenly with a jerk. It's a little thing, yet the climber's heart would not pound harder were the whole steeple falling. Merrill told me that one of his greatest frights came from the simple brushing against his legs of a rope pulled without a word by a careless partner. To Merrill's nerves, all-a-quiver, this was not a rope, but some nameless catastrophe to overwhelm him. He knew only that something had moved where nothing had any business to move, that something had touched him where nothing was. A steeple-climber is like a child in the dark, — in terror of the unknown. In all the world, perhaps, there is no one so utterly alone as he, swinging hour after hour on his steeple-top. The aëronaut has with him a living, surging creature — his balloon; the diver feels always the teeming life of the waters; but this man, lifted into still air, poised on a point where nothing comes or goes, where nothing moves, where nothing makes a sound — he, in very truth, is alone.

"It's always the little things that frighten you," reflected Merrill, "not the big things. I'll give you an instance. When I went up inside St. Paul's steeple the first time (I wanted to inspect the beams, and see how

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the dowel was anchored) I got into a tight place that might well frighten a man. I got squeezed fast between timbers that fill nearly all the slender top space, and could n't get up or down, but just hung there, breathing air full of dust and calling for help. I called three quarters of an hour before any one came, and then it was only by accident. But I was n't frightened. On the other hand, a day or two later, when I was making fast a rope outside (I was just under the ball that holds the weather-vane) I got a bad start from nothing at all. I had my arms around the spindle of the steeple, making a hitch, and my head pressed against the copper sheathing, when I heard a most unearthly screech. I guess the shock of that thing did me five hundred dollars' worth of harm — shortened my life days enough to earn five hundred dollars in. And what do you think it was? The weather-vane had turned a little in the wind and creaked on its bearings, that's all. It does n't seem as if that ought to scare a man, does it?"

There was something quite touching, I thought, in the humble frankness of this big-shouldered man. Yes, he had been afraid, he whose business it was to fear nothing, afraid of some squeaking copper, and his face seemed to say that there are things about steeples not so easily explained, things not even to be talked about. And abruptly, as by an effort, he left this part of the subject and told a funny story of his adventures coming home late one night without a key, and getting in by way of the roof and an iron pipe; a simple enough climb had he not been taken for a "purglaire" by an irate German lodger, who appeared in nightgown and phleg-

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matic fright, and vowed he would "haf him a revolver, a skelf-skooter, in the morning."

This effort at diversion turned Merrill into gayety for a moment, but straightway memory brought back the sombre theme.

"I 'll give you another case," said he, changing again abruptly, "where I was n't frightened, but should have been. It was out in Chicago, and two of us were on a staging hung down the front of a clothing factory. We were painting the walls. My partner had made his end of the staging fast, and I had made mine fast. Perhaps if I'd been longer in the business I would have taken more notice how he secured his rope, for it meant safety to me as well as him, and I knew he 'd been drinking, but I supposed it was all right. Well, it was n't all right; his rope held for three or four hours, and then, at just about eleven o'clock, it slipped, and the staging fell from under us. We were six stories up, and right below were the sidewalk flagstones. That 's the time I ought to have been frightened, but I only said to myself, 'Hello! this thing 's going down,' and caught the window ledge in front of me. Then I hung there, wondering if I could pull myself up or if any one would come to help me. I called out not very loud, and I was n't excited. Pretty soon I saw I could n't pull myself up, for I had a poor hold with my fingers, and the ledge was smooth stone. Then I saw they'd have to hurry if they were going to pull me in. Then I did n't care. I — I" —

"You fell?"

He nodded.

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"What, six stories down?"

He nodded again. "The thing that saved me was an awning over the sidewalk. Some man across the way saw me hanging from the window, and he ran over quickly and let the awning down. I'd like to shake that man by the hand, but I never knew who he was. When I came to myself I was at the hospital done up in plaster, and I stayed there nine months."

"Badly hurt?" I asked, shrinking.

Merrill smiled. "It did n't do me any particular good. I'm a big, strong fellow now, but I was n't much after that fall. Both my legs were broken. Both my arms were broken. My right shoulder and right wrist were dislocated, and — let's see — oh, yes, I had three ribs torn away from the breastbone."

"And your" —

"My partner? Poor lad! You would n't care to hear how they found him. They laid him away kindly the next day."

He smiled in a sort of appealing way, and then came the worn, wistful look I had noticed, and his forehead lines deepened. I fancy all men who follow steeple-climbing get those strained, anxious eyes.

IV

EXPERIENCE OF AN AMATEUR CLIMBING TO A STEEPLE-TOP

It came to my knowledge, one bracing day in October, that "Steeple Bob" had agreed to "do" that famous

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Brooklyn Church of the Pilgrims, with its queer, crooked spire and big brass ball, a landmark from the river on Columbia Heights.

"It's one of those easy jobs that are the hardest," said Merrill. "If you want to see us use the stirrups, come over."

That was exactly what I did want to see, this puzzling stirrup process, which allows a man to lift himself by his boot-straps, as it were, up the last and narrowest and most dangerous length of a steeple; so I agreed to be there.

"If you like, you can go up on the swing yourself!" said Merrill, with the air of conferring a favor. I expressed my thanks as I would to a lion-tamer offering me the hospitality of his cages, then asked how he meant that easy jobs are the hardest.

"Why, easy jobs make a man careless, and that gets him into trouble. Another thing, little old churches look easy, but they're apt to be treacherous. Now, this steeple on the Church of the Pilgrims is built of wood, with loose shingles on it, and a tumble-down iron lightning rod, and rickety beams, and shaky ladders, and — well, you feel all the time as if you were walking on eggs. It's just the kind of a steeple that killed young Romaine about a month ago."

Of course I asked for the story of young Romaine, and was told of certain climbers who advertise their skill by using a steeple top for acrobatic feats that have nothing to do with repairing. Upon such Merrill frowned severely.

"Romaine was a fine athlete," said he, "and a fear-

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less man, but he went too far. He would stretch out on his stomach across the top of a steeple, and balance there without touching hands or knees, and he 'd do all sorts of circus tricks on lightning rods and weather-vanes and flagpoles — anything for notoriety. I told him he 'd get killed sure some day, but he laughed at me. Well, it was n't a week after I warned him when he was killed. He climbed an old lightning rod without testing it (it was on a little church up at Cold Spring, New York), and just as he was reaching the steeple-top, with a whole town watching him, the end of the rod pulled out, and he swung off with it, ripping out every dowel, like the buttons off a coat, right down to the ground — smash. Poor fellow, when I read the news I left my job at Trinity and took the first train up to bury him."

This sad story lingered in my mind that night, and was there still the next afternoon as I drew near the Church of the Pilgrims to witness the first day's climbing. Already, at a distance, I knew that the men were at work from the upbent heads of people on the street who stared and pointed. And presently I made out two white figures on the steeple, one swinging about fifteen feet below the ball, the other standing against the shingled side without any support that I could see. Up the old tower (inside) I made my way, and two ladders beyond the "bell-deck" came upon Walter Tyghe, "Steeple Bob's" assistant, astride of a stone saddle on one of the four peaks where the tower ends and the steeple begins. There was a clear drop of a hundred feet all around him. He was "tending" the two men aloft, as witnessed a couple of ropes dangling by him.

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It was two jerks to come down and one to go up. Were he to lose his balance and let go the hauling rope, the men on the swing would instantly be killed, as they had no "lock-blocks" on.

"Come out here," said Walter, "there 's plenty of room," and, thus encouraged, I straddled the peak, and we sat face to face, as two men might sit on a child's rocking-horse, while the tower pigeons circled beneath us, alarmed at this intrusion. Far down on the sidewalk were little faces of distorted people; far up at the steeple top were legs kicking at ropes. And off over red housetops was the river and the great towers of New York spread with silver plumes by the steam jets.

"Now you can see the stirrups working," said Walter, and, looking up, I saw a figure swing back from the steeple, an arm shoot out, and a length of rope go wriggling around the shaft, cast like a lasso. Then the rope was drawn into a noose, and the noose hauled tight. The legs kicked, the figure hitched itself up about a foot, and again the rope was cast (another rope), and a second noose still higher made secure. That is all there is to it. The steeple-climber stands in a stirrup held by one noose while he lassoes the shaft above him with another noose, supporting another stirrup on which he presently stands. And so, foot by foot, the climber rises, shifting noose and stirrup at each change, resting now on one, now on the other, and finally reaching the cross or ball or weather-vane at the very top.

"That 's Joe Lawlor chuckin' the rope," explained Walter; "Merrill, he 's on the swing. Say, Lawlor 's a wonder at rigging. He can do anything with ropes.

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He 's the feller that climbs up the front of a house with suckers on his feet."

Of this fact I took note, and then inquired if I could n't get up farther inside the steeple, so as to be nearer the men. Walter said I could climb ladders up to where they had punched a hole through for the rope to hold the block and falls, and I tried it. Alas! when I got there, after breathing dust and squeezing between beams, I found that I could see nothing. I was almost at the steeple top, and could hear Merrill, through the wooden shell, humming a tune as he worked, but I was farther away than before.

"Hello in there!" came a voice. "Don't monkey with that line." And it came to me that this rope, reaching down by me from yonder little hole (the one knocked through), held the block which held the swing which held the man. And an accident to this rope would mean instant death. I touched it, and drew my hand away, as one might touch some animal through the cage bars, and I felt like saying, "Good little rope!"

It was coming on to dark now, and we all went home together, over the bridge and up the avenues, talking of steeples the while. And Lawlor explained the action of his suckers in climbing walls, which is precisely that of a boy's sucker in lifting a brick. The big climbing-leathers, well soaked in oil, are pressed alternately against the stones, the right leg resting on one while the left leg presses the other against the wall a step higher. And so you walk right up the building or church or flag-pole, and the smoother the surface the easier you go up. In fact, if the surface is rough you cannot use the

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suckers at all, as the air gets under and prevents their holding.

Then the men spoke of various jobs aloft that called up memories. Merrill told of cleaning the fifteen-foot Diana statue on the Madison Square Garden tower. "It's hard getting over her," he said, "because she's so blamed smooth. I guess I took three quarts of rust out of her ball bearings. You know she's a weather-vane, and turns with the wind." I wondered how many New Yorkers who see the Diana every day of their lives have ever dwelt on the fact that she turns.

Talking of weather-vanes reminded my friends of a ticklish job they did on St. Paul's steeple, in New York, when Merrill, standing under the ball, held Lawlor on his giant shoulders so that Joe could lift off the weather-vane on top and ease the shaft where it had jammed. With Lawlor's weight and the weather-vane's weight, "Steeple Bob" held four hundred pounds on his shoulders during those important minutes, and, it might almost be said, stood on the dizzy edge of nothing while he did it.

Finally, Lawlor expressed the opinion that there is n't any meaner job in the business than a chimney.

"A chimney?" said I.

"That's what. I mean one o' them big ones you see on factories. We have to scrape 'em and paint 'em just like steeples, and that means climbing up the whole length inside. The climbing's easy enough on bolts and braces, but it's something fierce the air you breathe. Why, I've gone up a two-hundred-and-forty-foot chimney with a five-foot opening at the bottom, and found the soot so thick about halfway up — so thick, sir, that

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I've been almost stuck in it. Yes, sir, just had to shove my head into an eight-inch hole and bore through black stuff, beds of it. And mind, not a hole for air as big as a pinhead from bottom to top."

After bidding the men good-night I reflected, with a kind of shame, that I had drawn back from daring only once what they dare every day, what they *must* dare for their living. And I reasoned myself into a feeling that it was my duty under the circumstances to go up that steeple on the swing, as Merrill had proposed. Having begun this investigation, I must see it through; and in this mind I went to the church again the next day.

I found all hands on the "bell-deck," spreading out packets of patent gilding for the ball which awaited its new dress, all sticky from a fresh coat of sizing. Lawlor remarked that there was better gold in these little yellow squares than in a wedding ring. "It's twenty-four carats fine," said he, "and about as thick as a cobweb."

As to my going up on the swing there was no difficulty. Lawlor would go first, and be there to keep me in good heart, for they say it is not well for a novice to be at a steeple top alone. Merrill would see to the lashings, and Walter would give a hand at the hauling-line. Thus all conditions favored my ascent; even the sun smiled, and after taking off coat and hat I was ready. There we were at the top of the tower and at the base of the steeple, — Lawlor, red-faced and red-shirted, preparing to ascend; Merrill, pale, as he always is, but powerful, standing at the ropes; and I, in shirt-sleeves and bareheaded, watching Walter make a little harness for my kodak.

After a time Lawlor, having reached the top, called

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down something, and Merrill answered. It was my turn now. I climbed out through a small window and stood on the ledge, while "Steeple Bob" dropped the swing noose over my head and proceeded to lash me fast to seat and ropes.

"That 's in case a suicidal impulse should get hold of you!" he said, smiling, but meaning it. "Now, keep this rope between your legs, and work your hands up along it as we lift you. It 's anchored to St. Peter."

Then he explained how I was to press my toes against the steeple side, so as to keep my knees from barking on the shingles.

"And don't look down at all," he told me. "Just watch your ropes and take it easy. Are you ready?"

At this moment Walter said something in a low tone, and Merrill asked me to lend him my knife. I handed it out, and he stuck it in his pocket. "You don't need this now," said he, and a moment later the pulley ropes tightened and my small swing-board lifted under me. I was rising.

"Shove off there with your toes!" he cried. "Take short steps. Put your legs wider apart. Wider yet. You don't have to pull on the rope. Just slide your hands along. Now you 're going!"

I saw nothing but the steeple side in front of me, and the life-line hanging down like a bell-rope between my spread legs, and the pulley block creaking by my head, and the toes of my shoes as I pressed them against the shingles step by step. It struck me as a ridiculous thing to be climbing a steeple in patent leather shoes. I smiled to think of the odd appearance I must present from below.

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And then for the first time I let my eyes turn into the depths, and caught a glimpse of men on housetops watching me. I saw Merrill's upturned face down where the ropes ended. And I saw little horses wriggling along on the street.

There were three places where the steeple narrowed into slender lengths, and at each one was a sort of cornice to be scrambled over (and loose nails to be avoided), and then more careful steering with legs and toes to keep on one particular face of the steeple and not swing off and come bumping back, a disconcerting possibility. "Hello!" called Lawlor presently, from above. "You're doing fine. Come right along." And before I knew it the swing had stopped. I was at the top, or as near it as the tackle could take me. The remaining fifteen feet or so must be made with stirrups. And there was Lawlor standing in them up by the ball. There was not a stick of staging to support him (he had scorned the bother of hauling up boards for so simple a job), and he was working with both hands free, each leg standing on its stirrup, and several hitches of life-line holding him to the shaft top by his waist.

This steeple-lassoing exploit was one of the things I certainly would not attempt — would not and could not.

Strangely enough, as I hung here at rest I felt the danger more than coming up. It seemed most perilous to rest my weight on the swing-board, and I found myself holding my legs drawn up, with muscles tense, as if that could make me lighter. Gradually I realized the foolishness of this, and relaxed into greater comfort, but not

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entirely. Even veteran steeple-climbers waste much strength in needless clutching, cannot free their bodies from this instinctive fear.

I stayed up long enough to take three photographs (some minutes passed before I could unleash my kodak), and here I had further proof of subconscious fright, for I made such blunders with shutter and focus length as would put the youngest amateur to shame. Two pictures out of the three were failures, and the third but an indifferent success. There is one thing to be said in extenuation, that a steeple is never still, but always rocking and trembling. When Lawlor changed his stirrup hitches or moved from side to side the old beams would groan under us, and the whole structure rock. "She 'd rock more," said Lawlor, "if she was better built. A good steeple always rocks."

There was n't much more to say or do up here, and presently we exchanged jerks on the line for the descent. And Lawlor cried, "Lower away! Hang on, now!" And I did over again my humble part of leg-spreading and toe-steering, with the result that presently I was down on the "bell-deck" again, receiving congratulations.

"Here 's your knife," said Merrill, after he had un-lashed me.

"What did you take it for?" I asked.

"Oh, men sometimes get a mania to cut the ropes when they go up the first time. And that is n't good for their health. I was pretty sure you 'd keep your head, but I was n't taking any chances." After this came thanks and warm handgrips all around, and then I left

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these daring men to their duties, and went down the lower ladders. I am sure I never appreciated the simple privilege of standing on a sidewalk as I did, a few minutes later, when I left the Church of the Pilgrims and came out into the pleasant sunshine.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON

By J. Emerson Tennents

AN impression prevails even to the present day that the process of training is tedious and difficult, and the reduction of a full-grown elephant to obedience, slow and troublesome in the extreme. In both particulars, however, the contrary is the truth. The training as it prevails in Ceylon is simple, and the conformity and obedience of the animal are developed with singular rapidity. For the first three days, or till they will eat freely, which they seldom do in a less time, the newly captured elephants are allowed to stand quiet; and, if practicable, a tame elephant is tied near to give the wild ones confidence. Where many elephants are being trained at once, it is customary to put every new captive between the stalls of half-tamed ones, when it soon takes to its food. This stage being attained, training commences by placing tame elephants on either side. The "corroowevidahn," or the head of the stables, stands in front of the wild elephants holding a long stick with a sharp iron point. Two men are then stationed one on either side, assisted by the tame elephants, and each holding a hendoo, or crook, towards the wild one's trunk, whilst one or two others rub their hands over his back, keeping up all the while a soothing and plaintive chant, interlarded with endearing epithets, such as "Ho!

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my son," or "Ho! my father," or "my mother," as may be applicable to the age and sex of the captive. The elephant is at first furious, and strikes in all directions with his trunk; but the men in front receiving all these blows on the points of their weapons, the extremity of the trunk becomes so sore that the animal curls it up close, and seldom afterwards attempts to use it offensively. The first dread of man's power being thus established, the process of taking him to bathe between two tame elephants is greatly facilitated, and by lengthening the neck rope, and drawing the feet together as close as possible, the process of laying him down in the water is finally accomplished by the keepers pressing the sharp point of their hendoos over the backbone.

For many days the roaring and resistance which attend the operation are considerable, and it often requires the sagacious interference of the tame elephants to control the refractory wild ones. It soon, however, becomes practicable to leave the latter alone, only taking them to and from the stall by the aid of a decoy. This step lasts, under ordinary treatment, for about three weeks, when an elephant may be taken alone with his legs hobbled, and a man walking backwards in front with the point of the hendoo always presented to the elephant's head, and a keeper with an iron crook at each ear. On getting into the water, the fear of being pricked on his tender back induces him to lie down directly on the crook being only held over him *in terrorem*. Once this point has been achieved, the further process of taming is dependent upon the disposition of the creature.

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The greatest care is requisite, and daily medicines are applied, to heal the fearful wounds on the legs which even the softest ropes occasion. This is the great difficulty of training; for the wounds fester grievously, and months and sometimes years will elapse before an elephant will allow his feet to be touched without indications of alarm and anger.

The observation has been frequently made that the elephants most vicious and troublesome to tame, and the most worthless when tamed, are those distinguished by a thin trunk and flabby pendulous ears. The period of tuition does not appear to be influenced by the size or strength of the animals: some of the smallest give the greatest amount of trouble; whereas, in the instance of the two largest that have been taken in Ceylon within the last thirty years, both were docile in a remarkable degree. One in particular, which was caught and trained by Mr. Cripps, when government agent, in the Seven Korles, fed from the hand the first night it was secured, and in a very few days evinced pleasure on being patted on the head. There is none so obstinate, not even a rogue, that may not, when kindly and patiently treated, be conciliated and reconciled.

The males are generally more unmanageable than the females, and in both an inclination to lie down to rest is regarded as a favorable symptom of approaching tractability, some of the most resolute having been known to stand for months together, even during sleep. Those which are the most obstinate and violent at first are the soonest and most effectually subdued, and generally prove permanently docile and submissive. But those

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which are sullen or morose, although they may provoke no chastisement by their viciousness, are always slower in being taught, and are rarely to be trusted in after life.

But whatever may be its natural gentleness and docility, the temper of an elephant is seldom to be implicitly relied on in a state of captivity and coercion. The most amenable are subject to occasional fits of stubbornness; and even after years of submission, irritability and resentment will unaccountably manifest themselves. It may be that the restraints and severer discipline of training have not been entirely forgotten; or that incidents which in ordinary health would be productive of no demonstration whatever, may lead, in moments of temporary illness, to fretfulness and anger. The knowledge of this infirmity led to the popular belief recorded by Phile, that the elephant had two hearts, under the respective influences of which it evinced ferocity or gentleness; subdued by the one to habitual tractability and obedience, but occasionally roused by the other to displays of rage and resistance.

In the process of taming, the presence of the tame ones can generally be dispensed with after two months, and the captive may then be ridden by the driver alone; and after three or four months he may be intrusted with labor, so far as regards docility; but it is undesirable, and even involves the risk of life, to work an elephant too soon; it has frequently happened that a valuable animal has lain down and died the first time it was tried in harness, from what the natives believe to be a "broken heart," — certainly without any cause inferable from injury or previous disease. It is observable, that till a

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captured elephant begins to relish food and grow fat upon it, he becomes so fretted by work that it kills him in an incredibly short space of time.

The first employment to which an elephant is put is to tread clay in a brick field, or to draw a wagon in double harness with a tame companion. But the work in which the display of sagacity renders his labors of the highest value, is that which involves the use of heavy materials; and hence in dragging and piling timber, or moving stones for the construction of retaining walls and the approaches to bridges, his services in an unopened country are of the utmost importance. When roads are to be constructed along the face of steep declivities, and the space is so contracted that risk is incurred either of the working elephant falling over the precipice or of rocks slipping down from above, not only are the measures to which he resorts the most judicious and reasonable that could be devised, but if urged by his keeper to adopt any other, he manifests a reluctance sufficient to show that he has balanced in his own mind the comparative advantages of each. An elephant appears on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object that he is expected to promote, and hence he voluntarily executes a variety of details without any guidance whatever from his keeper. This is one characteristic in which this animal manifests a superiority over the horse; although his strength in proportion to his weight is not so great as that of the latter.

His minute motions when engrossed by such operations, the activity of his eye, and the earnestness of his attitudes can only be comprehended by being seen. In

moving timber and masses of rock his trunk is the instrument on which he mainly relies, but those which have tusks turn them to good account. To get a weighty stone out of a hollow an elephant will kneel down so as to apply the pressure of his head to move it upwards, then steadying it with one foot till he can raise himself, he will apply a fold of his trunk to shift it to its place, and fit it accurately in position: this done, he will step round to view it on either side, and adjust it with due precision. He appears to gauge his task by his eye, and to form a judgment whether the weight be proportionate to his strength. If doubtful of his own power, he hesitates and halts, and if urged against his will, he roars and shows temper.

In clearing an opening through forest land, the power of the African elephant and the strength ascribed to him by a recent traveler, as displayed in uprooting trees, have never been equaled or approached by anything I have seen of the elephant in Ceylon or heard of him in India. Of course much must depend on the nature of the timber and the moisture of the soil; thus a strong tree on the verge of a swamp may be overthrown with greater ease than a small and low one in parched and solid ground. I have seen no "tree" deserving the name, nothing but jungle and brushwood, thrown down by the mere movement of an elephant without some special exertion of force. But he is by no means fond of gratuitously tasking his strength; and food being so abundant that he obtains it without an effort, it is not altogether apparent, even were he able to do so, why he should assail "the largest trees in the forest," and encumber his own

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haunts with their broken stems; especially as there is scarcely anything which an elephant dislikes more than venturing amongst fallen timber.

A tree of twelve inches in diameter resisted successfully the most strenuous struggles of the largest elephant I ever saw led to it; and when directed by their keepers to clear away jungle, the removal of even a small tree, or a healthy young cocoanut palm, is a matter of both time and exertion. Hence the services of an elephant are of much less value in clearing a forest than in dragging and piling felled timber. But in the latter occupation he manifests an intelligence and dexterity which is surprising to a stranger, because the sameness of the operation enables the animal to go on for hours disposing of log after log, almost without a hint or direction from his attendant. For example, two elephants employed in piling ebony and satinwood in the yards attached to the commissariat stores at Colombo, were so accustomed to their work that they were able to accomplish it with equal precision and with greater rapidity than if it had been done by dock laborers. When the pile attained a certain height, and they were no longer able by their conjoint efforts to raise one of the heavy logs of ebony to the summit, they had been taught to lean two pieces against the heap, up the inclined plane of which they gently rolled the remaining logs, and placed them trimly on the top.

It has been asserted that in their occupations "elephants are to a surprising extent the creatures of habit," that their movements are altogether mechanical, and that "they are annoyed by any deviation from their ac-

customed practice, and resent any constrained departure from the regularity of their course." So far as my own observation goes, this is incorrect; and I am assured by officers of experience that, in regard to changing his treatment, his hours, or his occupation, an elephant evinces no more consideration than a horse, but exhibits the same pliancy and facility.

At one point, however, the utility of the elephant stops short. Such is the intelligence and earnestness he displays in work, which he seems to conduct almost without supervision, that it has been assumed that he would continue his labor, and accomplish his given task, as well in the absence of his keeper as during his presence. But here his innate love of ease displays itself, and if the eye of his attendant be withdrawn, the moment he has finished the thing immediately in hand, he will stroll away lazily, to browse or enjoy the luxury of fanning himself and blowing dust over his back.

The means of punishing so powerful an animal is a question of difficulty to his attendants. Force being almost inapplicable, they try to work on his passions and feelings, by such expedients as altering the nature of his food or withholding it altogether for a time. On such occasions the demeanor of the creature will sometimes evince a sense of humiliation as well as of discontent. In some parts of India it is customary, in dealing with offenders, to stop their allowance of sugar canes or of jaggery; or to restrain them from eating their own share of fodder and leaves till their companions shall have finished; and in such cases the consciousness of degradation betrayed by the looks and attitudes of the culprit

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is quite sufficient to identify him, and to excite a feeling of sympathy and pity.

The elephant's obedience to his keeper is the result of affection, as well as of fear; and although his attachment becomes so strong that an elephant in Ceylon has been known to remain out all night, without food, rather than abandon his mahout, lying intoxicated in the jungle, yet he manifests little difficulty in yielding the same submission to a new driver in the event of a change of attendants. This is opposed to the popular belief that "the elephant cherishes such an enduring remembrance of his old mahout, that he cannot easily be brought to obey a stranger." In the extensive establishments of the Ceylon government, the keepers are changed without hesitation, and the animals, when equally kindly treated, are usually found to be as tractable and obedient to their new driver as to the old, in fact so soon as they have become familiarized with his voice.

This is not, however, invariably the case; and Mr. Cripps, who had remarkable opportunities for observing the habits of the elephant in Ceylon, mentioned to me an instance in which one of a singularly stubborn disposition occasioned some inconvenience after the death of its keeper, by refusing to obey any other, till its attendants bethought them of a child about twelve years old, in a distant village, where the animal had been formerly picketed, and to whom it had displayed much attachment. The child was sent for; and on its arrival the elephant, as anticipated, manifested extreme satisfaction, and was managed with ease, till by degrees it became reconciled to the presence of a new superintendent.

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It has been said that the mahouts die young, owing to some supposed injury to the spinal column from the peculiar motion of the elephant; but this remark does not apply to those in Ceylon, who are healthy, and as long-lived as other men. If the motion of the elephant be thus injurious, that of the camel must be still more so; yet we never hear of early death ascribed to this cause by the Arabs.

The voice of the keeper, with a very limited vocabulary of articulate sounds, serves almost alone to guide the elephant in his domestic occupations. Sir Everard Home, from an examination of the muscular fibres in the drum of an elephant's ear, came to the conclusion that notwithstanding the distinctness and power of his perception of sounds at a greater distance than other animals, he was insensible to their harmonious modulation and destitute of a musical ear. But Professor Harrison, in a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy in 1847, has stated that on a careful examination of the head of an elephant which he had dissected, he could "see no evidence of the muscular structure of the membrana tympani so accurately described by Sir E. Home." Sir Everard's deduction, I may observe, is clearly inconsistent with the fact that the power of two elephants may be combined by singing to them a measured chant, somewhat resembling a sailor's capstan song; and in labor of a particular kind, such as hauling a stone with ropes, they will thus move conjointly a weight to which their divided strength would be unequal.

Nothing can more strongly exhibit the impulse to obedience in the elephant than the patience with which,

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at the order of his keeper, he swallows the nauseous medicines of the native elephant doctors; and it is impossible to witness the fortitude with which (without shrinking) he submits to excruciating surgical operations for the removal of tumors and ulcers to which he is subject, without conceiving a vivid impression of his gentleness and intelligence. Dr. Davy, when in Ceylon, was consulted about an elephant in the government stud which was suffering from a deep, burrowing sore in the back, just over the backbone, which had long resisted the treatment ordinarily employed. He recommended the use of the knife, that issue might be given to the accumulated matter, but no one of the attendants was competent to undertake the operation. "Being assured," he continues, "that the creature would behave well, I undertook it myself. The elephant was not bound, but was made to kneel down at his keeper's command, and with an amputating knife, using all my force, I made the incision required through the tough integuments. The elephant did not flinch, but rather inclined towards me when using the knife; and merely uttered a low, and as it were suppressed, groan. In short, he behaved as like a human being as possible, as if conscious (as I believe he was), that the operation was for his good, and the pain unavoidable."

Obedience to the orders of his keepers is not, however, to be assumed as the result of a uniform perception of the object to be attained by compliance; and we cannot but remember the touching incident which took place during the slaughter of the elephant at Exeter Change in 1846, when, after receiving ineffectually upwards of

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one hundred and twenty balls in various parts of his body, he turned his face to his assailants on hearing the voice of his keeper, and knelt down at the accustomed word of command, so as to bring his forehead within view of the rifles.

A NIGHT AT THE HIGHLAND LIGHT

By Henry David Thoreau

THE Highland Light-house, where we were staying, is a substantial-looking building of brick, painted white, and surmounted by an iron cap. Attached to it is the dwelling of the keeper, one story high, also of brick, and built by government. As we were going to spend the night in a light-house, we wished to make the most of so novel an experience, and therefore told our host that we would like to accompany him when he went to light up. At rather early candlelight he lighted a small Japan lamp, allowing it to smoke rather more than we like on ordinary occasions, and told us to follow him. He led the way first through his bedroom, which was placed nearest to the light-house, and then through a long, narrow, covered passageway, between whitewashed walls like a prison entry, into the lower part of the light-house, where many great butts of oil were arranged around; thence we ascended by a winding and open iron stairway, with a steadily increasing scent of oil and lamp smoke, to a trapdoor in an iron floor, and through this into the lantern. It was a neat building, with everything in apple-pie order, and no danger of anything rusting there for want of oil. The light consisted of fifteen argand lamps, placed within smooth concave

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reflectors twenty-one inches in diameter, and arranged in two horizontal circles one above the other, facing every way excepting directly down the Cape. These were surrounded, at a distance of two or three feet, by large plate-glass windows, which defied the storms, with iron sashes, on which rested the iron cap. All the iron-work, except the floor, was painted white. And thus the light-house was completed. We walked slowly round in that narrow space as the keeper lighted each lamp in succession, conversing with him at the same moment that many a sailor on the deep witnessed the lighting of the Highland Light. His duty was to fill and trim and light his lamps, and keep bright the reflectors. He filled them every morning, and trimmed them commonly once in the course of the night. He complained of the quality of the oil which was furnished. This house consumes about eight hundred gallons in a year, which cost not far from one dollar a gallon; but perhaps a few lives would be saved if better oil were provided. Another light-house keeper said that the same proportion of winter-strained oil was sent to the southernmost light-house in the Union as to the most northern. Formerly, when this light-house had windows with small and thin panes, a severe storm would sometimes break the glass, and then they were obliged to put up a wooden shutter in haste to save their lights and reflectors, — and sometimes in tempests, when the mariner stood most in need of their guidance, they had thus nearly converted the light-house into a dark lantern, which emitted only a few feeble rays, and those commonly on the land or lee side. He spoke of the anxiety and sense

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of responsibility which he felt in cold and stormy nights in the winter; when he knew that many a poor fellow was depending on him, and his lamps burned dimly, the oil being chilled. Sometimes he was obliged to warm the oil in a kettle in his house at midnight, and fill his lamps over again, — for he could not have a fire in the light-house, it produced such a sweat on the windows. His successor told me that he could not keep too hot a fire in such a case. All this because the oil was poor. A government lighting the mariners on its wintry coast with summer-strained oil, to save expense! That were surely a summer-strained mercy.

This keeper's successor, who kindly entertained me the next year, stated that one extremely cold night, when this and all the neighboring lights were burning summer oil, but he had been provident enough to reserve a little winter oil against emergencies, he was waked up with anxiety, and found that his oil was congealed, and his lights almost extinguished; and when, after many hours' exertion, he had succeeded in replenishing his reservoirs with winter oil at the wick end, and with difficulty had made them burn, he looked out and found that the other lights in the neighborhood, which were usually visible to him, had gone out, and he heard afterward that the Pamet River and Billingsgate Lights also had been extinguished.

Our host said that the frost, too, on the windows caused him much trouble, and in sultry summer nights the moths covered them and dimmed his lights; sometimes even small birds flew against the thick plate glass, and were found on the ground beneath in the morning

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with their necks broken. In the spring of 1855 he found nineteen small yellow birds, perhaps goldfinches or myrtle-birds, thus lying dead around the light-house; and sometimes in the fall he had seen where a golden plover had struck the glass in the night, and left the down and the fatty part of its breast on it.

Thus he struggled, by every method, to keep his light shining before men. Surely the light-house keeper has a responsible, if an easy, office. When his lamp goes out, *he* goes out; or, at most, only one such accident is pardoned.

I thought it a pity that some poor student did not live there, to profit by all that light, since he would not rob the mariner. "Well," he said, "I do sometimes come up here and read the newspaper when they are noisy down below." Think of fifteen argand lamps to read the newspaper by! Government oil! — light enough, perchance, to read the Constitution by! I thought that he should read nothing less than his Bible by that light. I had a classmate who fitted for college by the lamps of a light-house, which was more light, we think, than the University afforded.

When we had come down and walked a dozen rods from the light-house, we found that we could not get the full strength of its light on the narrow strip of land between it and the shore, being too low for the focus, and we saw only so many feeble and rayless stars; but at forty rods inland we could see to read, though we were still indebted to only one lamp. Each reflector sent forth a separate "fan" of light, — one shone on the windmill, and one in the hollow, while the intervening spaces were

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in shadow. This light is said to be visible twenty nautical miles and more, by an observer fifteen feet above the level of the sea. We could see the revolving light at Race Point, the end of the Cape, about nine miles distant, and also the light on Long Point, at the entrance of Provincetown Harbor, and one of the distant Plymouth Harbor lights, across the Bay, nearly in a range with the last, like a star in the horizon. The keeper thought that the other Plymouth light was concealed by being exactly in a range with the Long Point Light. He told us that the mariner was sometimes led astray by a mackerel-fisher's lantern, who was afraid of being run down in the night, or even by a cottager's light, mistaking them for some well-known light on the coast, and, when he discovered his mistake, was wont to curse the prudent fisher or the wakeful cottager without reason.

Though it was once declared that Providence placed this mass of clay here on purpose to erect a light-house on, the keeper said that the light-house should have been erected half a mile farther south, where the coast begins to bend, and where the light could be seen at the same time with the Nauset lights, and distinguished from them. They now talk of building one there. It happens that the present one is the more useless now, so near the extremity of the Cape, because other light-houses have since been erected there.

Among the many regulations of the Light-house Board, hanging against the wall here, many of them excellent perhaps, if there were a regiment stationed here to attend to them, there is one requiring the keeper to keep an account of the number of vessels which pass his light

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during the day. But there are a hundred vessels in sight at once, steering in all directions, many on the very verge of the horizon, and he must have more eyes than Argus, and be a good deal farther sighted, to tell which are passing his light. It is an employment in some respects best suited to the habits of the gulls which coast up and down here, and circle over the sea.

I was told by the next keeper, that on the 8th of June following, a particularly clear and beautiful morning, he rose about half an hour before sunrise, and having a little time to spare, for his custom was to extinguish his lights at sunrise, walked down toward the shore to see what he might find. When he got to the edge of the bank he looked up, and, to his astonishment, saw the sun rising, and already part way above the horizon. Thinking that his clock was wrong, he made haste back, and though it was still too early by the clock, extinguished his lamps, and when he had got through and come down, he looked out the window, and, to his still greater astonishment, saw the sun just where it was before, two-thirds above the horizon. He showed me where its rays fell on the wall across the room. He proceeded to make a fire, and when he had done, there was the sun still at the same height. Whereupon, not trusting to his own eyes any longer, he called up his wife to look at it, and she saw it also. There were vessels in sight on the ocean, and their crews, too, he said, must have seen it, for its rays fell on them. It remained at that height for about fifteen minutes by the clock, and then rose as usual, and nothing else extraordinary happened during that day. Though accustomed to the coast, he had

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never witnessed nor heard of such a phenomenon before. I suggested that there might have been a cloud in the horizon invisible to him, which rose with the sun, and his clock was only as accurate as the average; or perhaps, as he denied the possibility of this, it was such a looming of the sun as is said to occur at Lake Superior and elsewhere. Sir John Franklin, for instance, says in his Narrative, that when he was on the shore of the Polar Sea, the horizontal refraction varied so much one morning that "the upper limb of the sun twice appeared at the horizon before it finally rose."

He certainly must be a son of Aurora to whom the sun looms, when there are so many millions to whom it *glooms* rather, or who never see it till an hour *after* it has risen. But it behooves us old stagers to keep our lamps trimmed and burning to the last, and not trust to the sun's looming.

This keeper remarked that the centre of the flame should be exactly opposite the centre of the reflectors, and that accordingly, if he was not careful to turn down his wicks in the morning, the sun, falling on the reflectors on the south side of the building, would set fire to them, like a burning glass, in the coldest day, and he would look up at noon and see them all lighted! When your lamp is ready to give light, it is readiest to receive it, and the sun will light it. His successor said that he had never known them to blaze in such a case, but merely to smoke.

I saw that this was a place of wonders. In a sea turn or shallow fog while I was there the next summer, it being clear overhead, the edge of the bank twenty rods

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distant appeared like a mountain pasture in the horizon. I was completely deceived by it, and I could then understand why mariners sometimes ran ashore in such places, especially in the night, supposing it to be far away, though they could see the land. Once since this, being in a large oyster boat two or three hundred miles from here, in a dark night, when there was a thin veil of mist on land and water, we came so near to running onto the land before our skipper was aware of it, that the first warning was my hearing the sound of the surf under my elbow. I could almost have jumped ashore, and we were obliged to go about very suddenly to prevent striking. The distant light for which we were steering, supposing it a light-house, five or six miles off, came through the cracks of a fisherman's bunk not more than six rods distant.

The keeper entertained us handsomely in his solitary little ocean house. He was a man of singular patience and intelligence, who, when our queries struck him, rang as clear as a bell in response. The light-house lamp a few feet distant shone full into my chamber, and made it as bright as day, so I knew exactly how the Highland Light bore all that night, and I was in no danger of being wrecked. Unlike the last, this was as still as a summer night. I thought as I lay there, half awake and half asleep, looking upward through the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes from far out on the Ocean stream — mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night — were directed toward my couch.

A VISIT FROM THE INDIANS TO BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD

By John Brereton

THE second day after our comming from the maine, we espied nine canowes or boats, with fiftie Indians in them, comming toward vs from this part of the maine, where we, two daies before, landed; and being loth they should discouer our fortification, we went out on the sea side to meet them; and comming somewhat neere them, they all sat downe upon the stones, calling aloud to vs (as we rightly ghessed) to doe the like, a little distance from them: hauing sat a while in this order, captaine *Gosnold* willed me to go vnto them, to see what countenance they would make; but as soone as I came vp vnto them, one of them, to whom I had giuen a knife two daies before in the maine, knew me (whom I also very wel remembred) and smiling vpon me, spake somewhat vnto their lord or captaine, which sat in the midst of them, who presently rose vp and tooke a large Beauer skin from one that stood about him, and gaue it unto me, which I requited for that time the best I could: but I pointing towards captaine *Gosnold*, made signes vnto him, that he was our captaine, and desirous to be his friend, and enter league with him, which (as I perceiued) he vnderstood, and made signes of ioy: whereupon captaine *Gosnold* with the rest of his companie,

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being twentie in all, came vp vnto them; and after many signes of gratulations (captain *Gosnold* presenting their L. with certeine trifles which they wondred at, and highly esteemed) we became very great friends, and sent for meat aboard our shallop, and gaue them such meats as we had then readie dressed, whereof they misliked nothing but our mustard, whereat they made many a sowre face. While wee were thus merry, one of them had conueied a target of ours into one of their canowes, which we suffered, onely to trie whether they were in subiection to this L. to whom we made signes (by shewing him another of the same likenesse, and pointing to the canowe) what one of his companie had done: who suddenly expressed some feare, and speaking angerly to one about him (as we perceiued by his countenance) caused it presently to be brought backe againe. So the rest of the day we spent in trading with them for Furies, which are Beauers, Luzernes, Martens, Otters, Wild-cat skinnnes very large and deepe Furre, blacke Foxes, Conie skinnnes, of the colour of our Hares, but somewhat lesse, Deere skinnnes, very large, Seale skinnnes, and other beasts skinnnes, to vs vnknown. They haue also great store of Copper, some very redde, and some of a paler colour; none of them but haue chaines, earrings or collars of this mettall: they head some of their arrows herewith, much like our broad arrow heads, very workmanly made. Their chaines are many hollow pieces semented together, ech piece of the bignesse of one of our reeds, a finger in length, ten or twelue of them together on a string, which they weare about their necks: their collars they weare about

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their bodies like bandelieres a handfull broad, all hollow pieces, like the other, but somewhat shorter, foure hundred pieces in a collar, very fine and euenly set together. Besides these, they haue large drinking cups, made like sculles, and other thinne plates of Copper, made much like our boare-speare blades, all which they so little esteeme, as they offered their fairest collars or chaines, for a knife or such like trifle, but we seemed little to regard it; yet I was desirous to vnderstand where they had such store of this mettall, and made signes to one of them (with whom I was verie familiar) who taking a piece of Copper in his hand, made a hole with his finger in the ground, and withall, pointed to the maine from whence they came. They strike fire in this manner; euery one carrieth about him in a purse of tewed leather, a Minerall stone (which I take to be their Copper) and with a flat Emerie stone (wherewith Glasiers cut glasse, and Cutlers glase blades) tied fast to the end of a little sticke, gently he striketh vpon the Minerall stone, and within a stroke or two, a sparke falleth vpon a piece of Touchwood (much like our Sponge in *England*) and with the least sparke he maketh a fire presently. We had also of their Flaxe, wherewith they make many stringe and cords, but it is not so bright of colour as ours in England: I am perswaded they haue great store growing vpon the maine, as also Vines and many other rich commodities, which we, wanting both time and meanes, could not possibly discouer. Thus they continued with vs three daies, euery night retiring themselues to the furthest part of our Island two or three miles from our fort: but the fourth day they returned to the maine, pointing fiew or

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six times to the Sun, and once to the maine, which we vnderstood, that within fīue or six daies they would come from the maine to vs againe: but being in their canowes a little from the shore, they made huge cries and shouts of ioy vnto vs; and we with our trumpet and cornet, and casting vp our cappes into the aire, made them the best farewell we could: yet sixe or seuen of them remained with vs behinde, bearing vs company euery day into the woods, and helpt vs to cut and carie our Sassafras, and some of them lay aboard our ship. These people, as they are exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition, and well conditioned, excelling all others that we haue seene; so for shape of bodie and louely fauour, I thinke they excell all the people of *America*; of stature much higher than we; of complexion or colour, much like a darker oliue; their eie-browes and haire blacke, which they wear long, tied vp behinde in knots, whereon they pricke feathers of fowles, in fashion of a crownet: some of them are blacke thin bearded; they make beards of the haire of beasts: and one of them offered a beard of their making to one of our sailers, for his that grew on his face, which because it was of a red color, they iudged to be none of his owne. They are quick eied, and stedfast in their looks, fearelesse of others harmes, as intending none themselves; some of the meaner sort giuen to filching, which the very name of Saluages (not weighing their ignorance in good or euill) may easily excuse: their garments are of deere skins, and some of them weare Furres round and close about their necks. They pronounce our language with great facilitie; for one of them one day sitting by me, vpon occasion I spake smiling to him these words: *How*

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now (sirha) are you so saucie with my Tabacco: which words (without any further repetition) he suddenly spake so plaine and distinctly, as if he had beene a long scholar in the language. Many other such trials we had, which are heere needlesse to repeat. Their women (such as we saw) which were but three in all, were but lowe of stature, their eie-browes, haire, apparell, and manner of wearing, like to the men, fat, and very well faouered, and much delighted in our companie; the men are very dutifull towards them. And truely, the holsomnesse and temperature of this Climat, doth not onely argue this people to be answerable to this description, but also of a perfect constitution of body, actiue, strong, healthfull, and very wittie, as the sundry toies of theirs cunningly wrought, may easily witnes. For the agreeing of this Climat with vs (I speake of my selfe, so I may justly do for the rest of our companie) that we found our health strength all the while we remained there, so to renew and increase, as not withstanding our diet and lodging was none of the best, yet not one of our company (God be thanked) felt the least grudging or inclination to any disease or sicknesse, but were much fatter and in better health than when we went out of *England*. But after our barke had taken in so much Sassafras, Cedar, Furres, Skinnes, and other commodities, as were thought conuenient; some of our company that had promised capitaine *Gosnold* to stay, hauing nothing but a sauing voyage in their minds, made our company of inhabitants (which was small enough before) much smaller; so as capitaine *Gosnold* seeing his whole strength to consist but of twelue men, and they but meanly prouided, deter-

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mined to returne for *England*, leauing this Island (which he called *Elizabeths Island*) with as many true sorrowfull eies, as were before desirous to see it. So the eighteenth of June, being Friday, we weighed, and with indifferent faire winde and weather came to anker the twenty-third of July, being also Friday (in all, bare fiue weeks) before *Exmouth*.

A NIGHT ALONE ON CHOCORUA

By Frank Bolles

NOT many rods below the peak, on the very verge of the eastern crag, stands an enormous detached rock, roughly cubical in shape, and at least twenty feet in each dimension. This rock, which is known as "The Cow," rests upon a narrow shelf having a saucer-shaped depression about fifteen feet in diameter in its upper surface. The Cow projects slightly beyond the outer edge of the ledge, but at the point where it projects the concavity of the under granite leaves a space exactly eighteen inches in height and several feet long, which admits light into the hollow beneath the Cow. Years before, I had discovered this strange cave, and had found that a projecting corner of rock gave standing-room near enough to the narrow mouth to allow a man to creep into it. To this shelter I determined to take my luggage for safe keeping during the rain. As I wound my way down the zigzag path to the cave a junco flew past me in the gloom and chirped inquiringly. A drop or two of rain fell. Thunder roared in the southwest as well as in the north. The mountains had lost the wonderful dark violet shade which they possessed before the light faded, and were now almost black, those nearest being darkest. As I reached the mouth of the cave, an uncomfortable thought intruded itself upon my mind, — was it possible

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that bears used the cave? I peered in. The place was empty now, at all events. Pushing in my oilskin coat, jersey, knapsack with lunch, lantern, and star atlas, I slid in after them. At the deepest part of the depression in the ledge, the space between the rock below and the rock above is thirty inches. I could not sit up straight, but I could recline comfortable at various angles. Lighting my lantern, I unpacked my bag and furnished my lodgings. A watch, matchbox, foot rule, thermometer, pencil, a mirror for signaling, compass, hunting knife, bird whistles, supper, breakfast, and dry underclothing made the cave seem quite homelike. The dry clothing attracted me, for I was wet with perspiration, and my thermometer reminded me that I felt chilly. I listened. Was it raining? No. Taking my lantern, supper, and dry clothes, I wriggled to the entrance and regained the air. Happy thought: if any bear could get into that cave, it would be a very thin one. Unhappy thought: his thinness would betoken all the greater hunger.

There was a lull in the storm, for although everything above was black, the wind seemed to have died away and the thunder to be very distant. On the narrow ledge between the towering pinnacle and the black abyss below the Cow, I discarded my damp clothes and put on the dry ones. The change was comforting. I was glad when it was accomplished, for I had no inclination to fight a bear in the costume of Mulvaney at the taking of Lungtungpen.

Step by step I crept back up the cliff to the summit. There was wind enough on top, and my lantern had to be thrust into a crack in the rock on the lee side to keep

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it not only from blowing out, but from blowing away. The top of Chocorua is about the shape and size of a large, wide dining-table. On the south, other levels lead up to it gradually; but west, north, and east this highest rock is bounded by abrupt sides, from which a fall in the night would be a serious matter. Lying down on this dizzy platform, I ate my supper with savage relish, and took new account of the night and its pictures. Except when lightning illumined some part of the horizon, the only things visible to me were the long black ridge of Paugus, the hump of Passaconaway over Paugus, fragments of white ledges on the northern spurs of Chocorua, and lakes in the valley. Even Ossipee Lake, fifteen miles or more away, was plainly distinguishable as a white spot in the surrounding gloom. Lights shone from many of the cottages near Chocorua Lake, and from Birch Intervale, Albany Intervale, and Conway. They were the connecting link between me and the rest of mankind. In the sky there was absolute blackness, curiously broken once by the sudden appearance of the red planet for the space of a single minute. Sometimes a few drops of rain fell, but the second storm seemed to be reserving most of its strength for a region farther east. It was now nine o'clock, and the first storm had passed far over into Maine, its lightning playing with rapid flashes behind Mount Pequawket. At every flash the sky just behind the pyramidal peak assumed the color of dead gold, while the mountain was embossed upon it like an emblem on a shield. Occasionally the second storm produced lightning, and when it did so the effects were

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startling, so near was the heavenly fire. One flash was from side to side across a low cloud which hung near Chocorua on the east. It was very vivid, and so complex, with its many delicate lines and loops of light, that a fiery sentence appeared to have been written on the sky. Another bolt was broad and straight, and went down into the forest like an arrow. It was so near and so brilliant that for almost a minute I could see nothing. The thunder which followed it began in the zenith, and rolled away, booming and crashing, in three directions, lasting so long that I wished I had timed it, to see for how many seconds its terrific echoes refused to subside. As many of the rumblings and mutterings resounded from the ravines and hillsides below me, the effect of this great peal was unlike any I had ever before heard.

While I was listening to the sighing of the wind-tossed forest in the hollows eastward of the mountain, another sound reached my ears, and made me concentrate my senses in an effort to determine its nature. At the moment I heard it, I was somewhat below the peak, leaning against a wall of rock facing the south. The sound seemed to come from above. It resembled that made by a thin stick or shingle when whirled rapidly in the air. At the same time there was a creaking, and sounds almost like wailing and groaning. A moment later, a slender column of white cloud, a hundred feet or more in height, but proportioned like a human figure, glided past the mountain over the black abyss below the eastern cliffs. It is needless to say that I was interested in these phenomena. I was much more than interested; and the fact that I was absolutely alone in the dark,

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miles away from home, with a storm howling around me, was brought clearly to my mind. The legend of Chocorua, the Indian for whom this mountain was named, of his curse upon the whites, and of his melancholy death near these eastern cliffs, rose, for some illogical reason, into my memory.

The sounds in the air continued, and at one time made me wonder whether electric waves passing through the low-hanging clouds above me could produce them. There being no light accompanying the sounds, I dismissed this hypothesis as unsatisfactory. Once I thought that something was scratching and grinding down the side of a sloping ledge. Since rain began falling thick and fast at the same moment, I seized my lantern and retreated to the cave. When I gained the dizzy rock at the mouth of the cave, the heavens again spoke, and mist forms swept past in front of me. The next moment I was at the bottom of the cave, wondering whether a temperature of sixty degrees, which my thermometer recorded, justified wholly the goose flesh that crept over me.

My lantern cast a clear, steady light into all parts of the cave. Now and then a flash of lightning showed where the entrance faced the east, and where one or two other cracks were open between the Cow and its rocky foundation. I lay perfectly motionless, pondering upon the strange sounds I had heard. My eyes rested upon several stones lying in the narrow space beyond my feet where the two rocks neared each other. Something moved there. A body had passed from the shelter of one stone to that of another. I held my breath, and

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watched. Again a brownish thing flashed past an opening, came nearer, darted forward into the light, vanished, reappeared, came clearly into view, shot back, and finally sped across a broad, well-lighted face of rock, and revealed itself as a large short-tailed mouse, — perhaps an Eastern *Phenacomys* as yet unknown to collectors. Although I did not move for a long time, he failed to reappear, and my only companion was a gauzy-winged fly which sat upon my knee and contemplated the flame of the lantern.

The rain continuing, I sang and whistled until after ten o'clock, when I crawled into the mouth of my cave and looked down into the depths beneath. A stone thrown far out, so as to clear the first few ledges, might fall eight hundred feet before it struck the rocks below. As I stared into the darkness, I found that much which had been invisible an hour earlier was now dimly outlined in black and white. The sky, too, showed gaps in its curtain, and the white lakes in the distant valleys were more silvery than before. The storm was over, the moon was at work eating the clouds, and soon, I hoped, the stars would keep their tryst. Lantern in hand, I crept up the rocks, and settled myself once more on the peak. All my friendly lights in the valley had gone out, and I was now alone in the sky.

Paugus, Passaconaway, and Whiteface were quite clearly outlined against each other and the sky. They seemed very near, however, so that it was easier for me to imagine myself on a lonely rock in the ocean, with huge waves about to overwhelm me, than to make those combing waves stand back three, eight, twelve miles

A NIGHT ALONE ON CHOCORUA

and become spruce-covered mountains. Gradually other mountain outlines became discernible, and the cloud curtain above showed folds and wrinkles, which in time wore out under the moon's chafing and let through a glimpse of Mars or Vega, marvelously far away in that serene ether. Half an hour before midnight the pale disk of the moon appeared through the thin clouds, and at the witching hour sailed out proudly into a little space of clear blue-black heaven. The wind came in fresher puffs, a snowy cloud-cap rested on the head of Paugus, and the air was so much colder that I was glad to put on both jersey and oilskin jacket. A dozen lakes and twenty-five mountain peaks were visible at half past twelve, and Mars had worked a place for his red eye, so that it could look down through the breaking clouds without interruption. Drowsiness now overtook me, and in order to keep awake, I was forced to walk rapidly up and down the small area of the top, or to jump about over the ledge farther south. About one o'clock a light flashed brightly from a point near the Maine line, perhaps in Fryeburg. At first I thought it might be a fire which would gather strength and size; then, as it appeared to move and come nearer, it looked more like the headlight of a locomotive. My glass made it seem smaller, and the motion was so slow and irregular that I thought the gleam might be from a doctor's buggy, as the man of sickness took his way through the night.

My own light was now growing dim, so I extinguished it in order to save the remaining oil for emergencies. Immediately afterwards a bat flew against the lantern, and then perched upon a lichen-hung rock near by, to

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recover his composure. The moon slowly made way with the clouds, and by two o'clock a quarter part of the sky was clear. The mercury had dropped to fifty-two degrees, and the moisture hurled against the mountain by the wind was condensed and sent boiling and seething up the sides of the peak. Tongues of fog lapped around me with the same spasmodic motion which flames display in rising from a plate of burning alcohol. At first they scarcely reached the peak; then they came to my feet, and swept past me around both sides of my platform; finally they flung themselves higher and higher, hiding not only the black valley from which they came, but Paugus and more distant peaks, the sky, the moon, and the glimmering stars. Suddenly from the fog-filled air came once more the gruesome sound which I had heard earlier in the night. Its cause was nearer to me now, and I felt sure that it was some creature of the air, and consequently nothing which could cause me inconvenience. I strained my eyes to see the creature as it passed, but in vain, until in its flight it chanced to cross the face of the moon. Then the mystery was solved. I saw that it was either a night hawk or a bird of similar size. The speed at which it was flying was wonderful. When it tacked or veered, it produced the extraordinary sounds which, with their echoes from the rocks, had so puzzled me at first. Once or twice during the night I had heard night-hawks squawking, and from this time on their harsh voices were heard at intervals mingled with the booming which, for some unexplained reason, they make by night as well as by day, after as well as during the breeding season.

A NIGHT ALONE ON CHOCORUA

A few minutes after two o'clock a large meteor shot across a small patch of clear sky near the constellation Andromeda, and was quenched in the fog. From time to time other smaller ones flashed in brief glory in the same quarter of the heavens, and one brilliant fragment burned its way past Jupiter, as though measuring its passing glory with the light of the planet. The wind was falling, the temperature rising, and, following these two influences, the fog decreased, until its only remnants clung to the ponds and rivers far below. Two thirds of the sky were clear by three o'clock. In the east, the Pleiades sparkled in mysterious consultation; farther north, Capella flashed her colored lights, and Venus, radiant with a lustre second only to Selene's own, threw off the clouds which for an hour had concealed her loveliness, and claimed from Mars the foremost place in the triumph of the night. Her reign was short. At a quarter after three I noticed that the cloud-bank which lay along the eastern and northern horizon was becoming more sharply defined by the gradual growth of a white band above it. A greater orb than Venus was undermining her power in the east. The white line imperceptibly turned to a delicate green, and extended its area to left and right and upward. The clouds in the high sky took on harder outlines and rounder shapes. Shadows were being cast among them, and a light was stealing through them from something brighter even than the yellow moon. The pale green band had changed to blue, the blue was deepening to violet, and through this violent sky the brightest meteor of the night passed slowly down until it met the hills. High in the sky the stars were

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growing dim, and the spaces between the clouds, which looked for all the world like a badly painted picture, were growing blue, deep, real blue. The line of brightest light above the eastern clouds showed a margin of orange. Venus in the violet sky was still dazzling, but her glory was no longer of the night, but of the twilight. She was wonderful, in spite of the stronger light which was slowly overpowering her. Mars burned like a red coal low down in the west, unaffected thus far by the sun's rays, while Jupiter, supreme among the high stars, was paling fast as the light of day rolled towards him.

The eastern sky looked strangely flat. Its colors were like a pastel drawing. Small, very black clouds, with hard outlines, lay unrelieved against the violet, silver, and orange. A full hour had sped by since I first noticed the coming of the day, and still the earth below slept on. Hark! up from the deep valley below the Cow comes a single bird voice, but scarcely are its notes sprinkled upon the cool, clear air, when a dozen, yes, fifty singers join their voices in a medley of morning music. The first songster was a whitethroat, and the bulk of the chorus was made up of juncos and whitethroats, the stronger song of Swainson's and hermit thrushes coming in clearly now and then from points more distant from the peak. There was ecstasy in those matins. No sleepy choir of mortal men or women ever raised such honest, buoyant music in honor of the day's coming. The birds love the day, and they love life for all that each day brings. They labor singing, and they sing their vespers, as they sing their matins, with hearts overflowing with joy and thanksgiving.

AN AFRICAN PET

By Paul B. Du Chaillu

TOWARD twelve o'clock, when we were crossing a kind of high table-land, we heard the cry of a young animal, which we all recognized to be a nshiego mbouve. Then all my troubles at once went away out of mind, and I no longer felt either sick or hungry.

We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little cleared space, we saw something running along the ground toward where we stood concealed. When it came nearer, we saw it was a female nshiego running on all fours, with a young one clinging to her breasts. She was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one.

Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, "Hew! hew! hew!" and clung to the dead body, sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun.

We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I cannot tell my surprise when I saw that the nshiego baby's face was pure white — *very* white indeed — pallid, but as white as a white child's.

I looked at the mother, but found her black as soot in the face. The little one was about a foot in height.

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One of the men threw a cloth over its head and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the baldheaded kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which we reached toward evening. The little nshiego had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her, but, touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long, plaintive wail, "Oooo! oooo! oooo!" which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrows, and the women were especially moved.

All this time I stood wonderingly staring at the white face of the creature. It was really marvelous, and quite incomprehensible; and a more strange and weird-looking animal I never saw.

While I stood there, up came two of my hunters and began to laugh at me. "Look, Chelly," said they, calling me by the name I was known by among them; "look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla, you tell us look at your black friend. Now, you see, look at your white friend." Then came a roar at what they thought a tremendous joke.

"Look! he got straight hair, all same as you. See

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white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than gorilla is to us."

And another roar.

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like we. This one straight hair, like you."

"Yes," said I, "but when he gets old his face is black; and do you not see his nose, how flat it is, like yours?"

Whereat there was a louder laugh than before; for, so long as he can laugh, the negro cares little against whom the joke goes. I may as well add here some particulars of the little fellow who excited all this surprise and merriment. He lived five months, and became as tame and docile as a cat. I called him Tommy, to which name he soon began to answer.

In three days after his capture he was quite tame. He then ate crackers out of my hand; ate boiled rice and roasted plantains; and drank the milk of a goat. Two weeks after his capture he was perfectly tamed, and no longer required to be tied up. He ran about the camp, and, when he went back to Obindji's town, found his way about the village and into the huts just as though he had been raised there.

He had a great affection for me, and used constantly to follow me about. When I sat down, he was not content till he had climbed upon me and hid his head in my breast. He was extremely fond of being petted and fondled, and would sit by the hour while any one stroked his head or back.

He soon began to be a very great thief. When the people left their huts he would steal in and make off with their plantains or fish. He watched very carefully till

all had left the house, and it was difficult to catch him in the act. I flogged him several times, and, indeed, brought him to the conviction that it was *wrong* to steal; but he could never resist the temptation.

From me he stole constantly. He soon found out that my hut was better furnished with ripe bananas and other fruit than any other's; and also he discovered that the best time to steal from me was when I was asleep in the morning. At that time he used to crawl in on his tiptoes, move slyly toward my bed, look at my closed eyes, and, if he saw no movement, with an air of great relief go up and pluck several plantains. If I stirred in the least he was off like a flash, and would presently reënter for another inspection. If my eyes were open when he came in on such a predatory trip, he at once came up to me with an honest face, and climbed on and caressed me. But I could easily detect an occasional wishful glance toward the bunch of plantains.

My hut had no door, but was closed with a mat, and it was very funny to see Tommy gently raising one corner of this mat to see if I was asleep. Sometimes I counterfeited sleep, and then stirred just as he was in the act of taking off his prize. Then he would drop everything, and make off in the utmost consternation.

He kept the run of mealtimes, and was present at as many meals as possible; that is, he would go from my breakfast to half a dozen others, and beg something at each. But he never missed my breakfast and dinner, knowing by experience that he fared best there. I had a kind of rude table made, on which my meals were served in the open part of my house. This was too high for

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Tommy to see the dishes; so he used to come in before I sat down, when all was ready, and climb up on the pole which supported the roof. From here he attentively surveyed every dish on the table, and, having determined what to have, he would descend and sit down at my side.

If I did not immediately pay attention to him, he began to howl, "Hew! hew! hew!" louder and louder, till, for peace' sake, his wants were satisfied. Of course, I could not tell what he had chosen for dinner of my different dishes, and would offer him first one, then another, till the right one came. If he received what he did not want, he threw it down on the ground with a little shriek of anger and a stamp of his foot; and this was repeated till he was served to his liking. In short, he behaved very much like a badly spoiled child.

If I pleased him quickly, he thanked me by a kind of gentle murmur, like "hoo-hoo," and would hold out his hand to shake mine. He was very fond of boiled meat, — particularly boiled fish, — and was constantly picking bones he picked up about the town. He wanted always to taste of my coffee, and, when Makondai brought it, would beg of me, in the most serious manner, for some.

I made him a little pillow to sleep on, and this he was very fond of. When he was once accustomed to it he never parted from it more, but dragged it after him wherever he went. If by any chance it was lost, the whole camp knew it by his howls; and sometimes I had to send people to look for it when he had mislaid it on some forest excursion, so that he might stop his noise. He slept on it always, coiled up into a little heap, and only

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relinquished it when I gave him permission to accompany me into the woods.

As he became more and more used to our ways, he became more impatient of contradiction and more fond of being caressed; and whenever he was thwarted he howled in his disagreeable way. As the dry season came on it became colder, and Tommy began to wish for company when he slept, to keep him warm. The negroes would not have him for a companion, for he was for them too much like one of themselves. I would not give him room near me. So poor Tommy was reduced to misery, as he seemed to think. But soon I found that he waited till everybody was fast asleep at night, and then crawled in softly next some of his black friends, and slept there till earliest dawn. Then he would up and away undiscovered. Several times he was caught and beaten, but he always tried it again.

He showed an extraordinary fondness for strong drink. Whenever a negro had palm wine Tommy was sure to know it. He had a decided taste for Scotch ale, of which I had a few bottles, and even begged for brandy. Indeed, his last exploit was with a brandy bottle, which, on going out, I had carelessly left on my chest. The little rascal stole in, and seeing it, and being unable to get out the cork, in some way broke it. When I returned, after some hours' absence, I found my precious bottle — it was the last, and to the African traveler brandy is as indispensable as quinine — broken in pieces, and Master Tommy coiled up on the floor by the side of the fragments in a state of maudlin drunkenness. When he saw me he got up and tried to stagger up to me, but his

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legs tottered, and he fell down several times. His eyes had a glare of human drunkenness; his arms were extended in vain attempts to reach me; his voice came thick; in fact, he looked disgustingly and yet comically human. It was the maudlin and sentimental stage of human drunkenness very well represented. I gave him a severe thrashing, which served to sober the little toper somewhat; but nothing could cure him of his love for liquor.

He had a great deal of intelligence; and if I had had leisure I think I might have trained him to some kind of good behavior, though I despaired of his thieving disposition. He lived so long, and was growing so accustomed to civilized life, that I began to have great hopes of being able to carry him to America. But alas! poor Tommy. One morning he refused his food, seemed downcast, and was very anxious to be petted and held in the arms. I got all kinds of forest berries for him, but he refused all. He did not seem to suffer, but ate nothing; and next day, without a struggle, died. Poor fellow! I was very sorry, for he had grown to be quite a pet companion for me; and even the negroes, though he had given them great trouble, were sorry at his death.

THE GIRL AND THE PANTHER

By Louis du Couret

WE had gained some distance from the group of bathers when we were startled by a shrill, agonizing cry, which seemed to come from that direction. Retracing our steps in haste, we found the bathers crowding together in consternation, a dozen young girls in the midst of them tearing out their hair and beating themselves with all their might, according to the Arab custom, in token of despair. From these girls we learned that, just as they were plunging into the river, an enormous panther sprang among them, and, seizing one, threw her upon her back, and fled away toward the mountain with her prey.

In a short time, more than three hundred Arabs had arrived at the spot, some armed with lances and battle-axes, others with scimitars, pistols, and matchlocks; for, so piercing was the cry of the young girl carried off by the savage beast that it had penetrated to the encampment, and was heard in the still night through the gardens and dwellings of Mareb. People guessed by instinct at the cause of it, armed themselves in haste, and came down upon the banks of the Dona.

Just as they arrived, the terrible yells of panthers indicated the course to be taken. Then every man uttered an imprecation; abbayes were tucked up, arms

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made ready for action, and the avengers dashed forward in pursuit of the fierce prowler.

In a short time they had crossed the Valley of the Dikes, and gained the foot of one of the mountains by which it is flanked, up which, in the bright moonlight, they saw two panthers going at great speed. The foremost of the two beasts appeared to bound forward with great difficulty, encumbered as she was with the burden carried by her. By a providential chance the girl — a child of eight or nine years — had so fallen on the panther's back that she could clasp the neck of the monster with her arms, clinging to her with all her might, and burying her hands in her thick fur. The second panther could readily have outstripped the first, but appeared to keep behind for the purpose of covering the retreat.

Once in view of the panthers, the hunters, hitherto scattered upon the track, closed together into a compact group, each man pressing forward and putting himself to the top of his speed to be the first at the attack. A hundred reports now rang through the hollows of the mountain, and the hindmost panther rolled heavily to the ground, uttering fearful yells. The other beast, seeing that her pursuers were gaining upon her, and frightened, probably, by the shots, redoubled her efforts to escape, still keeping fast hold of her victim.

But the space between her and the hunters was diminishing visibly. Long since they would have fired upon her, but through fear of injuring the child, to save whom the only chance appeared to be to attack the animal with lance and sword. Twenty of the pur-

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suers, more nimble, more vigorous than the rest, were now upon her, when suddenly she dived into a hole under a great mass of rock, and disappeared from their view.

Now, who dares to follow? The hunters are looking at each other in fear and doubt, when a young man from among them throws off his *sommada*, *abbaye*, and *fouta*, places his scimitar between his teeth, and, taking a torch and axe in one hand, and a pistol in the other, creeps into the cavern.

The panther, dazzled by the light of the torch, sat still in the chamber of the den, the young girl lying on the floor beside her, swooning, but not dead, for her body was still palpitating. The hunter looked steadily at the wild beast, who glared in turn upon him, gathering herself up for a spring, while the grotto resounded with her angry growls; her eyes glowing like globes of fire; her hair bristling up on end, and her tail thrashing her flanks as she curled her lips to display her terrible teeth. For, exhausted as she was by her long run, she was ready to do battle — no longer, however, for her prey, but now in defense of her cubs, which were in the den — for this was the female panther.

Before she could spring upon him, however, the hunter took steady aim, and sent a pistol bullet through her shoulder. Then came fearful plunges and yells, and a deadly combat between man and beast — and then, a dead silence.

Now some of those outside, shamed into action, crept into the den, from which they soon emerged, some dragging with them the body of the panther, while others

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carried out the young girl, and assisted her defender, who was wounded.

Here Abu-Bekr-el-Doâni, lifting up his voice, cried in a loud tone, "Allah has clearly extended his protection to this young girl, for not only has he sent a man of rare courage to defend her, but also one of unlimited knowledge to heal her wounds. Approach, Hadji," continued he, addressing me, "approach, and restore fully to life her who has been, who is still, perhaps, at the point of death."

A passage was made for me through the crowd; but, having nothing with me in the way of remedies, I recommended that the wounded should be at once carried to the encampment; and, in little more than a quarter of an hour, they were both under my tent.

By this time the little girl had partially recovered her senses, but she had a very severe wound in the side, where the panther had seized her with his teeth to throw her on his back. There was nothing in it, however, to dispel hopes of her recovery.

The young man was severely lacerated on the breast, arms, and legs, but no bones were broken, nor was any joint displaced. He was able to move about; and, while I was attending to the wounds of the child, he treated his in the manner practised by the Arabs for staunching a flow of blood, by putting a handful of mud on them.

Several persons who had witnessed the events just narrated had gone to find the bodies of the two panthers and take their cubs from the den; and, having come down to the town with their trophies, they told the

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story of the hunt, which soon found its way to the Tower, for in no country does a story run faster than in Arabia.

Just as the wounded were leaving the encampment, a tumult of many voices reached us, and at the same time, notwithstanding the bright moonlight, the air lightened with a red glow, like that of some great conflagration, — for the people of the town were coming toward us with shouts of joy, in a great torchlight procession, the Nagib and his chief men at their head.

“Hadji,” said the Nagib, advancing towards me, “I thank you for the care you have bestowed on this child, who is a relative of mine, and one tenderly loved by her family.”

Then, calling to him the young Arab who had saved her, he asked him what he was.

“I am nothing but a poor *rakka*” (messenger), was the reply.

“Good!” continued the Nagib, “you have a just claim upon my gratitude. I here constitute you one of my chiefs, nor will I fail to furnish you with the means for figuring creditably among them; and, further, you are from this moment the affianced husband of her whom you have snatched from death, who shall be your wife if it should please Allah to spare her life until she comes of age.”

“Allah be praised and preserve our Nagib!” cried the young man.

“Allah be praised and preserve our Nagib!” repeated the people.

And then a band of music, consisting of all the ama-

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teurs of the town, made the air vibrate with the sound of their instruments.

Four or five litters were constructed on the spot, upon one of which the young girl was placed, and her deliverer on another. They made me get upon one also; and on the others, which followed in our train, they drew along the dead panthers and their cubs, the latter contributing their squalls to the loud cries of the populace. Thus we moved forward in triumphal procession; the music first, the Nagib and his chiefs following it, and then the litters, for the honor of bearing which on their shoulders the crowd fought and struggled. The people brought up the rear, uttering shouts of joy, blessing Allah, and praising the courage of the young man, and the goodness of the Nagib who had so nobly rewarded him. In this order we proceeded from the encampment towards the town, lighted by about twice as many torches as there were people, for nearly every one of our followers carried one in each hand. The procession took its way through all the streets of Mareb, and the night was far advanced when this improvised festival was brought to a close.

IN A QUICKSAND

By Louis du Couret

THIS afternoon I had another adventure. I thought I caught a glimpse of a horned head which showed itself but for a moment, and then disappeared behind a hillock. My companions, however, did not believe it was an animal, and, as none of them cared to accompany me, I set out in search of it alone.

I made my way straight toward the spot at which I had descried the object in question, which I at first calculated to be about a quarter of a league distant. It proved to be much farther, however — for it is a phenomenon peculiar to these elevated regions that distances are much diminished to the eye, a fact to be attributed, doubtless, to the great rarefaction of the atmosphere.

The hillock from behind which the horns showed themselves ran from east to west, and a portion of the summit of it was fringed with a growth of cactus. The ground rose with a gentle ascent, up which I threaded my way cautiously among the bristling plants, keeping my course right for the place where I supposed my game to be.

Arrived at the top of the hillock I saw, with eager joy, two superb gazelles, a male and a female, browsing tranquilly, as if unconscious of the existence of danger; but, unfortunately, they were far beyond the range of my

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gun, and I was puzzled how to stalk them, for they were in the middle of a beautiful open plain, destitute of cover behind which I could conceal myself.

I stopped for a moment, turning over in my mind the various stratagems employed by the Hadramites in hunting the gazelle. First, I thought of imitating their cries; then of attempting to fascinate them by shaking aloft a piece of cloth. But such ruses appeared to me unlikely to deceive gazelles so cautious as these seemed to be, for I remarked that every now and then they tossed up their beautiful heads, and gazed around them with an air of suspicion.

While I was thus doubtful what course to pursue, my eye fell upon a long gray line, winding away beyond the plain on which the two animals were feeding. Whether this was a fissure in the earth, the track made by a troop of wild oxen, or the bed of a stream, I could not decide, but at any rate it was just the cover I wanted, for the gazelles were now hardly a hundred yards from it, and appeared inclined to approach it yet more closely.

Creeping out from the cactus thicket, I made my way for a point at which the hillock was nearly on a level with the flat; upon reaching which, I found myself on the bank of a stream, the shallow, crystal water of which slid along over a bed of sand and clay. The banks of this rivulet were low, — hardly three feet above the level of the water, except at certain points where the hillock approached it. I descended into its bed, then, without difficulty, and set to work to wade it upstream.

As I had foreseen, I soon arrived at a point where the stream, which ran parallel to the plain for some distance,

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formed a bend and changed its course suddenly. Here I stopped and reconnoitred, taking care not to discover myself, however. The gazelles were now quite within range of the stream, though not of the part of it where I was resting. They still browsed quietly, in happy unconsciousness of the danger so near them. All was favorable for me, and I continued stalking up the stream — a mode of proceeding, however, which I found anything but pleasant, for I sank continually in the soft ooze, besides being obliged to creep in a stooping posture and to guard carefully against making the least noise, lest my game should take the alarm.

But all this was nothing to me, influenced as I was not only by respect for my reputation as a hunter, but by the desire to procure a good bit of venison for dinner.

Having waded another hundred yards or so, I came to a little covert of wormwood, the bushy growth of which was high enough to conceal me without intercepting my view. I raised myself up gradually until I could see between the stems, and, finding I was in the right place, sighted the female gazelle just between the horns, and fired. The animal bounded high into the air, and then fell heavily back upon the ground, dead.

I was about to emerge from my ambush and take possession of my game, when I remarked that the male gazelle, instead of taking to flight, as I expected, approached his companion where she lay upon the ground and snuffed around her many times. The poor animal was not more than a hundred yards distant from me, so that I could plainly distinguish the grief and astonishment expressed in his looks. But suddenly the sad truth

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seemed to flash upon him, and, throwing his head back, he began to utter piercing cries, as he wheeled around the dead body of his companion.

Uncertain what to do next, my first impulse was to shoot the male with my second barrel, but his plaintive cries touched me to the heart, and I renounced for the moment my murderous project. Had I dreamed of encountering a spectacle so sad as this, I certainly should not have left my companions for such an enterprise, and I now deeply regretted that I had undertaken it. But the harm was done, and I began to think that it would now be a good deed to kill the male gazelle and put an end to his sorrows. Moved by this sentiment of compassion, then, I took aim at him and drew the trigger with a trembling finger, for I was deeply affected.

When the smoke had cleared away, I saw the poor little buck lying upon the ground dead, with his head resting on the body of his dead companion. Flinging my gun upon my shoulder, I made a movement to ascend from the bed of the stream, but, to my great surprise, I was held fast by the feet, my legs being clasped closely around as if by the jaws of a vise. I made a violent effort to free myself from this singular restraint, but without success. A second and more powerful struggle was attended by no better result; and in a third attempt, I lost my balance and fell backward with my head in the water, from which I raised myself with great difficulty, and not without a narrow escape from drowning.

I now felt my feet locked down more closely than ever, while I continued to make frantic efforts to extricate myself, but all in vain. for I could move my legs neither

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backward nor forward, to the right nor to the left, in addition to which I began to be aware that I was sensibly, though gradually sinking. The fearful truth now dawned upon me. I was in a quicksand.

A shudder of horror vibrated through my frame; but I continued my efforts to release myself with all the energy of desperation, dragging myself first to this side, then to the other, and twisting my knees round in their sockets; but all to no purpose. My feet remained fixed to the soil, in which they had become firmly embedded. The sand, as it heaped around me, seized hold upon my leathern leggings, squeezing them so closely that I found it impossible to withdraw my legs from them, and I now saw no other prospect before me than that of being engulfed, slowly but surely, as if sucked down into the vitals of the earth by some invisible monster. This fearful idea smote me with a cold shiver, and I cried aloud with all the power of my lungs.

But who was there to hear me? For a league around, probably, all was a savage solitude, untrodden by the foot of man. I now leaned forward as far as my constrained position would permit, striving, with the nervous clutchings of despair, to dig away the sand — but I could do little more than scratch the surface of it, and the little I was able to remove, besides, was immediately replaced. At length it occurred to me that, by driving my gun horizontally into the bank of the stream, I might obtain a resistance by which to wrench myself from destruction; but I had dropped it in my fall, and it had already disappeared beneath the sand. Then I thought of throwing myself on my back, so as to retard the pro-

IN A QUICKSAND

cess of sinking, but the water around me was at least two feet deep, so that I must infallibly have been drowned had I done so.

All hope had now abandoned me. I could devise no means of escape, and I was utterly incapable of making any further efforts. Stupor took complete possession of me, my very thoughts appearing to have become paralyzed. I only knew that I must die, and at one moment, in fact, death had laid his hand upon me. But I recovered my senses after an interval, and made an effort to shake off the torpor by which I was weighed down, so as to meet my fate manfully.

As I raised my head, my eyes fell upon the last two victims of my cruelty, lying dead upon the meadow, and my heart ran cold at the sight, for I felt that my mishap was a visitation from heaven. Contrite and repentant, I then turned my looks on high, trembling lest I should behold there some tokens of the divine anger, which I had thus drawn down upon my head; but the sun was shining out with his daily splendor, nor was there a single cloud visible upon the vaulted azure.

And now, my eyes earnestly fixed upon heaven, I prayed with a humility and fervor hardly to be imagined unless by those who have, at some time or another, found themselves in a situation as hopeless as mine was at that moment.

While thus gazing upward, my thoughts were interrupted by an object that met my view. It was a large vulture, sailing in the upper air. From the height where he soared, while yet far beyond the range of human eye, he had, doubtless, watched the fall of the two gazelles,

THE OUT-OF-DOOR BOOK

and was now stooping down to secure his share of the banquet which death had spread for him. Soon another of these birds sailed into the circle of my view, and yet another, until the dark forms of a large flight of them stood out from the deep blue of the sky.

Describing wide circles in their descent, they gradually approached the earth, until the foremost of them alighted at some distance from me, glanced around for a moment with inquiring eyes, and then hastened eagerly toward the prey by which he was attracted. In a few minutes the meadow was literally black with these hideous birds, many of which crowded upon the bodies of the two gazelles, to tear out the eyes of which seemed to be the first object of one and all of them, while they manifested, by the flapping of their wings, the ravenous delight with which they gorged themselves at the banquet.

Then came a pack of meagre, half-starved jackals, sneaking with coward stealth among the spiky leaves of the cactus. Between them and the vultures a savage conflict now took place, which ended in the defeat of the latter, when the victors threw themselves greedily upon the prey, over which they fought and wrangled with bitter snarling and snapping of teeth. At length they stole away. Now, blessed be Allah! — at least I shall not perish by the cruel teeth and talons of such pestilent creatures!

A feeling of comfort came upon me when this disgusting scene was past. I cast a last, lingering look at the objects around me; the crystal water and the bright, beautiful glories of nature, from which I was about to sink forever. Then, once more turning my eyes and

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thoughts toward heaven, I awaited, with calm resignation, the moment when it should please the Almighty to release my spirit — but, notwithstanding my efforts to maintain this tranquil condition, the memories that crowded upon me again dragged me down to the depths of despair. I thought of the years that were gone; friends and relatives appeared to rise up before me, and then my tears began to flow.

At this moment a sound of human voices seemed to come to me from afar. A flash of hope lightened over me, and I called aloud with all my remaining strength, while my heart leaped with frantic joy. The voices came nearer and nearer, until they rang out loud and distinct, and then I saw Aain-el-Chahin and Selim coming toward me over the meadow. They had heard my two shots, and, wondering at my long delay, had set out in search of me. Nor were they a moment too soon, for I was sinking surely and steadily, the swallowing quicksands having already absorbed me to the hips.

The moment Selim perceived my situation, he unrolled his turban and threw one end of it to me, which I seized with eager grasp, and, twisting it into my girdle, fastened it with a triple knot. Then, with a trembling anxiety which I will not attempt to describe, I gave the signal to commence pulling. The cord strained and tightened as my two followers drew me towards them with gentle but steady force. I felt myself moving gradually upward; and now — O joy beyond expression! — I am drawn beyond the grasp of the devouring quicksand — saved!

Bending to and fro the joints of my stiffened limbs I

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shouted with joy; and then, bounding up from the bed of the rivulet, embraced my two rescuers in a wild transport of gratitude. We searched for my gun, which fortunately was as yet but partially embedded in the sand, so that we recovered it without difficulty. As for my leggings, I left them behind, having no desire to tempt again the terrible grasp by which I had been deprived of them.

It was sunset when we reached the camp, where I was obliged, in the first place, to relate my adventure to the wondering circle. I then changed my damaged garments; and, dinner over, we again took to the road, this time under the conduct of a guide.

A TRAVELER'S ORDEAL

By Louis du Couret

WHEN I entered the apartment where the Nagib was seated, surrounded by his court, he arose from the bench on which he sat, and saluted me with twenty-one salaams; then, approaching, he took me by the hand and led me into the centre of the group, where I seated myself upon a hassir, placed for me by a negro slave. When all were ranged around in their places, the Nagib opened the proceedings, saying, —

“We know who you are, Hadji, and whence you come; we have heard of your sojourn at Mecca with the Cheriff Hussein and the Imaun of Sana; and our couriers have apprised us of all that has happened on the journey from Sana hither. Wishing neither to deceive you nor to lay snares, we thus notify you, and it will be for your interest to be equally candid with us; for we detest deceit: liars meet with no mercy here, death being the punishment dealt out to them when proved guilty. Answer plainly, then — what motive has brought you hither?”

“I have heard, Sidi,” replied I, “that your country resembles neither Europe nor Africa, nor yet any other part of Asia that I have traveled through, and that I should here see many things not elsewhere to be found. This, and this alone, is my motive for coming here.”

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“And wherefore do you desire to see these things?” asked the Nagib.

“Ask of Allah,” said I, “why some men love noise, others silence; why some seek the crowd, others solitude, and then I will tell you why I should like to descend into the depths of ocean and see the monsters that inhabit it; why I long to visit the firmament and the stars that shine over us. Allah has endowed me with admiration of His works, wherefore I would visit even the shifting sands, and brave the storms of the desert.”

After some further questions, the Nagib told me that it would be necessary for me to submit to a certain ordeal imposed upon all strangers coming to Mareb. Then, to the clapping of his hands, there came four negro slaves, who, courteously seizing me, stripped off all my garments in the midst of the assembly, and anointed me with butter from head to foot, after which they thumped and basted me all over; a process, however, to which I had long been accustomed and one beneficial in its effects, softening the skin and rendering the muscles pliant. This done, other slaves entered, bringing a fouta of red silk and a sommada, with which they invested me.

Then the Nagib again advanced towards me, and, taking me by the hand, led me to the *sirir*, where he seated me alongside of him, saying that, before submitting me to the ordeal, we should partake together of the *dief*, which, on his again clapping his hands, was brought in upon a mat by other slaves. This repast was composed of meat, dried dates, honey, and camel's milk, all contained in wooden bowls, — a repast simple in its elements, but served up with the greatest neatness.

A TRAVELER'S ORDEAL

After the *dief*, we recited the first chapter of the Koran, and then the ordeal commenced. Leading me to the terraced roof of the tower, they told me that if I had really no mysteries to conceal from them I should not hesitate to throw myself from the battlements, confident that the Prophet would not fail to save me from harm by his miraculous intervention. It was no time to retreat, for the least show of hesitation on my part might have been fatal. I had heard at Sana, and elsewhere, that by displaying courage and presence of mind among these *freemasons*, as they are called, one is sure to pass safely through their ordeals, no matter how severe; without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I dashed forward to precipitate myself from the height, but my feet were hardly off the ground when I was seized by four vigorous arms.

Expecting to be congratulated for my courage, I looked around. All were calm and imperturbable, the Nagib merely saying, "You have put a bold face on this matter, certainly, but anybody might have done the same. Besides, we know not whether your courage was not simulated and your heart shaken with fear. Let us now descend to the vaults beneath the tower. There, in your conflict with savage beasts we shall see whether you possess the courage of a true man — the heart to dare and the hand to strike."

A shiver ran through me at this announcement, but I looked steadily at the Nagib, and signified my readiness to proceed. We descended in silence from the terrace, and entered the basement of the tower, where two slaves attached a key to my girdle, placing in my left hand a copper lamp, and in my right a scimitar.

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“Go through the vaults,” said the Nagib, “until you reach the dens, which are five in number, containing each a panther. The key in your girdle is that of the middle den. Walk straight forward — the doors will open of themselves to admit you. Watch carefully the light of your lamp, and turn not to look behind you whatever happens; for the first duty of a good and brave man is to keep the lamp of his heart ever alight, and never to go back upon his steps.”

Upon this, the assembled courtiers made way for me, and I found myself upon a marked-out path, which I followed, but had not gone many paces when I heard the door of the vaults shut behind me, and found myself alone in this subterranean region, without any means of escape. Keeping my eyes fixed on the ray of pale light thrown before me by the lamp, I traversed, with a sad heart, the long, narrow passages which formed the first part of my journey, until I found myself in a cavern of considerable size. The sides of this cave were of solid rock, upon the dark ground of which grotesque shapes were figured out by the sparkling stalactites and stalagmites; while, upon the damp floor, brambles interwove themselves among the windings of the rock, around the moss-covered stems of which horned vipers were winding their gray coils, while swarms of other reptiles twisted and twined along the ground. From this cavern I at first saw no door of exit, and was in hopes that my task was nearly finished, when suddenly an immense stone detached itself noiselessly from the rocky wall, opening a new passage before me, and closing after me when I had passed through.

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The passage into which I now entered was built in masonry, of large cut stones. Proceeding on my course, I passed through several other galleries, — some of which were so low that I could not get through them without stooping, — on either side of which I saw the doors of dungeons deeply imbedded in the thick walls. At length I entered a large hall, which appeared to be the centre of the frightful network traversed by me, and the sepulchre of the wretched strangers condemned to perish of hunger in these caverns; for the ground was covered with human skeletons and skulls, strewed upon a deposit of bones reduced to dust, indicating many generations of victims. A charnel-house odor pervaded this vault, through which the air vibrated with a dull, moaning sound. I experienced an oppressive sense of sadness as I regarded these miserable human relics, — a sadness which bears testimony to the sympathy that unites man to man, for it arises from our share in the sufferings of those who have died before us.

Hastening to leave this abode of horror, I walked rapidly to the farther end, where, however, I could find no trace of a door, although I tried the wall everywhere with the hilt of my scimitar. I decided, therefore, to retrace my steps through the dismal charnel house and regain the gallery by which I had entered; but on arriving there I found the entrance closed by a door barred with iron, and solid as the rock.

Then a frightful idea occurred to me. I suspected that the Nagib and his counselors, either from being dissatisfied with my replies to their questions or from some other reason, had left me to die in this charnel house,

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where so many wretched mortals had already ended their days. Already I fancied myself mouldering away among these horrible skeletons, and, falling on my knees, I was about commending myself to heaven when a door, which I had not hitherto observed, owing to its being of the same color as the rock, opened before me. This door, which was near the one by which I had entered the dungeon, led me to the foot of a rickety staircase, the steps of which tottered beneath my feet. Entering by these into other low, winding galleries, similar to those through which I had already passed, I found on every side the same traces of cruel barbarity: dungeons built into the masonry of the walls; sepulchres so deep down that the most piercing cries of wretched beings buried alive there could never reach the upper air.

Suddenly I thought I heard a smothered sound as of growls, a few paces in advance, when, on hastening in the direction from which it came, I discovered, to my great joy, that I was before the dens of the panthers — for now it was death for death, which was far preferable to being buried alive.

Laying down my lamp I advanced boldly toward the den that had been described to me, holding my scimitar in my right hand, the key in my left. The instant I opened the door the panther drew back to the farther side of the den, crouching down in readiness for a spring. I felt his pestilent breath blowing upon me as he glared at me with his flaming eyeballs, unsheathing his terrible claws, and uttering a long, low growl. At this moment I raised my scimitar, and drawing the door toward me with all my strength, was about rushing into the den to

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attack the panther before he could spring upon me, when an immense iron plate shot down through grooves in the rock and fell between me and the animal.

A brilliant light now shone all around, displaying to my view the Nagib, attended by his suite.

"It is written, O Hadji," said he, addressing me, "that you are not to die thus."

Then, ascending from the dungeons, we returned to the apartments of state, where each took the place previously occupied by him.

"Allah be praised!" said the Nagib, addressing me. "So far you have come bravely through the trials; we are now going to take counsel on the answers you have made to us, and to decide your fate according to the opinion of the majority with regard to your words and actions."

Hereupon four slaves — the same by whom I had been rubbed down — conducted me into the antechamber where the guard kept watch.

Man is "wonderfully made." I had faced with indifference the leap from the tower, the glaring eyeballs of the panther — but now that immediate death no longer threatened me, it was with but a bad grace that I submitted to be led to the further vexatious tests in store for me.

I had been in the antechamber about half an hour, when the clapping of hands was heard, three times repeated. The guards opened the door, and I again found myself face to face with my judges. At a signal from the Nagib, two of the guard entered with a cushion, on which lay a large cutlass in a sheath of gold, the hilt

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of it glistening with precious stones. I was then commanded to kneel down — a command which I promptly declined to obey, thinking that my last moments were come. I told them that if my life was to be forfeited they must take it as I stood. For a moment no one stirred, and I was in hopes that I had gone safely through another test, when the Nagib again signaled, and the four slaves, once more seizing upon me, placed me forcibly in a kneeling posture, in which they held me with iron grasps, in spite of my efforts to rise. Then the Nagib, taking the cutlass off the cushion, unsheathed it, and handed it to a personage who appeared to be the state executioner, who whirled it several times around my head, the broad blade flashing as it whizzed close by. Seizing me by the hair with his left hand, the headsman then bent my head over on one side, and applied the edge of the sword to my neck.

It felt cold. Under no circumstances whatever, not even in sport, is the contact of cold iron agreeable to the cuticle.

Having thus, as it were, marked the spot where the blow was to fall, the headsman raised his right arm to its full extent, and was about to strike, when voices were heard in the antechamber, and, at a sign from the Nagib, he dropped his arm and held the sword with its point downward. A guard entered, announcing that a person wished to communicate with the council. This person, who was no other than Hamza, the man who threatened me with his scimitar because I did not quell the tempest, now entered, crying out to the assembly that he came to demand my death.

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"Rise, Hadji," said the Nagib, addressing me, "and say whether this man is known to you."

On my replying in the affirmative, he ordered my accuser to divest himself of his weapons and speak.

"This Hadji," said Hamza, when he had given up his weapons to one of the slaves, "is an emissary of the devil, a magician, and a caster of the evil eye. On the march from Sana to Mareb, he ascended Kassr-el-Cheïtan, from which he returned in safety; and as he is the only man who has ever done so, I hereby impeach him of compact with the evil spirit, and of having caused the death of many of our company by delivering them over to serpents."

"Already," replied the Nagib, "has the Hadji been condemned to forfeit his life. It matters not, then, whether your accusation be true or false, for die he must."

"Grant me one favor, then," rejoined Hamza. "I have made a vow to kill this man with my own hand, if the thing is possible. Let me redeem this vow by executing the sentence you have passed upon him."

"To aid those who have vowed is a sacred duty," said the Nagib; "by your hand, then, let this man die."

Again the four slaves made gestures to me to fall on my knees, an order which I now obeyed, seeing that resistance was useless. The sword was passed from the hands of the headsman to those of my second executioner, who grasped it with savage joy, raised it aloft with his two hands, and was about to bring it down upon me with all his might, when the Nagib stopped him, saying, —

"You strike on one condition only, — that you lose

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your own head if you fail to take off that of the victim at a single blow."

"Suppose I kill him at the first blow with another weapon than this," said Hamza, his Arab eyes gleaming with a cunning light, "what then?"

"You can choose your weapons," replied the Nagib.

"Give me my pistols, then!"

"Not so," said the Nagib; "the sentence must be executed with an edged weapon."

"That condition was not made in granting my demand," retorted the fanatic. "I have already accepted your terms, and it is unjust to impose new ones upon me."

"There is truth in the words of this man," said the Nagib. "Give him his pistols."

Hamza seized the weapons with trembling haste, tried them with the ramrod to see that the charges had not been drawn, and pointing them close to my body with both hands, fired. I did not fall; nor did I feel any sensation of pain excepting a sharp twinge at my left side; my *fouta* was on fire there, but it was immediately removed by order of the Nagib, and my wound, which proved to be nothing more than a slight excoriation caused by the blaze of the pistol, carefully examined. It was evident that the pistols had not been loaded with ball.

"There!" exclaimed Hamza. "I told you that this man was a sorcerer, an emissary of hell!"

"He is neither the one nor the other," said the Nagib. "It is the will of Allah that he should live; and as for you, know that your life is now in his hands."

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"I am ready," said the wretched fanatic, whose fury against me was now changed into terror, as he fell on his knees before me, reciting the Besm-Allah; but I desired him to rise, saying that I wished him no harm.

The spectators now congratulated me upon my courage and coolness, but not a word was said about my clemency. For it is a peculiarity of the Arabs to regard clemency as weakness, and cruelty as energy; they respect no man so much as the tyrant who makes himself feared. The chief men grasped me by the hand, and honored me with the salute of the country, which consists in placing the chin first on the right shoulder of the guest, and then on the left. Surgeons, who had been sent for to dress my wound, now arrived; but I begged the Nagib to allow Selim to go to the tents for some of my own remedies, on the application of which, feeling more at ease, I requested permission to visit the town, attended by my servant.

My request was not only granted with politeness, but they insisted upon sending with me one of the chief men as a cicerone, and two guards for my protection.

THE BOY THAT "STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK"

By Charlotte M. Yonge

THE battle of the Nile is one of the exploits to which we look back with the greatest exultation, when we think of the triumph of the British flag. Let us think of all that was at stake. Napoleon Bonaparte was climbing to power in France, by directing her successful arms against the world. He had beaten Germany and conquered Italy; he had threatened England, and his dream was of the conquest of the East. Like another Alexander, he hoped to subdue Asia, and overthrow the hated British power by depriving it of India. Hitherto, his dreams had become earnest by the force of his marvelous genius, and by the ardor which he breathed into the whole French nation; and when he set sail from Toulon, with forty thousand tried and victorious soldiers and a magnificent fleet, all were filled with vague and unbounded expectations of almost fabulous glories. He swept away as it were the degenerate knights of St. John from their rock of Malta, and sailed for Alexandria in Egypt, in the latter end of June, 1798.

His intentions had not become known, and the English Mediterranean fleet was watching the course of this great armament. Sir Horatio Nelson was in pursuit, with the English vessels, and wrote to the First Lord of the Admi-

THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK

ralty, "Be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

Nelson had, however, not ships enough to be detached to reconnoitre, and he actually overpassed the French, whom he guessed to be on the way to Egypt; he arrived at the port of Alexandria on the 28th of June, and saw its blue waters and flat coast lying still in their sunny torpor, as if no enemy were on the seas. Back he went to Syracuse, but could learn no more there; he obtained provisions with some difficulty, and then, in great anxiety, sailed for Greece; where at last, on the 28th of July, he learnt that the French fleet had been seen from Candia, steering to the southeast, about four weeks since. In fact, it had actually passed by him in a thick haze, which concealed each fleet from the other, and had arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, three days after he had left it!

Every sail was set for the south, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August a very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. It was crowded with shipping. Great castle-like men-of-war rose with all their proud, calm dignity out of the water, their dark portholes opening in the white bands on their sides, and the tri-colored flag floating as their ensign. There were thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, and of these three were eighty-gun ships, and one, towering high above the rest, with her three decks, was *L'Orient*, of one hundred and twenty guns. Look well at her, for there stands the hero for whose sake we have chosen this and no other of Nelson's glorious fights to

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place among the setting of our Golden Deeds. There he is, a little *cadet de vaisseau*, as the French call a midshipman, only ten years old, with a heart swelling between awe and exultation at the prospect of his first battle; but fearless and glad, for is he not the son of the brave Casabianca, the flag captain? And is not this Admiral Brueys' own ship, looking down in scorn on the fourteen little English ships, not one carrying more than seventy-four guns, and one only fifty?

Why Napoleon had kept the fleet there was never known. In his usual mean way of disavowing whatever turned out ill, he laid the blame upon Admiral Brueys; but, though dead men could not tell tales, his papers made it plain that the ships had remained in obedience to commands, though they had not been able to enter the harbor of Alexandria. Large rewards had been offered to any pilot who would take them in, but none could be found who would venture to steer into that port a vessel drawing more than twenty feet of water. They had, therefore, remained at anchor outside, in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in a curve along the deepest of the water, with no room to pass them at either end, so that the commissary of the fleet reported that they could bid defiance to a force more than double their number. The admiral believed that Nelson had not ventured to attack him when they had passed by one another a month before, and when the English fleet was signaled, he still supposed that it was too late in the day for an attack to be made.

Nelson had, however, no sooner learnt that the French were in sight than he signaled from his ship, the Van-

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guard, that preparations for battle should be made, and in the meantime summoned up his captains to receive his orders during a hurried meal. He explained that, where there was room for a large French ship to swing, there was room for a small English one to anchor, and, therefore, he designed to bring his ships up to the outer part of the French line, and station them close below their adversaries; a plan that he said Lord Hood had once designed, though he had not carried it out.

Captain Berry was delighted, and exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no *if* in the case," returned Nelson, "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question."

And when they rose and parted, he said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

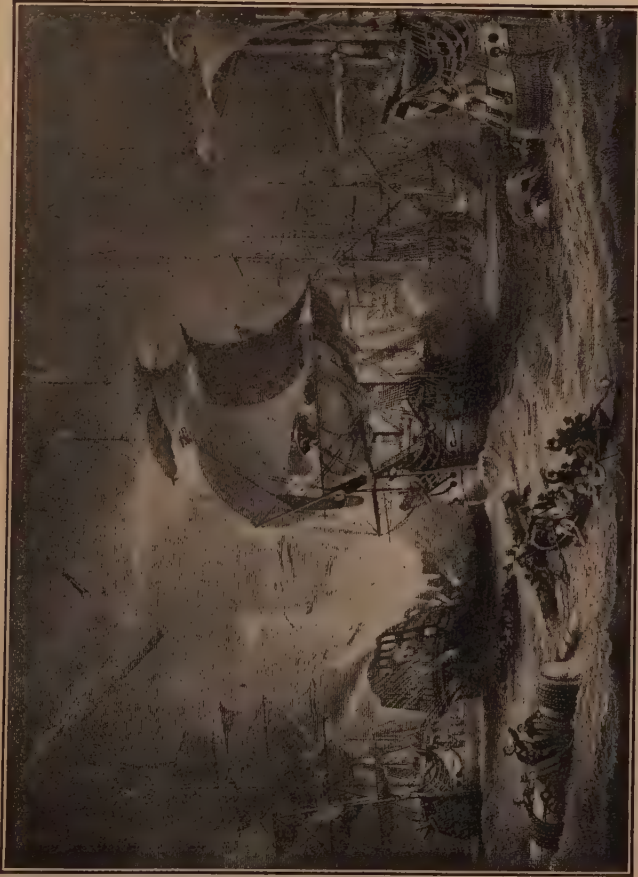
In the fleet went, through a fierce storm of shot and shell from a French battery in an island in advance. Nelson's own ship, the *Vanguard*, was the first to anchor within half-pistol-shot of the third French ship, the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard* had six colors flying, in case any should be shot away; and such was the fire that was directed on her, that in a few minutes every man at the six guns in her fore part was killed or wounded, and this happened three times. Nelson himself received a wound in the head, which was thought at first to be mortal, but which proved but slight. He would not allow the surgeon to leave the sailors to attend to him till it came to his turn.

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Meantime his ships were doing their work gloriously. The *Bellerophon* was, indeed, overpowered by *L'Orient*, two hundred of her crew killed, and all her masts and cables shot away, so that she drifted away as night came on; but the *Swiftsure* came up in her place, and the *Alexander* and *Leander* both poured in their shot. Admiral Brueys received three wounds, but would not quit his post, and at length a fourth shot almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but that he might die on deck.

About nine o'clock the ship took fire, and blazed up with fearful brightness, lighting up the whole bay, and showing five French ships with their colors hauled down, the others still fighting on. Nelson himself rose and came on deck when this fearful glow came shining from sea and sky into his cabin, and gave orders that the English boats should immediately be put off for *L'Orient* to save as many lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up to the burning ship which they had lately been attacking. The French officers listened to the offer of safety, and called to the little favorite of the ship, the captain's son, to come with them. "No," said the boy, "he was where his father had stationed him, and bidden him not to move save at his call." They told him his father's voice would never call him again, for he lay senseless and mortally wounded on the deck, and that the ship must presently blow up. "No," said the brave child, — he must obey his father. The moment allowed no delay — the boat put off. The flames showed all that passed in a quivering glare more intense than daylight, and the little fellow was then seen



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK

on the deck, leaning over the prostrate figure, and presently tying it to one of the spars of the shivered masts.

Just then a thundering explosion shook down to the very hold every ship in the harbor, and burning fragments of L'Orient came falling far and wide, plashing heavily into the water, in the dead awful stillness that followed the fearful sound. English boats were plying busily about, picking up those who had leapt overboard in time. Some were dragged in through the lower port-holes of the English ships, and about seventy were saved altogether. For one moment a boat's crew had a sight of a helpless figure bound to a spar, and guided by a little, childish swimmer, who must have gone overboard with his precious freight just before the explosion. They rowed after the brave little fellow, earnestly desiring to save him; but in darkness, in smoke, in lurid uncertain light, amid hosts of drowning wretches, they lost sight of him again.

“The boy, oh, where was he!
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;
With mast and helm, and pennant fair
That well had borne their part:
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!”

By sunrise the victory was complete. Nay, as Nelson said, “It was not a victory, but a conquest.” Only four French ships escaped, and Napoleon and his army were cut off from home. These are the glories of our navy, gained by men with hearts as true and obedient as that

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of the brave child they had tried in vain to save. Yet still, while giving the full meed of thankful, sympathetic honor to our noble sailors, we cannot but feel that the Golden Deed of Aboukir Bay fell to "that young faithful heart."

CHAMPLAIN'S SEARCH FOR THE INDIES

By Francis Parkman

THE arrangements just indicated were a work of time. In the summer of 1612, Champlain was forced to forego his yearly voyage to New France; nor, even in the following spring, were his labors finished and the rival interests brought to harmony. Meanwhile, incidents occurred destined to have no small influence on his movements. Three years before, after his second fight with the Iroquois, a young man of his company had boldly volunteered to join the Indians on their homeward journey, and winter among them. Champlain gladly assented, and in the following summer the adventurer returned. Another young man, one Nicolas de Vignau, next offered himself; and he also, embarking in the Algonquin canoes, passed up the Ottawa, and was seen no more for a twelvemonth. In 1612 he reappeared in Paris, bringing a tale of wonders; for, says Champlain, "he was the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day." He averred that at the sources of the Ottawa he had found a great lake; that he had crossed it, and discovered a river flowing northward; that he had descended this river, and reached the shores of the sea; that here he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew, escaping to land, had been killed by the Indians;

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and that this sea was distant from Montreal only seventeen days by canoe. The clearness, consistency, and apparent simplicity of his story deceived Champlain, who had heard of a voyage of the English to the northern seas, coupled with rumors of wreck and disaster, and was thus confirmed in his belief of Vignau's honesty. The Maréchal de Brissac, the President Jeannin, and other persons of eminence about the court, greatly interested by these dexterous fabrications, urged Champlain to follow up without delay a discovery which promised results so important; while he, with the Pacific, Japan, China, the Spice Islands, and India stretching in flattering vista before his fancy, entered with eagerness on the chase of this illusion. Early in the spring of 1613 the unwearied voyager crossed the Atlantic, and sailed up the St. Lawrence. On Monday, the twenty-seventh of May, he left the island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, with four Frenchmen, one of whom was Nicolas de Vignau, and one Indian, in two small canoes. They passed the swift current at St. Ann's, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and advanced up the Ottawa till the rapids of Carillon and the Long Saut checked their course. So dense and tangled was the forest that they were forced to remain in the bed of the river, trailing their canoes along the bank with cords, or pushing them by main force up the current. Champlain's foot slipped; he fell in the rapids, two boulders, against which he braced himself, saving him from being swept down, while the cord of the canoe, twisted round his hand, nearly severed it. At length they reached smoother water, and presently met fifteen canoes of friendly Indians. Champlain gave

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them the most awkward of his Frenchmen, and took one of their number in return, — an exchange greatly to his profit.

All day they plied their paddles, and when night came they made their camp-fire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain, has but to encamp, with Indian guides, on the upper waters of this same Ottawa, or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or of Maine.

Day dawned. The east glowed with tranquil fire, that pierced, with eyes of flame, the fir-trees whose jagged tops stood drawn in black against the burning heaven. Beneath, the glossy river slept in shadow, or spread far and wide in sheets of burnished bronze; and the white moon, paling in the face of day, hung like a disk of silver in the western sky. Now, a fervid light touched the dead top of the hemlock, and, creeping downward, bathed the mossy beard of the patriarchal cedar, unstirred in the breathless air. Now, a fiercer spark beamed from the east; and now, half risen on the sight, a dome of crimson fire, the sun blazed with floods of radiance across the awakened wilderness.

The canoes were launched again, and the voyagers held their course. Soon the still surface was flecked with spots of foam; islets of froth floated by, tokens of some great convulsion. Then, on their left, the falling curtain of the Rideau shone like silver betwixt its bordering woods, and in front, white as a snowdrift, the cataracts of the Chaudière barred their way. They saw the unbridled river careering down its sheeted rocks,

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foaming in unfathomed chasms, wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage.

On the brink of the rocky basin where the plunging torrent boiled like a caldron, and puffs of spray sprang out from its concussion like smoke from the throat of a cannon, Champlain's two Indians took their stand, and, with a loud invocation, threw tobacco into the foam, an offering to the local spirit, the Manitou of the cataract.

They shouldered their canoes over the rocks and through the woods; then launched them again, and, with toil and struggle, made their amphibious way, pushing, dragging, lifting, paddling, shoving with poles, till, when the evening sun poured its level rays across the quiet Lake of the Chaudière, they landed, and made their camp on the verge of a woody island.

Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour, they moved prosperously up the long windings of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. Now, like a wall bristling at the top with woody islets, the Falls of the Chats faced them with the sheer plunge of their sixteen cataracts. Now they glided beneath overhanging cliffs, where, seeing but unseen, the crouched wild-cat eyed them from the thicket; now through the maze of water-girded rocks, which the white cedar and the spruce clasped with serpent-like roots, or among islands where old hemlocks darkened the water with deep green shadow. Here, too, the rock maple reared its verdant masses, the beech its glistening leaves and clean, smooth stem, and behind, stiff and sombre, rose the balsam fir. Here, in the tortuous chan-

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nels, the muskrat swam and plunged, and the splashing wild duck dived beneath the alders or among the red and matted roots of thirsty water willows. Aloft, the white pine towered above a sea of verdure; old fir-trees, hoary and grim, shaggy with pendent mosses, leaned above the stream, and beneath, dead and submerged, some fallen oak thrust from the current its bare, bleached limbs, like the skeleton of a drowned giant. In the weedy cove stood the moose, neck-deep in water to escape the flies, wading shoreward, with glistening sides, as the canoes drew near, shaking his broad antlers and writhing his hideous nostril, as with clumsy trot he vanished in the woods.

In these ancient wilds, to whose ever-verdant antiquity the pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday; where the sage wanderer of the Odyssey, could he have urged his pilgrimage so far, would have surveyed the same grand and stern monotony, the same dark sweep of melancholy woods, — here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of a cannon shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his faith. Of the pioneers of the North American forests, his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold

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than they, — such, for successive years, were the alternations of this man's life.

To follow on his trail once more. His Indians said that the rapids of the river above were impassable. Nicolas de Vignau affirmed the contrary; but, from the first, Vignau had been found always in the wrong. His aim seems to have been to involve his leader in difficulties, and disgust him with a journey which must soon result in exposing the imposture which had occasioned it. Champlain took counsel of the Indians. The party left the river, and entered the forest.

“We had a hard march,” says Champlain. “I carried for my share of the luggage three arquebuses, three paddles, my overcoat, and a few *bagatelles*. My men carried a little more than I did, and suffered more from the mosquitoes than from their loads. After we had passed four small ponds and advanced two leagues and a half, we were so tired we could go no farther, having eaten nothing but a little roasted fish for nearly twenty-four hours. So we stopped in a pleasant place enough, by the edge of a pond, and lighted a fire to drive off the mosquitoes, which plagued us beyond all description; and at the same time we set our nets to catch a few fish.”

On the next day they fared still worse, for their way was through a pine forest where a tornado had passed, tearing up the trees and piling them one upon another in a vast “windfall,” where boughs, roots, and trunks were mixed in confusion. Sometimes they climbed over and sometimes crawled through these formidable barricades, till, after an exhausting march, they reached

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the banks of Muskrat Lake, by the edge of which was an Indian settlement.

This neighborhood was the seat of the principal Indian population of the river, and, as the canoes advanced, unwonted signs of human life could be seen on the borders of the lake. Here was a rough clearing. The trees had been burned; there was a rude and desolate gap in the sombre green of the pine forest. Dead trunks, blasted and black with fire, stood grimly upright amid the charred stumps and prostrate bodies of comrades half consumed. In the intervening spaces, the soil had been feebly scratched with hoes of wood or bone, and a crop of maize was growing, now some four inches high. The dwellings of these slovenly farmers, framed of poles covered with sheets of bark, were scattered here and there, singly or in groups, while their tenants were running to the shore in amazement. The chief, Nibachis, offered the calumet, then harangued the crowd: "These white men must have fallen from the clouds. How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids which even we find it hard to pass? The French chief can do anything. All that we have heard of him must be true." And they hastened to regale the hungry visitors with a repast of fish.

Champlain asked for guidance to the settlements above. It was readily granted. Escorted by his friendly hosts, he advanced beyond the foot of Muskrat Lake, and, landing, saw the unaccustomed sight of pathways through the forest. They led to the clearings and cabins of a chief named Tessouat, who, amazed at the apparition of the white strangers, exclaimed that he must be

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in a dream. Next, the voyagers crossed to the neighboring island, then deeply wooded with pine, elm, and oak. Here were more desolate clearings, more rude cornfields and bark-built cabins. Here, too, was a cemetery, which excited the wonder of Champlain, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Each grave was covered with a double row of pieces of wood, inclined like a roof till they crossed at the ridge, along which was laid a thick tablet of wood, meant apparently either to bind the whole together or protect it from rain. At one end stood an upright tablet, or flattened post, rudely carved with an intended representation of the features of the deceased. If a chief, the head was adorned with a plume. If a warrior, there were figures near it of a shield, a lance, a war-club, and a bow and arrows; if a boy, of a small bow and one arrow; and if a woman or a girl, of a kettle, an earthen pot, a wooden spoon, and a paddle. The whole was decorated with red and yellow paint; and beneath slept the departed, wrapped in a robe of skins, his earthly treasures about him, ready for use in the land of souls.

Tessouat was to give a *tabagie*, or solemn feast, in honor of Champlain, and the chiefs and elders of the island were invited. Runners were sent to summon the guests from neighboring hamlets; and, on the morrow, Tessouat's squaws swept his cabin for the festivity. Then Champlain and his Frenchmen were seated on skins in the place of honor, and the naked guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each ejaculating his guttural salute as he stooped at the low door. The spacious cabin was full.

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The congregated wisdom and prowess of the nation sat expectant on the bare earth. Each long, bare arm thrust forth its dish in turn as the host served out the banquet, in which, as courtesy enjoined, he himself was to have no share. First, a mess of pounded maize, in which were boiled, without salt, morsels of fish and dark scraps of meat; then, fish and flesh broiled on the embers, with a kettle of cold water from the river. Champlain, in wise distrust of Ottawa cookery, confined himself to the simpler and less doubtful viands. A few minutes, and all alike had vanished. The kettles were empty. Then pipes were filled and touched with fire brought in by the squaws, while the young men who had stood thronged about the entrance now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel.

First, the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then, for full half an hour, the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the fitting time was come, he addressed them in a speech in which he declared, that, moved by affection for them, he visited their country to see its richness and its beauty, and to aid them in their wars; and he now begged them to furnish him with four canoes and eight men, to convey him to the country of the Nipissings, a tribe dwelling northward on the lake which bears their name.

His audience looked grave, for they were but cold and jealous friends of the Nipissings. For a time they discoursed in murmuring tones among themselves, all smoking meanwhile with redoubled vigor. Then Tes-souat, chief of these forest republicans, rose and spoke in behalf of all.

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“We always knew you for our best friend among the Frenchmen. We love you like our own children. But why did you break your word with us last year when we all went down to meet you at Montreal, to give you presents and go with you to war? You were not there, but other Frenchmen were there who abused us. We will never go again. As for the four canoes, you shall have them if you insist upon it; but it grieves us to think of the hardships you must endure. The Nipissings have weak hearts. They are good for nothing in war, but they kill us with charms, and they poison us. Therefore we are on bad terms with them. They will kill you, too.”

Such was the pith of Tessouat's discourse, and at each clause the conclave responded in unison, with an approving grunt.

Champlain urged his petition; sought to relieve their tender scruples in his behalf; assured them that he was charm-proof, and that he feared no hardships. At length he gained his point. The canoes and the men were promised, and, seeing himself, as he thought, on the highway to his phantom northern sea, he left his entertainers to their pipes, and with a light heart issued from the close and smoky den to breathe the fresh air of the afternoon. He visited the Indian fields, with their young crops of pumpkins, beans, and French peas, — the last a novelty obtained from the traders. Here, Thomas, the interpreter, soon joined him with a countenance of ill news. In the absence of Champlain, the assembly had reconsidered their assent. The canoes were denied.

With a troubled mind he hastened again to the hall of

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council, and addressed the naked senate in terms better suited to his exigencies than to their dignity.

"I thought you were men; I thought you would hold fast to your word: but I find you children, without truth. You call yourselves my friends, yet you break faith with me. Still I would not incommode you; and if you cannot give me four canoes, two will serve."

The burden of the reply was, rapids, rocks, cataracts, and the wickedness of the Nipissings. "We will not give you the canoes, because we are afraid of losing you," they said.

"This young man," rejoined Champlain, pointing to Vignau, who sat by his side, "has been to their country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you have said."

"Nicolas," demanded Tessouat, "did you say that you had been to the Nipissings?"

The impostor sat mute for a time, and then replied, "Yes, I have been there."

Hereupon an outcry broke from the assembly, and they turned their eyes on him askance, "as if," says Champlain, "they would have torn and eaten him."

"You are a liar," returned the unceremonious host; "you know very well that you slept here among my children every night, and got up again every morning; and if you ever went to the Nipissings, it must have been when you were asleep. How can you be so impudent as to lie to your chief, and so wicked as to risk his life among so many dangers? He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our enemies."

Champlain urged him to reply, but he sat motionless

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and dumb. Then he led him from the cabin, and conjured him to declare if in truth he had seen this sea of the north. Vignau, with oaths, affirmed that all he said was true. Returning to the council, Champlain repeated the impostor's story: how he had seen the sea, the wreck of an English ship, the heads of eighty Englishmen, and an English boy, prisoner among the Indians.

At this, an outcry rose louder than before, and the Indians turned in ire upon Vignau.

"You are a liar." "Which way did you go?" "By what rivers?" "By what lakes?" "Who went with you?"

Vignau had made a map of his travels, which Champlain now produced, desiring him to explain it to his questioners; but his assurance failed him, and he could not utter a word.

Champlain was greatly agitated. His heart was in the enterprise; his reputation was in a measure at stake; and now, when he thought his triumph so near, he shrank from believing himself the sport of an impudent impostor. The council broke up, the Indians displeased and moody, and he, on his part, full of anxieties and doubts.

"I called Vignau to me in presence of his companions," he says. "I told him that the time for deceiving me was ended; that he must tell me whether or not he had really seen the things he had told of; that I had forgotten the past, but that, if he continued to mislead me, I would have him hanged without mercy."

Vignau pondered for a moment; then fell on his knees, owned his treachery, and begged forgiveness. Champlain broke into a rage, and, unable, as he says, to en-

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dure the sight of him, ordered him from his presence, and sent the interpreter after him to make further examination. Vanity, the love of notoriety, and the hope of reward seem to have been his inducements; for he had in fact spent a quiet winter in Tessouat's cabin, his nearest approach to the northern sea; and he had flattered himself that he might escape the necessity of guiding his commander to this pretended discovery. The Indians were somewhat exultant. "Why did you not listen to chiefs and warriors, instead of believing the lies of this fellow?" And they counseled Champlain to have him killed at once, adding, "Give him to us, and we promise you that he shall never lie again."

No motive remaining for farther advance, the party set out on their return, attended by a fleet of forty canoes bound to Montreal for trade. They passed the perilous rapids of the Calumet, and were one night encamped on an island, when an Indian, slumbering in an uneasy posture, was visited with a nightmare. He leaped up with a yell, screamed that somebody was killing him, and ran for refuge into the river. Instantly all his companions sprang to their feet, and, hearing in fancy the Iroquois war whoop, took to the water, splashing, diving, and wading up to their necks, in the blindness of their fright. Champlain and his Frenchmen, roused at the noise, snatched their weapons and looked in vain for an enemy. The panic-stricken warriors, reassured at length, waded crestfallen ashore, and the whole ended in a laugh.

At the Chaudière, a contribution of tobacco was collected on a wooden platter, and, after a solemn harangue, was thrown to the guardian Manitou. On the seven-

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teenth of June they approached Montreal, where the assembled traders greeted them with discharges of small arms and cannon. Here, among the rest, was Champlain's lieutenant, Du Parc, with his men, who had amused their leisure with hunting, and were reveling in a sylvan abundance, while their baffled chief, with worry of mind, fatigue of body, and a Lenten diet of half-cooked fish, was grievously fallen away in flesh and strength. He kept his word with De Vignau, left the scoundrel unpunished, bade farewell to the Indians, and, promising to rejoin them the next year, embarked in one of the trading ships for France.

MY ESCAPE FROM THE PATAGONIANS

By Benjamin Franklin Bourne

THE chief came home from the council full of the proposed visit to the little island called "Holland." He was in royal good humor, and talked about it half the night; but several objections arose which it was necessary for me to dispose of. These were met, apparently to his full satisfaction. One of the most serious was the fear that the white men would revenge upon him the murder of Captain Eaton. I assured him that so long as I was with him he had nothing to fear on that score; the people were all mine, and would do, or refrain from doing, whatever I should bid them. They would not dare to lift their hands against him contrary to my orders, or refuse to deliver what articles I chose to demand. Nothing, I found, would do, but the assertion of absolute supremacy over all white men whatever, the world around; less than this would not secure the confidence of these savages, and I regulated my speech by the necessities of the case. The chief inquired, half a dozen times over, what I would say to the white men, and I as often rehearsed an address for the occasion. At last his curiosity seemed abated, and we fell asleep.

Early the next morning we were up and stirring, and the chief having adjusted his toilet with care, a slight

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breakfast was made ready. This over, his highness made an official address to the tribe, wherein he set out the advantages of a visit to "Holland," and suggested the most expedient style of making it. He advised that a few only of the tribe should be deputed, with himself, to accompany me, and receive the stores of rum, tobacco, bread, rice, tea, butter, beads, brass, copper, and so forth, that were to be forthcoming, as the expression of my gratitude for the distinguished consideration with which they had treated me. Though royal speeches seldom excite any jealousy of plagiarism, and it may seem a little captious on my part to make such a charge, it is due to "the truth of history" to declare, that herein the great Parosilver did but repeat a suggestion which he did me the honor to receive with favor overnight. It was not deemed essential to the case to inform his highness of *all* the reasons that led me to wish for as small an escort as the nature of the business would admit. On the contrary, acting upon the profound maxim, that one *sufficient* reason is as good as a dozen, and better than that number of questionable ones, I merely advised that, after the experience which Captain Eaton and others had had of Patagonian prowess, the sight of too many of his giants would frighten away the whites, and prevent all beneficial communication with them; while the presence of a small deputation would be a pledge of their pacific inclinations. The speech from the throne proved less *moving* than most of the chief's effusions; his lieges listened with great interest, and an earnest debate sprung up, at the conclusion of which it was decided that the chief, with four other Indians and their squaws, should

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be my bodyguard, the rest of the tribe to follow after. Another old woman begged to go with us, which was agreed to. The horse I had been in the habit of riding was lame and unfit for service; another was procured for me.

Our simple preparations for departure were soon made, and as we were about to start they all began bringing their dirty children to me, and requesting that I would bring brass and beads for them all; which was gravely promised, much to their satisfaction. There remained the last act in the comedy for which I had been long rehearsing, — if, indeed, it did not turn out a tragedy. The idea had early occurred to me that if I had some object to which I appeared very much attached, it might prove to be for my advantage; the Indians might hold it, in my absence at any time, as a sort of surety for my return. A belle from among the beauties of the tribe would be effectual to that end; but, if no sentiments of virtue had restrained me from this expedient, the filth and unsightliness of them all were enough to insure continence. I chose, therefore, a little white dog for a pet, — a dirty, thievish little rascal, but I fondled him in the style proper to a violent attachment. It is true that when I saw him licking the meat designed for our repast, it was not easy to refrain from kicking his worthless brains out; but this was a trifle to other things I had to endure, and I made myself apparently so fond of him that the reality of the case was never suspected. Now and then I indemnified myself by giving him, when unobserved, a smart rapping for his misdeeds, though such chastisement made but a

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slight impression on the object of it. As we were about setting out, I was asked if I intended to take my dog. No, I told them, he would be better off there, and when I returned he should have some bread and other dainties to eat. The ruse more than answered its expected end, in lulling all suspicion of my sincerity.

At last we were under way. The grand crisis to which all my diplomacy and the utmost license of fiction had tended was near at hand. A strong hope of deliverance braced my spirits, shaded, it is true, by a natural apprehension of possible failure, and of the consequences that might follow. With no great elation of spirits, but with a stern, severe tension of all my mental energies, and a concentration of them into one focus of resolve, I waved a farewell which I hoped might be everlasting to the accursed gang of robbers who had tormented me so many tedious weeks. "Good-by to Patagonia!" I mentally ejaculated, and struck off with my escort; but had not gone more than an eighth of a mile, when the party wheeled about and ordered me to follow them back to the camp! I remonstrated, but it was of no use, and with a heavy heart I found myself once more in my dirty corner of a wigwam. The horses were turned adrift without a word of explanation, and the Indians sat down to a game of cards, with as much indifference to everything else as if the events of the past forty-eight hours had been a feverish dream. What could be the meaning of it? I questioned the chief. He merely replied that he would go by and by, — by and by; which, being interpreted, probably meant when he pleased, and that convenient season might never arrive! After

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I had teased him for a long time he took me to the door of the lodge, and, pointing to the river, said it was "no good then;" it would be "good" at night. What the state of the river, which was a shallow stream, a branch of the Santa Cruz, had to do with the matter, I could not divine, and was half inclined to vote myself fairly outwitted by the Old Boy.

The day, a long one, at last wore off, and at night we once more set off. We crossed the frozen marsh, and forded the river, and, after going about two miles, stopped for repose. We took no camp equipage, and had to shelter ourselves for the night under the lee of a clump of bushes. We thrust our feet into the thicket, while our heads lodged out of doors. In this interesting attitude I was made to repeat my wearisome detail of promises, and to rehearse once more my contemplated speech to the white men; which done, we dropped asleep. Waking early the next morning, I found my head and shoulders covered with a fleecy mantle of snow. Would the fortune of my expedition fall as lightly on me? I shook it off, turned up my coat collar, pulled my poor, more than half worn-out cap over my ears, and so, partially protected from the storm, rolled over, and again sunk into a slumber. The storm ceased at dawn of day. I rose and went in search of fuel, while my dark companions still slept profoundly. In an hour or two they roused themselves, and kindled a fire. Meat, from a store brought along for our provision on the way, was cooked, and served for breakfast. The scanty meal being despatched, our horses were driven in, lassoed, mounted, and we resumed our journey in a south-

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easterly direction. At the end of about three miles another halt was called, a fire was built to warm by, and the horses were watered. The order of arrangements was discussed, and a fresh edition of the promises and the speech critically listened to. Changing our course a little to the right, we soon struck the Santa Cruz. The Indians pointed far down the stream, and said, "There is Holland." I strained my eyes in the direction pointed out, and thought I could discern an island with several small huts upon it. A mile or two farther on the north bank brought us to the mouth of the river, in prospect of the Atlantic. The island was directly opposite the mouth, and the lower part only appeared to be inhabited. We halted. The Indians pointed towards it, exclaiming, "Esta Holland sarvey! muchas casas, mucho mucho hombres, tene mucho aquadiente, mucho travac, yeruen, arenar, arose!" (This is Holland, and has plenty of houses, and abundance of men, — plenty of rum, tobacco, bread, tea, flour, and rice!) I surveyed the spot in silence. This island was of considerable extent, lying two thirds across the wide mouth of the river, its surface dotted over with little knolls or hillocks of earth. Could it be that these were dwellings inhabited by white men?

Our horses' heads were now turned from the shore, and we rode back about an eighth of a mile to a large clump of bushes, unsaddled our beasts, and waited some time for the rest of our company, who had fallen in the rear. They came at last, our horses were turned adrift, fire was lighted, and, as the day was far spent, supper was in order. Then ensued a repetition — a final one, I trusted — of the grand present to be levied on the Hol-

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landers, and of the speech which was to draw them out. The Indians arranged that I was to hoist the English flag, — the colors of the unfortunate brig Avon, which they had brought along at my request, — and then to walk the shore to attract the attention of the islanders. On the approach of a boat, I was to be kept back from the beach, to prevent escape; for I found that they were not, after all, as well assured of my good faith as might have been desirable. They thought, moreover, that when the white men saw a prisoner with them, they would come ashore to parley, and offer presents to effect his release; in that case, there might be a chance, if the negotiation proved unsatisfactory, to take bonds of fate in the form of another captive or two. So, at least there was ground to suspect, — and some cause to fear that the rascals might prove too shrewd for all of us!

After talking to a late hour, the Indians threw themselves upon the ground, stuck their feet into the bushes, and were soon fast asleep. I consulted the chief as to the propriety of modifying this arrangement, by placing our heads, rather than our feet, under cover, since both could not be accommodated. He declined any innovations, and told me to go to sleep. I stretched myself on the ground, but as to sleep, that was out of the question. I lay all night, thinking over all possible expedients for escape. We had no materials for a boat or raft of any description, and it was impossible to think of any plan that promised success; so that, after tossing, in body and mind, through the weary hours of night, I could only resolve to wait the course of events, and to take advantage of the first opportunity affording a reasonable hope

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of deliverance from this horrid captivity. Snow, sleet, and rain fell during the night, and I rose early, thoroughly chilled, every tooth chattering. A fire was kindled, and the last morsel of meat that remained to us was cooked and eaten. The weather continued squally till the middle of the afternoon.

After breakfast the chief went with me to the shore, bearing the flag. On the beach I found a strip of thick board, to which I fastened the colors, and then planted it in the sand. The bushes around, which have a kind of oily leaf and readily ignite, were set on fire. I then walked the beach, — but no boat came. When it cleared up sufficiently to see, I observed little objects moving about on the island. The day wore away with fruitless attempts to attract their attention. With an aching heart, I returned at dark to the camping ground. On this island my hopes had so long centred — if they were now to be disappointed, how could I endure it? The Indians began to talk of rejoining the tribe the following day. I opposed the motion with all the dissuasives at command, assuring them that, at sight of our flag, the islanders would surely come over in a boat, and that, if they would only wait a little, they could go over to the island and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content; representing the absolute necessity that I should procure the rum, etc., we had talked of, and how embarrassing it would be to go back to the tribe empty-handed, after all that had been said, to be ridiculed and reproached. It would never do. Our conversation was continued till quite late, when we ranged ourselves, hungry and weary, for another night. For hours I was unable to sleep. The un-

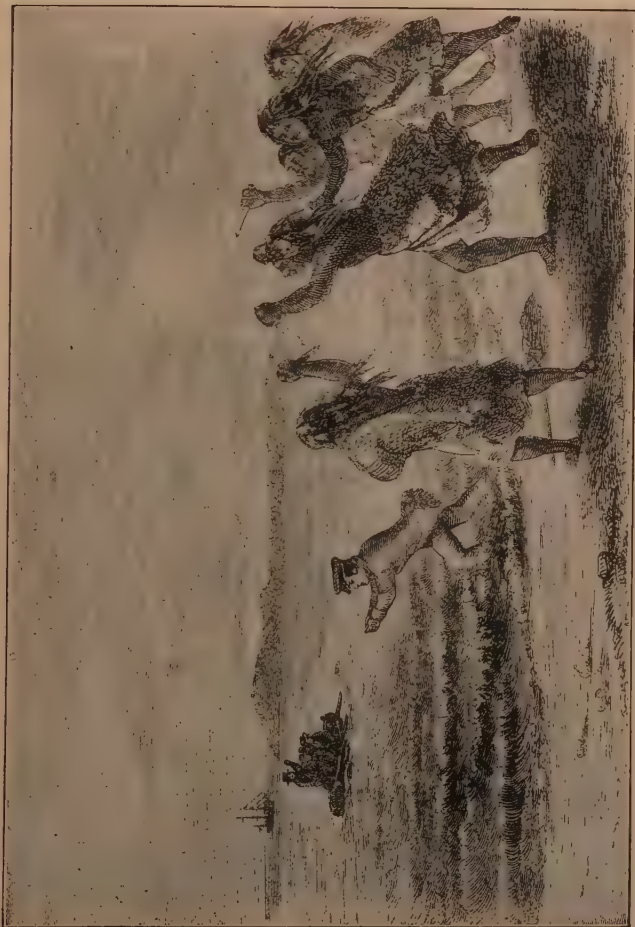
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certainties of my situation oppressed me, and I lay restless, with anxiety inexpressible, inconceivable by those whom Providence has preserved from similar straits. It was a season of deep, suppressed, silent misery, in which the heart found no relief but in mute supplication to Him who was alone able to deliver. Towards morning, exhausted with the intensity of emotion acting on an enfeebled body, I slept a little, and woke at early dawn, to a fresh consciousness of my critical position.

The weather had been fair during the night, but there were now indications of another snowstorm. I waited long and impatiently for my companions to awake, and at last started off in quest of fuel; on returning with which, they bestirred themselves and started a fire, which warmed our half-benumbed limbs. There lay the little island, beautiful to eyes that longed, like mine, for a habitation of sympathizing men, about a mile and a half distant; it almost seemed to recede while I gazed, so low had my hopes sunken, under the pressure of disappointment and bitter uncertainty. A violent snowstorm soon setting in, it was hidden from view; everything seemed to be against me. It slackened, and partially cleared up, — then came another gust, filling the air, and shutting up the prospect. In this way it continued till past noon; at intervals, as the sky lighted up, I took a firebrand, and set fire to the bushes on the beach, and then hoisted the flag again, walking wearily to and fro, till the storm ceased, and the sky became clear. The chief concealed himself in a clump of bushes, and sat watching, with cat-like vigilance, the movements of the islanders. After some time, he said a boat was

coming; I scarcely durst look in the direction indicated, lest I should experience a fresh disappointment; but I did look, and saw, to my great joy, a boat launched, with four or five men on board, and pushing off the shore. On they came; the chief reported his discovery, and the rest of the Indians came to the beach where I was still walking backward and forward. The boat approached, not directly off where I was, but an eighth of a mile, perhaps, to the windward, and there lay on her oars.

The Indians hereupon ordered me to return to the camping ground; but, without heeding them, I set off at a full run towards the boat. They hotly pursued, I occasionally turning and telling them to come on, — I only wanted to see the boat. "Stop! Stop!" they bawled. "Now, my legs," said I, "if ever you want to serve me, this is the time." I had one advantage over my pursuers; my shoes, though much the worse for wear, protected my feet from the sharp stones, which cut theirs at every step; but, under all disadvantages, I found they made about equal speed with myself. As I gained a point opposite the boat, the Indians slackened their speed, and looked uneasily at me; the man in the stern of the boat hailed me, inquiring what Indians these were, what number of them, and how I came among them. I replied in as few words as possible, and told him we wished to cross to the island. He shook his head; they were bad fellows, he said; he could not take me with the Indians. They began to pull away! I made signs of distress, and waved them to return, shouting to them through my hands. The boat was again backed within hailing distance. "Will you look out



I SET OFF AT A FULL RUN TOWARDS THE BOAT

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for me, if I come by myself?" "Yes!" was the prompt reply. The Indians, all this time, had kept within ten or fifteen feet of me, with their hands on their knives, and reiterating their commands to come back, at the same time edging towards me in a threatening manner. "Yes, yes," I told them, "in a moment," but I wanted to look at the boat, taking care, however, to make good my distance from them. At the instant of hearing the welcome assurance that I should be cared for, I drew out the watch (which I had brought, according to promise, to have a new crystal inserted at Holland), and threw it into the bushes; the salt water would spoil it, and, if I *should* be retaken, the spoiling of that would be an aggravation which might prove fatal. At the same moment I gave a plunge headlong into the river; my clothes and shoes encumbered me, and the surf, agitated by a high wind, rolled in heavy seas upon the shore. The boat was forty or fifty yards off; and, as the wind did not blow square in shore, drifted, so as to increase the original distance, unless counteracted by the crew. Whether the boat was backed up towards me, I could not determine; my head was a great part of the time under water, my eyes blinded with the surf; and most strenuous exertion was necessary to live in such a sea. As I approached the boat, I could see several guns, pointed, apparently, at me. Perhaps we had misunderstood each other, — perhaps they viewed me as an enemy! In fact, they were aimed to keep the Indians from following me into the water, which they did not attempt. My strength was fast failing me; the man at the helm, perceiving it, stretched out a rifle at arm's

length. The muzzle dropped into the water, and arrested my feeble vision. Summoning all my remaining energy, I grasped it, and was drawn towards the boat; a sense of relief shot through and revived me, but revived also such a dread lest the Indians should give chase, that I begged them to pull away, — I could hold on. The man reached down, and seized me by the collar, and ordered his men to ply their oars. They had made but a few strokes, when a simultaneous cry burst from their lips, "Pull the dear man in! Pull the dear man in!" They let fall their oars, laid hold of me, and, in their effort to drag me over the side of their whale-boat, I received some injury; I requested that they would let me help myself; and, working my body up sufficiently to get one knee over the gunwale, I gave a spring with what strength was left me, and fell into the bottom of the boat. They kindly offered to strip me, and put on dry clothes; but I told them, if they would only work the boat farther from the shore, I would take care of myself. They pulled away, while I crawled forward, divested myself of my coat, and put on one belonging to one of the crew. Conversation, which was attempted, was impossible; it was one of the coldest days of a Patagonian winter, — I was chilled through, and could only articulate, "I ca-n't ta-lk now; I'll ta-lk by a-nd by." Some liquor, bread, and tobacco, which had been put on board for my ransom, on supposition that this was what the signal meant, were produced for my refreshment. The seas were heavy, with a strong head wind; so that, though the men toiled vigorously, our progress was slow. I was soon comfortably warmed

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by the stimulants provided, and offered to lend a hand at the oar; but the offer was declined. The shouts and screams of the Indians, which had followed me into the water, and rung hideously in my ears while struggling for life in the surf, were kept up till distance made them inaudible. Whether they found the watch, whose mysterious tick at once awed and delighted them, and restored it to its place of state in the chief's lodge, or whether it still lies rusting in the sands by the seashore, is a problem unsolved.

The boat at last grounded on the northern shore of the island. Mr. Hall, the gentleman who commanded the party, supported my tottering frame in landing; and, as we stepped upon the shore, welcomed me to their island. I grasped his hand, and stammered my thanks for this deliverance, and lifted a tearful eye to heaven, in silent gratitude to God. I was then pointed to a cabin near by where a comfortable fire was ready for me. "Now," I heard Mr. Hall say, "let us fire a salute of welcome to the stranger. Make ready! present! fire!" Off went all their muskets, and a very cordial salute it appeared to be. He soon followed me, took me to his own dwelling, supplied me with dry clothing, and, above all, warmed me in the kindly glow of as generous a heart as ever beat in human bosom.

I was captured by the savages on the 1st of May, and landed upon the island on the 7th of August.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

WHEN I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own unaccountable taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage — a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no

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advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of unlaced disheveled country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railroad. But the nearest railroad station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would break the charm.

The village — it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it — has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel in Ponkapog Pond. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the colonial days, there are a number of attractive villas and cottages straggling off towards Milton, which are occupied for the summer by persons from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?" I asked my wife one morning.

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"When they call on *us*," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "Not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office — where *he* was never to be met with by any chance — and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrow-heads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the ploughshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the redmen who once held this domain — an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. At that period she appears to have struck a trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen garden or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenæ, the newcomers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a contralto voice of remarkable sweetness,

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although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an arietta, conjecturally at some window upstairs, for the house was not visible from the turnpike. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, however, of having done anything unlawful; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet, —

“ It is a joy to *think* the best
We may of human kind.”

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them — that is an enigma apart — but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village, an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which — I advertise it gratis — can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a handsaw to a pocket handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their

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ménage to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations, — persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skillful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in "David Copperfield," who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's sawmill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to formulate uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and

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would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was — well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of something bright at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view of all Norfolk County combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a

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physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large allopathic sorrel horse nor the gig with the homœopathic white mare was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power, but the memory of the repulse I had sustained still rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hangbird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes — the Baltimore oriole."

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

ESCAPE OF AN EXILE FROM SIBERIA

By William Westall

ESCAPES of political and other convicts from western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Save for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and actually imprisoned, it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the highroads, prove, except in a very few instances, insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not alone to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs no risk of falling into the clutches of the imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland. Hence, to make good a flight from eastern Siberia requires a conjuncture of so many favorable and nearly impossible circumstances as to render a complete escape a rare and remarkable event. How, in one instance at least, by boldness, address, presence of mind, and good luck, the difficulties were overcome, the following narra-

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tive, related, as nearly as possible, in Debagorio Mokrievitch's own words, will show. Other fugitives — for instance, Nicholas Lopatin, a gentleman now living at Geneva, who escaped from Vercholensk in 1881 — may have encountered great hardships, but, being exiles at large, they were neither so soon missed nor so quickly pursued. Debagorio was under sentence of penal servitude, and the flight from Siberia of a man condemned to penal servitude is almost unexampled. Even rarer than an escape is the true account of one, related by the fugitive himself. Imaginary accounts exist in plenty, but, so far as I am aware, no authentic personal narrative of an escape from eastern Siberia — at any rate in English or French — has ever before been given to the world.

“On the evening of February 11, 1879, several friends of the revolutionary cause, of whom I was one, met at Yvitchevitche's lodgings, in the house Kossarovsky, Yleanski Street, Kieff, the town where I was then living. After a short conversation, Anton, myself, and several others left the house with the intention of passing the rest of the evening with our friend, Madame Babitchev. The inevitable samovar was bubbling on the table, our hospitable hostess gave us a warm welcome, cigarettes were lighted, conversation was joined, and an hour or more passed very pleasantly.

“Anton was the first to leave, and he could hardly have reached the street when we were startled by a loud report like the firing of a pistol. We stared at each other in consternation, and Strogov, running into the ante room, looked through the window and listened at the door, in order to find out what had happened. In a few

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minutes he came back with satisfactory tidings. Nothing unusual seemed to be stirring in the street; and he attributed the report we had heard to the banging of a door in a neighboring café. So we resumed our conversation and our tea-drinking with quiet minds. But five minutes later we were again disturbed; this time by sounds the character of which there was no mistaking. The trampling of heavy feet in the vestibule, hurried exclamations, words of command, and the rattling of arms, told us only too well with whom we had to do.

“The police were upon us.

“Notwithstanding our desire to resist, we knew that we should be compelled to yield without a blow. There was not a weapon among us. A few seconds were passed in anxious thought. Then the double-winged doors were thrown violently open, and we saw that the anteroom was occupied by a detachment of soldiers, with bayonets lowered and ready to charge. From the right flank came the words, loud and clear, ‘Will you surrender, gentlemen? I am the officer in command of the detachment.’

“We were lodged in the principal prison of Kieff. On April 20 we received copies of the indictment, drawn up by Strelnikoff, prosecuting advocate to the military tribunal (he was afterwards killed at Odessa). We were, in all, fourteen prisoners, accused of sedition, of belonging to secret political societies, and of resisting the police.

“At six o’clock on the morning of April 20 we were taken before the tribunal. Eight of our party were men, six women. I need not describe the trial — if trial it can be called: it lasted four days, and ended in the condemnation of three of our number to death; the rest were

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sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My sentence was fourteen years and ten months' penal servitude.

"At length, and only too swiftly, came the 13th of May. We had been told nothing, but, from the completion of the gallows, the behavior of the warders, and from other signs, we thought that the executions were fixed for the following day. The condemned thought so themselves. Although we did our utmost to keep outwardly calm, the farewells that evening were unspeakably sad. Most touching and agonizing of all was the parting of those who were to die on the morrow with those who expected to follow them a little later on to the scaffold and the grave. Two months afterwards Belтчomsky and Anisim Fedorow were hanged on the same gallows.

"From the time of the execution to the date of our departure for Siberia nothing noteworthy came to pass. All sorts of rumors were current touching our destination and our fate. Every day brought a new conjecture or a fresh story. It was said that we were to be confined in one of the dreaded central prisons — that we were to be immured in the casemates of St. Peter and St. Paul — that we were to be sent to eastern Siberia, to western Siberia — to the island of Sakhalin — that we were not to be sent anywhere, but to stay where we were.

"At length, on May 30, the question was settled. Ten prisoners, of whom I made one, were summoned to the office, and told that we were forthwith to take our departure — whither, our custodians refused to say. The next proceeding was to put two of our friends, who did not belong to the privileged order, in irons and to shave

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their heads. We others, being nobles, were to be spared this indignity until we reached our destination. For the present we were required only to don the ordinary convict costume, consisting of a long gray capote, marked on the back with a yellow ace for those sentenced to simple transportation, and with two aces for those condemned to penal servitude.

“‘Will you not tell us whither we are going?’ asked one of our number of General Gubernet, as we stepped into the van.

“‘To eastern Siberia,’ said the general, who stood near the door.

“Then I knew my fate, — fourteen years’ hard labor, possibly in a region of almost endless night, and as cold as the polar regions.

“The station of Koursk, the cities of Mzensk, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod are passed in quick succession. At Nijni Novgorod we leave the railway and continue our journey, as far as Perm, by water. It is only here that we begin to realize that we are really on the road to Siberia.

“At Krasnovarski we were put in prison again, and there remained several weeks, awaiting further orders as to our disposal, for, notwithstanding what we had been told at Kieff, there appeared to be still some doubt touching the fate in store for us. At length came the final instructions. We were to march with the chain gang of common prisoners to Irkoutsk. It was then that, as an expedient for avoiding penal servitude and eventually regaining my liberty, the idea of effecting an exchange first occurred to me. The device is one frequently prac-

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ticed among the outlaws of Siberia. This is the method of it: Two prisoners make a bargain, whereby one of the contracting parties takes the name and certificate and assumes the crime of the other, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, a complete exchange of identities, and the one who gains by the exchange settles the difference by a money payment. The result is that the man condemned to hard labor becomes a Siberian settler, and the other takes his place at the mines or in jail. The bargain may appear an unequal one, but a moneyless man will sometimes do a great deal for a small sum of ready cash — especially if he has a passion for gambling or drink — and there is always the possibility that, when the deceit is discovered, the more extreme penalty may not be enforced. In the meantime, moreover, the supposed political prisoner, who is generally of noble birth, enjoys a consideration and some material advantages which are denied to the common malefactor.

“During the long tramp of the chain gang these substitutions are effected without much difficulty. The escort being changed every two days, it is impossible for the members of it, in so short a time, to familiarize themselves with the names and condition of the ten or twelve score prisoners who compose the convoy. They can do no more than count heads, and when the officer in command of the party has delivered to his successor the same number of convicts, in each category, which he has received from his predecessor, his task is fully acquitted. Whether they are the same persons he cannot undertake to say, and is never asked.

“On August 20, or thereabouts — I am not sure to a

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day — we were once more *en route*, this time on foot. From Krasnovarski the distance is seven hundred English miles, and the journey, it was reckoned, would occupy about two months. I had thus ample time to make the acquaintance of my convict comrades and carry out the substitution.

“We were now put under an altogether different régime. Hitherto we had not been able to exchange a word with anybody. I saw about me only my fellow political convicts, and might speak, when occasion required, to none but my guards. Now we were allowed to communicate freely with each other, and with the rather mixed society of which we formed a part. The gang consisted of one hundred and seventy persons of both sexes and of every class and age, from the babe in its mother’s arms to the old man with snow-white hair. Most of them were peasants; yet several among us could claim the privileges of nobility. But the strength of the convoy diminished as we went on, for Krasnovarski is within the limits of eastern Siberia, and several prisoners were left as colonists at the villages through which we passed.

“The escort consisted of an officer and thirty soldiers, armed with old-fashioned muskets. A detachment of three or four marched as the head of the column. The others marched at the side and were supposed to form a military chain. But it was so weak, relatively to its duties, as to be almost worthless, the convoy being increased to a portentous length by the baggage wagons and the families of the prisoners who were following them into exile. After the baggage wagons came two carriages oc-

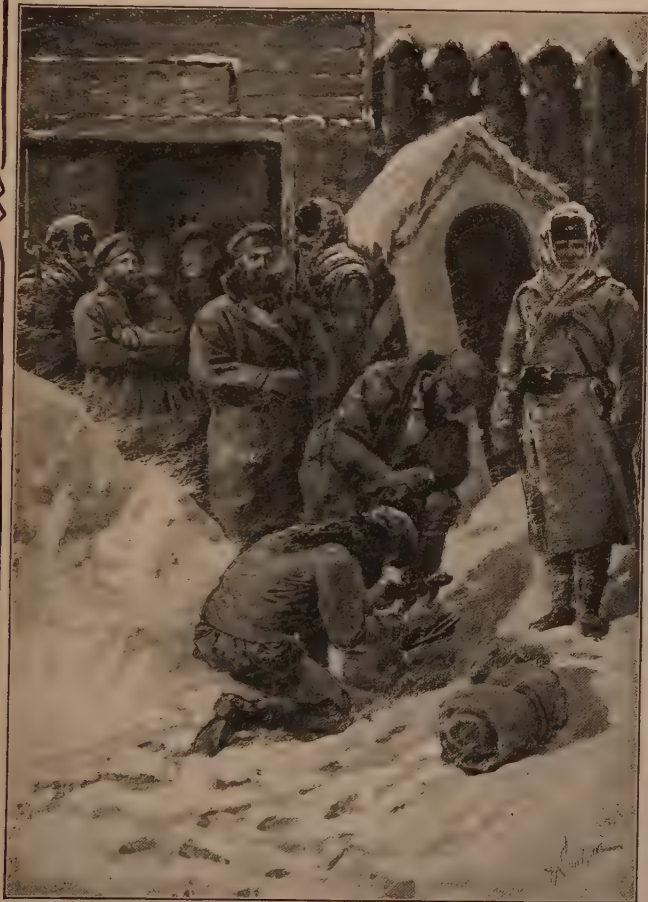
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carried by gentlemen malefactors of the nobility, and three in which, when they were footsore, rode the political prisoners.

“About six o’clock in the evening the convoy generally reached the ‘half stage,’ a building in which we pass the night. After a march of two days, or of a full day, we had a day’s rest at one of the buildings known as *étapes*, or stages. On these occasions the prisoners are ranged in front of the building and counted. If the count be right the gates are opened, and with cries of joy the weary wayfarers throw themselves into the court. Then, pushing and hustling, clanking their chains and cursing like demons, they fight their way into the house, struggling desperately for the best places. The first comers take possession of the benches; the others lie where they can. When all are inside the gates are closed, but the doors are not barred until nightfall.

“The ‘stage’ is a small wooden barrack — with a large court, formed of palisades, in the rear — divided into several compartments, one of which is assigned to the nobles of the convoy; but, like all the others, it is far too little for its destined purpose. The prisoners are as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. A few only can find places on the benches. The others have to sleep on the damp and dirty floor. Next to the benches the most desirable spot is under them, for there it is a little cleaner and the sleepers are less likely to be disturbed than on the open floor.

“The struggle for places over, the barrack yard becomes very lively. The prisoners are preparing the evening meal; some laying fires, others putting a few scanty



ON THESE OCCASIONS THE PRISONERS ARE RANGED IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING AND COUNTED. IF THE COUNT BE RIGHT THE GATES ARE OPENED, AND WITH CRIES OF JOY THE WEARY WAY-FARERS THROW THEMSELVES INTO THE COURT, PUSHING AND HUSTLING, CLANKING THEIR CHAINS AND CURSING LIKE DEMONS

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morsels of food into a pot, for our fare is terribly meagre; others bringing water and making tea. After supper we are again counted, driven inside, and left there for the night.

“In the corridor is the *maidan*, a sort of itinerant shop, which serves at the same time as a club and gambling saloon; for the prisoners are much given to play. This *maidan* is an institution common to every Siberian convoy and jail. The *markitant*, or keeper of it, is always a prisoner. The post, which is much coveted and very profitable, is sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds of the sale, often considerable, are added to the common hoard. For one of the first proceedings of the prisoners is to form themselves into a society, which is a faithful reproduction of the rural *mir*. They elect a *starosta*, who also acts as general cashier, and appoint him an assistant. The authorities, on their part, always recognize this system of self-government, and acknowledge the authority of the *starosta*. All orders are communicated through him, and he makes all payments on behalf of the community. He acts, in short, as general intermediary between the prisoners and their custodians — bribes, when it is necessary, the agents of justice, and pays a regular tribute to the executioner, in consideration whereof that official is good enough, often at the risk of his own back, to wield his whip with all possible consideration for the feelings of his victim.

“The scene in the *markitant's* den on a rest day was very queer, and, well painted, would make a striking picture: the players round the capote-covered table, as excited and intent over their game as if they were playing

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for thousands of roubles instead of fractions of kopecks; the shouting and gesticulating onlookers, following with keenest interest the varying fortunes of the game; a ruined gambler bargaining with the *markitant* for an advance on a coat, a pair of shoes, or an old watch; a convict asleep on the floor; another mending a rent in his clothes; a third hammering at his irons. He is widening the rings that shackle his legs, in order that he may slip them off when he is on the road — walking in irons not being precisely an amusement. The sentries and the officers cannot fail to hear the clang of the hammer, but the custom of removing irons while on the march is so common as to have the force of a recognized regulation, and is seldom, if ever, objected to by the commander of an escort.

“Day followed day with unvarying monotony, but every one brought us nearer to our destination, and though I had not yet ventured to effect an exchange, I never wavered in my resolution to escape on the first favorable opportunity. Almost every day we met vagabonds,¹ as runaway convicts are called, making for Russia.

¹ As vagabonds are frequently mentioned in this narrative, and Mokrievitch himself became one of them, it may be well to explain that the wanderers so designated are simply tramps unfurnished with passports. A double stream of these waifs is always on the move through Siberia — one towards the east, the other towards the west — the latter free, the former generally in bonds. Many of the involuntary settlers either do not take kindly to work or find their lot intolerable, and so make off on the first opportunity, begging their way and living on the charity of the peasants, who never refuse a destitute traveler a crust of bread and a night's lodging. Not a few of these wanderers sink under the hardships to which they are exposed, or freeze to death in the forests and the survivors are nearly always arrested before they reach the fron-

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Their dress, their closely cropped hair, and their general appearance left no doubt as to their quality. Yet neither the officer of the escort nor the local authorities paid the least attention to them, so common are fugitive convicts on Siberian roads. Political prisoners on the march enjoy privileges which are denied to ordinary convicts. They are not fettered; they can, when so disposed, ride in the carriages which accompany the convoy, and they are allowed fifteen kopecks (threepence) a day for food. On the other hand, the orders in our regard given to the officers of the escort were exceedingly stringent; orders, however, which for the most part it was impossible to

tier of European Russia; but they cause the police a world of trouble. Having no papers, they are able to give false names, and deny being fugitive transports — which they almost invariably do. There is then nothing for it but to write to whatever address a man may give — generally some remote village — and inquire if he is known there. Should the answer be in the negative, the fact is taken as proof of the paperless one's guilt, and he sent back in chains to the interior of Siberia. As likely as not, however, it will be in the affirmative, for there prevails among these outcasts a strange yet regular trade in what the vagabonds call "nests." For instance, Ivan Ivanovitch, being in want of money, sells to Peter Iliouschka, who has a few kopecks to spare, the name and address of some mujik of his acquaintance, who long ago left his native village for parts unknown — or, perhaps, his own name and address. This is Peter's nest, and when he falls into the hands of the police he tells them he is Paul Lubovitch, from, let us say, Teteriwino, in the government of Koursk. On this, a missive is sent to the *starosta* of Teteriwino, who replies, in due course, to the effect that the village did once possess a Paul Lubovitch, but whether the person in question be the same man he is unable to say. The next proceeding is to send the *soi-disant* Paul to Teteriwino for identification. This proceeding naturally results in the detection of the imposture, whereupon our friend Peter is condemned to a new term of exile, and sent back whence he came.

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execute. For instance, they were enjoined to keep us always apart and not let us on any account mix with the other prisoners. But the weakness of the escort, and, above all, the arrangement of the buildings at the *étapes*, or halting places, rendered observance of this injunction so extremely difficult that it was seldom enforced.

"We were within fourteen days of Irkoutsk before I succeeded in effecting an exchange of identities with a convict condemned to simple exile. My substitute, a peasant by origin and a burglar by profession, agreed to the exchange in consideration of a sum of sixteen shillings in coin, a pair of boots, and a flannel blouse. Two days before our arrival at the *étape* where it was arranged to carry the agreement into effect, I pretended to have a bad toothache, bound up my face with a pocket handkerchief, and at the half-way halting place remained all the time on the bench that served for a bed, as if I were distracted with pain. This I did to hide my features from the soldiers of the escort, one of whom, sharper than his fellows, might otherwise possibly discover the stratagem. The risk was too great, my longing for liberty too intense, to permit me to neglect a single precaution. In a few minutes we had exchanged dresses. Pavlov, my burglar friend, was transformed into a political prisoner of the nobility, and I became a common malefactor in irons. Though in face as unlike as possible, we were about the same height and build, and, at a distance, might easily be mistaken one for another.

"The delivery of the gang to the new escort went off without difficulty. Pavlov lay on a bench with his face

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bound up. Nobody took any notice either of him or of me, and when the old escort marched away we knew we were safe. The moment they were gone I went into the common room and got myself shaved and my hair cut close to my head, so that my coiffure might resemble that of my new comrades.

“It may be asked why I did not profit by the laxity of the escort during the first part of the journey to escape before we reached our destination. Because I should have been missed at the first halting-place, and, by means of the telegraph and an active pursuit, immediately recaptured: I could have had only a few hours’ start, and I wanted, at the least, several days.

“After the substitution I marched as a common felon on foot, carrying my irons; my allowance was reduced to twopence a day, while Pavlov had threepence, and could vary the monotony of the way by riding in one of the carriages provided for the political prisoners.

“About October 20, 1879, we reached Irkoutsk, where we were to be received and inspected by the higher authorities. Towards eight o’clock in the evening we entered the central prison and were taken into a large room with three doors and two exits. One of these was open and led into an adjoining room, where the inspection took place. Our *starosta*, standing on the doorstep, called the prisoners one by one, and each, as he was summoned, went into the room, carrying with him his poor belongings, in order that it might be ascertained if he still possessed the articles given him by the crown. This done, he passed on into a farther apartment, where the prisoners were to be quartered for the night.

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"After surrendering my fetters, which I removed without the help of a blacksmith, I passed into the apartment where I was to remain as a prisoner until they took me to the village where I had to be interned as a settler.

"I had not long to wait. The fifth day after our arrival the remaining vagabonds of the gang were sent farther east, and there remained only the ordinary exiles and prisoners under sentence of penal servitude. An important consequence of the departure of the vagabonds — old offenders who formed the bulk of the convoy — was the break-up of our old communistic organization, and the subsequent revelation of my secret.

"On the following day the involuntary colonists, of whom I was now one, started for our final destination, a village some forty miles from Irkoutsk, and on November 1 we arrived at Talminsky, the end of our long journey. For the last time we were paraded and counted in the court of the *volost*. Then, after our effects had been examined, we received our registers and were handed over to the clerk of the village, who had orders to find us quarters.

"The escort went one way, we went another, and we walked through the streets of the great village free men — within the limits assigned to us.

"If I meant to escape I had no time to lose. At any moment I was liable to be betrayed. My comrades among the colonists, as also the prisoners we had left at Irkoutsk, all knew who I was. Any of these, by turning traitor, could earn a considerable reward; even a slight indiscretion might reveal the secret, and the disclosure

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of my identity to the authorities would lead to my immediate arrest. It was therefore necessary to go at once; yet I could not start on so long a journey without money, and I did not possess a kopeck. So I sold my great coat, my woollen trousers, and my gloves, for a rouble and a half. It was not much. After this depletion of my wardrobe, my costume left a good deal to be desired. A regulation pelisse, a fur cap, thin trousers, and ordinary underclothing did not afford much protection against the intense cold of a Siberian winter. But I dared not hesitate. On November 2, at ten o'clock, before noon, I set out from the village. The morning, though cold, was clear and quiet. I made no attempt to hide my quality; it was evident to everybody. My yellow regulation pelisse and closely cropped head showed clearly enough that I was a vagabond. But this gave me little anxiety; I had observed that in eastern Siberia vagabonds were neither arrested nor questioned. It would be the same with me, I thought, and in this expectation I was not disappointed. My journey as a vagabond lasted about eight days, and I suffered much from both hunger and cold. In the valleys — for the country was hilly — I often experienced a cold so intense that I thought my limbs would freeze as I walked. Sometimes the valley bottoms were filled with a thick fog. Going through one of those fogs was like taking a bath of pins and needles, so keen was the cold, and, though on these occasions I always ran, one of my knees became frostbitten, my pelisse not being long enough to cover my legs, which were clothed only in light cotton pantaloons.

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"I generally passed the night in the bathroom of some peasant, after the manner of vagabonds, for nobody in Siberia, however poor, is without a vapor bath, the vapor being produced by pouring water on red-hot stones.

"One afternoon, just as night was closing in, I reached a village and sought a lodging. I had heard from the experienced vagabonds of the gang that it was always better to ask charity or help from the poor than from the well-to-do. Never, they said, when you are on the tramp, knock at the door of a rich man's house. Go rather to the most wretched cabin you can find.

"This rule, based on a wide experience and a profound truth — for the poor naturally receive more sympathy from the poor than from the well-to-do — I deemed it expedient to follow. At the end of the village in question I found a cabin of unprepossessing aspect, and, concluding that it was exactly what I wanted, I went in, making, as I entered, the sign of the cross before the picture of a saint, as is the custom in Russia. Then I greeted my host.

"'Good day, my boy,' answered the peasant, an old man with a long white beard, in a kindly voice.

"'Could you sell me a bit of bread?' I asked; for though I traveled as a vagabond I did not like to beg after the manner of vagabonds, and always tendered a piece of money for what I received.

"'Yes, you can have bread,' said the old man, handing me a loaf.

"'Thank you, father; and may I pass the night in your house?'

"'I fear that is impossible, my boy. You are a vaga-

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bond, are n't you? They are very severe just now about vagabonds, the police are. If you take in a man without a passport you may get fined. Where did you come from, my boy?

"'From the convoy.'

"'I thought so. I was right, then. You are a vagabond.'

"I answered with a supplicatory gesture, and I dare say I looked cold enough and wretched enough to move the compassion of a harder-hearted man than this good old peasant.

"'You fellows generally sleep in the baths, don't you?' he said, after a pause. 'Well, go into mine if you like; I can put you nowhere else. And I have heated it to-day; you will be warm.'

"So picking up my loaf, and laying on the table a few kopecks — nobody ever thinks of bargaining with a wanderer — I leave the house. The bath is hard by, and on going in I find that it is quite warm, as the old man had said. The heat is so great, indeed, that I can dispense with my pelisse.

"These peasants' bathrooms are seldom supplied with a chimney. The stones are heated in the middle of the room, and the smoke, after blackening the rafters, finds its way out as best it can. There were no windows, and, in order to look round, I had to light one of the tallow candles which I carried in my bag. They were very useful for rubbing my feet with after a long march. I was in no hurry to sleep, and before lying down on the wooden bench which was to be my couch I had a little operation to perform. My yellow pelisse

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proclaimed my quality a long way off. That was an inconvenience, and in certain easily conceivable circumstances might lead to awkward consequences. I meant to change its color. This I did by smearing the garment with a mixture composed of tallow from my candles and soot from the wall. It was not a very fast black, perhaps, but it answered the purpose. Henceforth nobody, without a pretty close inspection, would perceive that I was a vagabond on the tramp.

"This done, I lay down on the bench and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept an hour or two when I was awakened by the creaking of the door, and I heard the heavy steps of a man entering the room. As it was pitch dark I could not see him, and I did not think it worth while to strike a light. The newcomer seemed to be of the same opinion, for, without speaking a word, he groped his way towards my bench and laid himself down beside me. Though he touched my body, he made no remark, and a few moments later I could tell by his regular breathing that he was fast asleep. Then I slept again, and did not open my eyes until I was awakened by the cold, — for the bathroom had lost all its warmth, and the temperature was far below freezing-point. So I rose from my couch, donned my pelisse, and, though the sun had not risen, I left my snoring bedfellow, whom I never saw, to his slumbers and resumed my journey.

"My plan was to reach the house of a friend about one hundred and fifty miles from the village where I had been interned. To traverse a region as large as Europe without money was quite out of the question,

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and even if I had succeeded in doing so it would have been impossible, without papers, either to cross the frontier or leave the country. It is hardly necessary to say that I took care never to ask my way. That would have been a great imprudence. And there was little need, for the roads in Siberia are so few that it is scarcely possible to go wrong. According to my reckoning I was still about thirty miles from my destination. Shortly after leaving the village I saw, near a little cabin by the roadside, a man who eyed me keenly. From his short hair and stubby beard I guessed that he was a recently arrived colonist who had come into the country with a chain gang.

“‘Won’t you come in, brother,’ he said, ‘and rest yourself and take a cup of tea?’ And then he gave me very valuable information; described the villages through or near which I should have to pass, indicating at the same time those that were dangerous and the footpaths by which I might avoid them. He gave me the names and described the dwellings of the peasants with whom I might lodge, and, in a word, told me everything which it imported a wandering outlaw to know.

“After finishing the tea we talked a little longer, and as I took my leave I thanked my host warmly for his hospitality and information.

“When I reached the last village before that at which my friend lived, I was quite overcome with fatigue, and faint with hunger and cold; but I counted on a long and quiet rest in the cottage of a peasant woman whose address had been given me by the friendly exile. It was at the extremity of the village, and to get thither I had

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to pass the headquarters of the communal authorities. In the light of the exile's warning, and my own fears, this seemed a sufficiently dangerous enterprise. Albeit I put on an air of indifference and took care not to increase my pace, yet I could not avoid an occasional backward glance to see if I were being followed. No one, however, seemed to notice me, and I reached my destination without receiving any unpleasant attentions. The peasant woman welcomed me kindly, if not very effusively. But she was a dear good soul, gave me of her best, and let me lie on a bench and pass the night in her house.

"About two hours before sunrise my hostess came into the kitchen and began to busy herself with preparations for breakfast. But I remained stretched on my bench; the cottage was warm, I felt very comfortable, and I saw no reason for hurry. The day was before me, and I had not far to go. So I turned round on my wooden couch and was just sinking into a second slumber when I heard the sound of bells, such as post chaises and mail carts in Russia invariably carry.

"'Bells!' I cried, starting up. 'Does a mail coach run on this road?'

"'No,' answered the peasant, 'we have no mail coach here; it is probably a private carriage which is passing through the village.'

"Meanwhile the bells came nearer; then the sound suddenly ceased as it seemed not far from the cottage. I did not like this at all. What could it mean?

"'Would you mind going to see what or whose carriage it is?' I said. She went, and as the door closed

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behind her I jumped off my bench and put on my clothes.

“In a few minutes she was back with the news that the carriage belonged to the gendarmes, and that they were questioning the *starosta* and the clerk.

“‘The gendarmes!’ I exclaimed, ‘Who says so — where are they from?’

“‘From Irkoutsk. It is the coachman himself who told me. He thinks they are after a political runaway.’

“‘In that case, I had better be going,’ I said, laughing. ‘They may perhaps think I am the man. Now look here — if they ask you any questions, know nothing. If you do, it may be worse for you; they may make you pay a fine. Good-by’ (putting the last of my kopecks on the table).

“‘Good-by,’ answered my hostess; ‘don’t be uneasy. I shall not say a word.’ She was a worthy woman, and a friend in need, that old peasant.

“I went out. It was still dark, and I might creep through the village without being seen. The last of the houses passed, I ran at the top of my speed, for I felt sure that the pursuers were at my heels, and the possibility of being retaken enraged me almost past endurance. I had been denounced shortly after leaving the settlement; of that there could be no doubt. Day was dawning, the gendarmes were behind me, and by the barking of the dogs I reckoned that the village where dwelt my friend could not be more than two miles away. I looked round. On one side of the road were open fields; on the other thick brushwood grew. As yet, I had not met a soul, — nobody could tell the gendarmes

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in which direction I had gone, — but it was now no longer dark, and if I went on I might encounter a peasant or a wayfarer any moment. Only one thing could be done; I must hide somewhere, even at the risk of being frozen stiff, and remain hidden until sundown, when I might perchance gain my friend's house unperceived. Among the bushes! Yes, that was the place; I could lie *perdu* there all day. But just as I was about to put this plan into execution another thought came to trouble me. How about my footsteps? Fresh snow had fallen in the night, and the police could follow me to my hiding-place as easily as a hound tracks a deer to its lair. And then I bethought me of an ingenious artifice, about which I had read in some romance. Turning my face to the road, I walked backwards towards the bushes, taking care at every step to make a distinct impression on the snow. It was now quite daylight, and a little way off I could see two summer cabins of the Buriats — in winter always empty. Thither I went, always backward, and, entering one of the cabins, remained there the whole day and far into the night. When I thought all the peasants would be indoors I stole quietly out, and, going stealthily and with many precautions to my friend's house, knocked in fear and misgiving at his door.

“To my great relief he opened it himself.

“‘I should not have recognized you if I had not just heard all your history,’ he said, after we had exchanged greetings. ‘There has been quite an inquest here. The gendarmes questioned everybody and searched every house. They followed you step by step to the last village.

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They found out where you passed the night, and then they seem to have lost the scent entirely. Where have you been ?’

“I told him.

“‘Did anybody see you come here ?’

“‘Not a soul.’

“‘Good. All the same, you must not stay here an hour longer than we can help. It would be too dangerous. The police are baffled; but they have by no means given up the quest, and as likely as not will be here again to-morrow. You must not sleep here.’

“‘Where, then ?’

“‘At my farm. But first of all you must change your skin.’

“As he spoke, my friend in need opened a cupboard, and took therefrom some garments, in which, when I had arrayed myself and had a good wash, I looked and felt like a new man.

“‘Is your farm far from here ?’ I asked, as we sat down to supper.

“‘About twenty-five versts (fifteen miles), in the depth of the forest, far from any highway. Hunting parties from Irkoutsk visit us there sometimes. Your coming will, therefore, be no surprise for the servants. It is true your hair is just a little short (looking at my head), but that is nothing. You have had typhoid fever, and are going to recruit your strength in the forest. You look haggard enough to have had three fevers.’

“An hour later we were *en route*, my friend, who had lived many years in the country, himself taking the reins, and he contrived matters so well that nobody in the

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house knew either of my coming or my going. The police were thrown completely off the scent.

“As I learned subsequently, my identity and my stratagem were revealed to the authorities by one of my comrades of the convcy shortly after I left Irkoutsk. But when the gendarmes went to the village of Talminsky I had already vanished. Every effort was, however, made to retake me, the quest being kept up night and day for six weeks. Then it was rumored that a body found in the forest had been identified as mine, and that I had perished of hunger. According to another story, I had been arrested at Nijni Oudinsk, and was being brought back to Irkoutsk. There were at one time no fewer than four false Debagorio Mokrievitches in the jail of Irkoutsk. The police sought me with great diligence among the political exiles of the province; a most stupid proceeding on their part, for to take refuge with the politicals would have been putting my head in the lion’s mouth.

“I staid in Siberia a year, making during that time several journeys to the eastward of Irkoutsk. At length, the police having abandoned all hope of finding me, I resolved to leave the country. A passport being absolutely necessary, I borrowed the name and obtained the papers of a gentleman recently deceased — Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff. It was in the winter of 1880 that I set out on my long journey of thirty-six hundred miles. I traveled post, by way of Irkoutsk, Krasnoiarsk, and Tomsk, — towns through which, a twelvemonth before, I had passed as a prisoner. Rather a bold undertaking in the circumstances; but as I possessed an itine-

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rary card signed by the governor of the province, giving me the right to relays of horses, I ran no great danger, and left the home of my hospitable friend with an easy mind.

"All went well with me, but once I had a terribly narrow escape of falling a second time into the toils. It so chanced that I passed through the province of Tobolsk in company with a *tchinovnik* (government employee) whose acquaintance I had made on the road, a big-paunched, rosy-cheeked fellow, with merry eyes and a mellow voice; and, being on his way home after a long absence, in high good humor and full of fun. Once at the end of a long day's journey, we arrived about midnight at a town in the neighborhood of Tobolsk, and, being tired and sleepy, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. So we went into the traveler's room, ordered tea, and handed our itinerary cards to the *starosta* of the station, in order that he might make the necessary entries in the traveler's book. Before going to the sleeping room we requested that the horses might be ready at seven o'clock next morning.

"I slept the sleep of the just, rose betimes, and called for the *starosta*.

"'Are the horses ready?' I asked. 'And be good enough to bring hither our itinerary cards.'

"'The station master will himself bring your itinerary cards, and as for the horses, they are already yoked up.'

"Half an hour later the station master (otherwise director) came into our room, holding in his hand the itinerary cards.

"'I am sorry to trouble you,' he said, politely; 'but I

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should like to know which of you young gentlemen is Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff?’

“‘At your service, sir,’ I answered, stepping forward.

“The station master looked at me with a ludicrous expression of bewilderment and surprise.

“‘A thousand pardons,’ he said at length, with a low bow. ‘But really — I don’t quite understand. The fact is, I knew Mr. Selivanoff, and here I see the same surname and Christian name; the name of the father is also the same, the *tchin* (rank) likewise! Yet I was told he had died — more than a year ago — but when I saw his name on the card I thought the news must be false, and I came to assure myself. I see that I am mistaken. A thousand pardons, sir, a thousand pardons,’ and again he saluted me still more profoundly than before.

“I felt as if the ground were opening under my feet, and was thinking how on earth I should get out of the scrape, when my companion came — without knowing it — to the rescue.

“‘What a capital joke!’ he shouted, clapping me on the back, and laughing so that he could hardly speak. ‘One might suppose that the worthy director takes you for an escaped prisoner with a dead man’s passport. Ha, ha, ha, what a capital joke, to be sure!’

“‘You are quite right,’ I said, also laughing, though with considerable effort. ‘It is really an excellent joke. But seriously’ (turning to the station master), ‘the thing is easily explained. In the part I come from the Selivanoffs are as plentiful as blackberries. The late Ivan Alexandrovitch, your friend, and I were kinsmen, and had a great affection for each other; the name is so com-

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mon in the province that I could introduce you to a dozen of my namesakes any day.'

"The station master seemed satisfied with this explanation. At any rate, he made no objection to our departure, and shortly afterwards we were once more *en route*. The escape was a very narrow one, and showed me how much I was still at the mercy of the slightest mishap. But this proved to be my last adventure and my last peril. In May, 1881, I reached Geneva, and felt that I was at last really free."

END OF VOLUME VII





